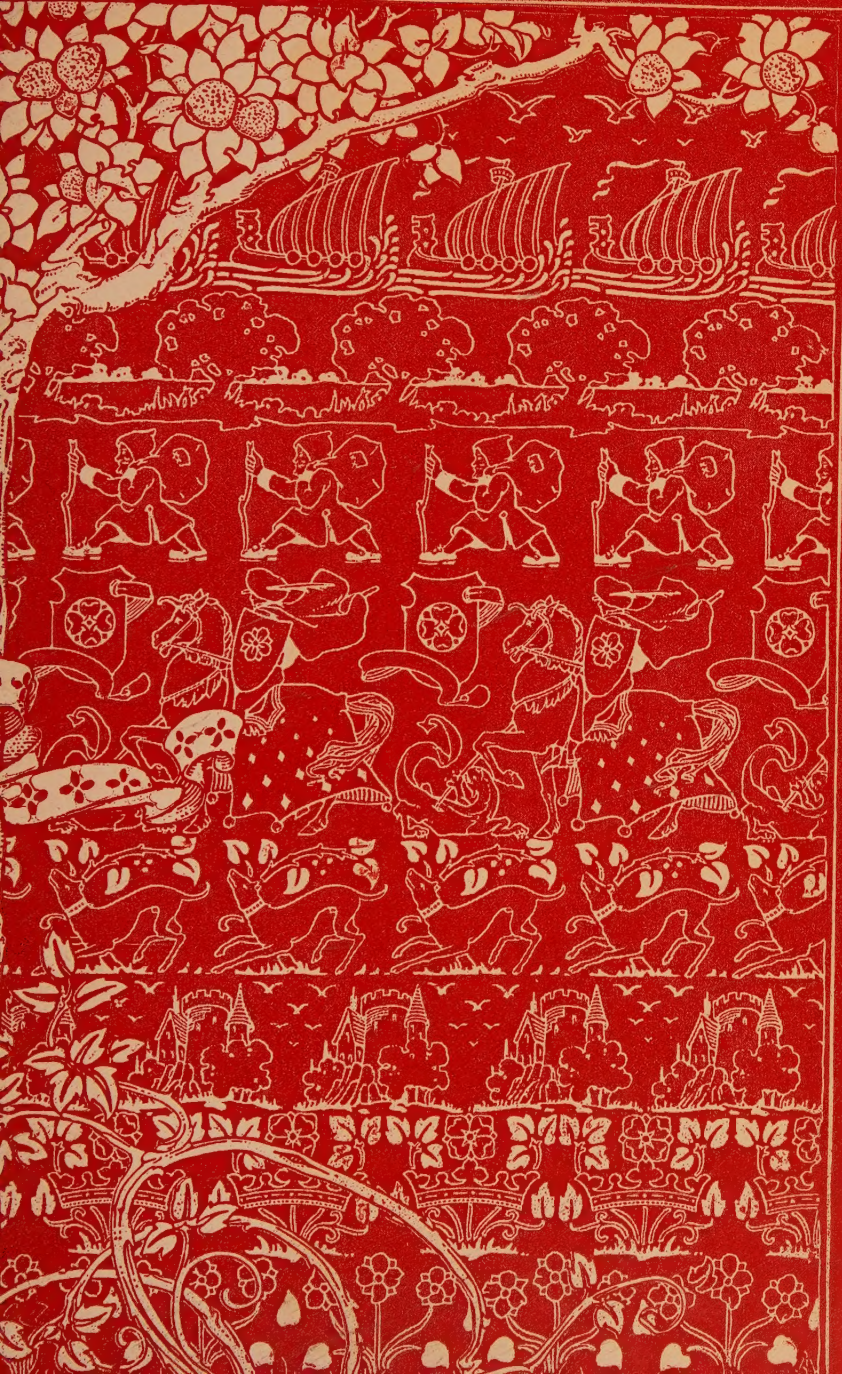
Adventures & Achievements



Burge Worden Mason

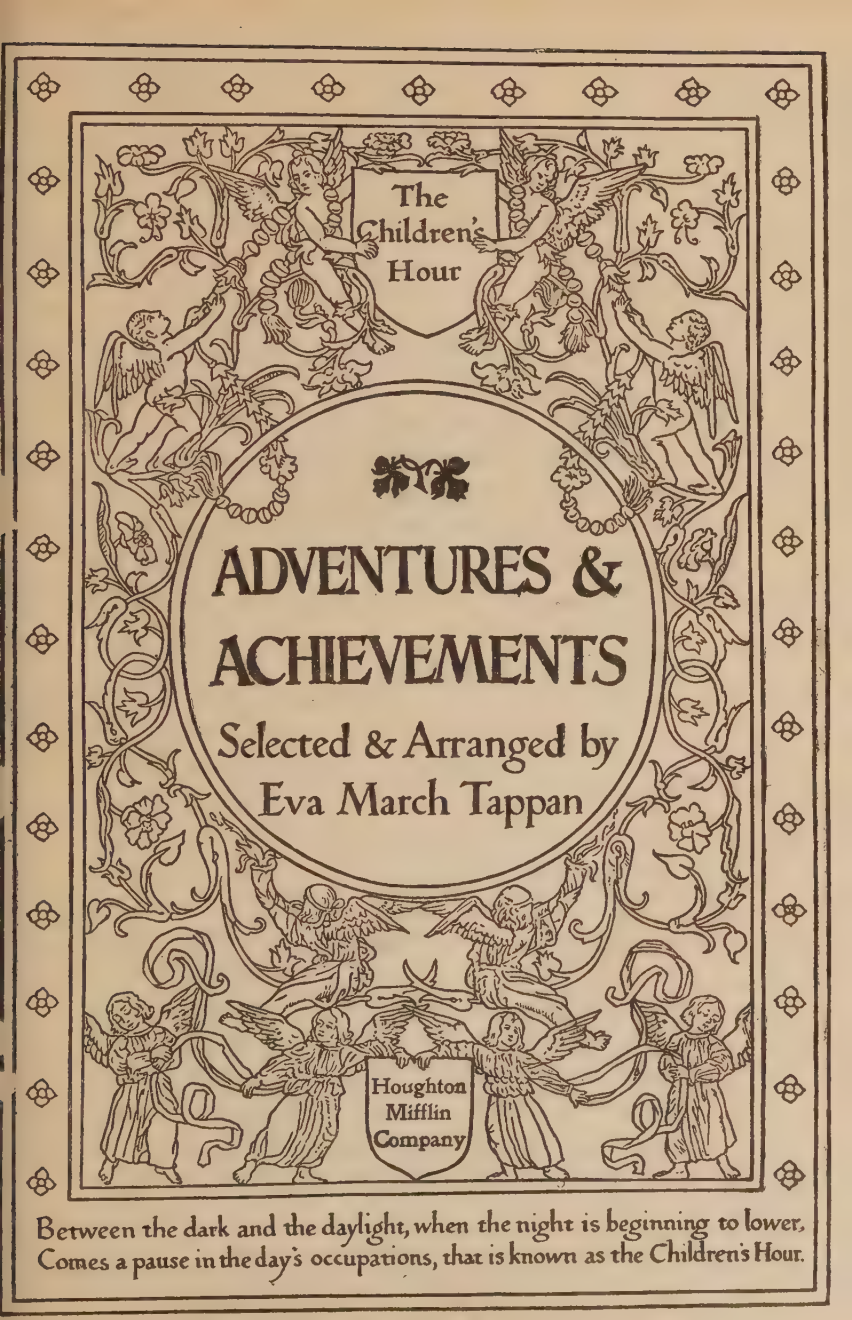
March nineteen thirteen.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

IN TEN VOLUMES

ILLUSTRATED

VOLUME VIII



Between the dark and the daylight, when the night is beginning to lower.
Comes a pause in the day's occupations, that is known as the Children's Hour.

COPYRIGHT 1907 BY HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

NOTE

ALL rights in stories in this volume are reserved by the holders of the copyright. The publishers and others named in the subjoined list are the proprietors, either in their own right or as agents for the authors, of the stories taken from the works enumerated, of which the ownership is hereby acknowledged. The editor takes this opportunity to thank both authors and publishers for the ready generosity with which they have allowed her to include these stories in "The Children's Hour."

"Christopher Carson," by John S. C. Abbott; published by Dodd, Mead & Company.

"American Hero Stories," by Eva March Tappan; published by Houghton, Mifflin & Company.

"Captains of Industry," by James Parton; published by Houghton, Mifflin & Company.

"The Life of John James Audubon," edited by his widow; published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"The Life of Winfield Scott," by J. T. Headley; published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

"Old Salamander," by P. C. Headley; published by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.

"Memoirs and Letters of Dolly Madison," edited by her grandniece; published by Houghton, Mifflin & Company.

"Patriotic Addresses," by Henry Ward Beecher; edited by John R. Howard; published by The Pilgrim Press.

NOTE

"Pages from an Old Volume of Life," by Oliver Wendell Holmes; published by Houghton, Mifflin & Company.

"Historic Boys," by E. S. Brooks; published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"How I found Livingstone," by H. M. Stanley; published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

"Our Young Folks' Plutarch," by Rosalie Kaufman; published by the J. B. Lippincott Company.

CONTENTS

TO THE CHILDREN xi

ADVENTURES AND ACHIEVEMENTS

BEARS, INDIANS, AND KIT CARSON . . *John S. C. Abbott* 3

THE MEN WHO EXPLORED THE MISSISSIPPI *Eva March Tappan* 14

A NATURALIST AMONG THE ALLIGATORS *William Bartram* 23

ISRAEL PUTNAM . . . . . *James Parton* 33

THE PATHFINDERS, LEWIS AND CLARK *Eva March Tappan* 40

THE WHITE CHAMPION OF THE ALGONQUINS *Francis Parkman* 47

AUDUBON'S HOSTESS . . . . . *John James Audubon* 60

WINFIELD SCOTT AT THE BATTLE OF QUEENSTOWN *J. T. Headley* 66

A STORY OF MIDSHIPMAN FARRAGUT . . *P. C. Headley* 72

DOLLY MADISON AND THE BURNING OF WASHINGTON *Dolly Madison* 75

THE MOBBING OF GARRISON . . . *William E. A. Axon* 89

HOW BEECHER CONQUERED HIS AUDIENCE *Henry Ward Beecher* 95

MY HUNT AFTER "THE CAPTAIN" *Oliver Wendell Holmes* 100

BRIAN OF MUNSTER, THE BOY CHIEFTAIN . *E. S. Brooks* 165

AN UNWILLING REBEL . . . . . *J. Payn* 182

THE ESCAPE OF CHARLES II (1651) . . *Richard Whiteing* 187

CHARLES OF SWEDEN, THE BOY CONQUEROR . *E. S. Brooks* 200

THE HEROINE OF THE FARNE ISLANDS *Rosa Nouchette Carey* 221

THE LION AND THE MISSIONARY . . . *David Livingstone* 236

IMPRISONMENT OF ADONIRAM JUDSON IN BURMAH *Erwin M. House* 240

CONTENTS

A Quiet Walk with Stanley in Africa *Henry Morton Stanley* 260

Dr. Kane to the Rescue . . . . . *Elisha Kent Kane* 264

The Return of Napoleon Bonaparte from Elba, and his Reception at Grenoble . . . *John S. C. Abbott* 275

The Escape of Louis Napoleon from the Fortress of Ham . . . . . *F. T. Briffault* 291

A Boy Geologist and the Doocot Cave . *Hugh Miller* 308

The Petitioners for Pardon . . . *Charlotte M. Yonge* 317

Alexander Dumas founds a Newspaper *Percy Fitzgerald* 341

Alexander the Great . . . . . *Rosalie Kaufman* 346

Lycurgus . . . . . *Rosalie Kaufman* 373

The Eruption of Mount Vesuvius . . *Pliny the Younger* 393

Stories from the Life of Julius Cæsar *Adapted by W. W. Skeat* 403

Baron Trenck . . . . . *Richard Whiteing* 423

Two Scenes from the Life of George Washington *Eva March Tappan* 456

Florence Nightingale . . . . . *Rosa Nouchette Carey* 467

ILLUSTRATIONS

WASHINGTON CROSSING THE DELAWARE (p. 462) Colored Frontispiece

From the original painting by Emanuel Leutze, in the Metropolitan Museum, New York.

THEY WERE IN THE "BIG WATER" . . *Frederic Remington* 16

THEY TRIED TO MAKE FRIENDS WITH THE INDIANS

From an original drawing 44

By courtesy of the Northern Pacific Railway

AUDUBON

From the painting by G. P. A. Healy in the possession of the Boston Society of Natural History 60

THE KING PASSING AS THE SERVANT OF MRS. LANE

After the fresco by E. M. Ward, R. A. 196

GRACE DARLING'S HEROIC DEED . . . . . *Thomas Brooks* 228

HE CAUGHT MY SHOULDER AS HE SPRANG . . . . . *J. Wolf* 238

A HUGE REDDISH-COLORED WILD BOAR . . *J. B. Zwecker* 262

WE HAD STEERED A BEE LINE FOR THE BRIG

From a sketch by Dr. Kane 272

ALL RUSHED IN A TUMULT OF JOY UPON THE EMPEROR

Steuben 288

THE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS IN 1872

From a painting by Abigail O. Williams 394

WHEN CÆSAR WAS SLAIN, THE SENATE PRESENTLY RAN OUT OF THE HOUSE . . . . . *J. L. Gérôme* 418

In the possession of J. J. Astor, Esq., New York

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE . . . . . *From a photograph* 468

TO THE CHILDREN

A WISE old Latin poet named Lucretius once wrote some lines that would make a good motto for this book. "It is exceedingly pleasant," he said, "when the storm wind is blowing and stirring up the mighty depths of the sea into a wild commotion of billows, to stand on the shore and watch the struggles of some one else; not because we are glad to see another in danger, but because we are happy to feel our own safety."

Those old Latin and Greek poets had a way of being in the right on most questions, and Lucretius has given us one reason why a book of adventures is usually pretty well worn. We like to read about danger, about a prisoner's wonderful escape from some closely guarded dungeon, about the rescue of a man from the clutches of an angry mob or from the very brink of a cataract; and part of the pleasure comes from knowing that we ourselves are in safety. Nothing makes a warm, dry house seem so especially comfortable as to read how the sudden coming of a flood swept away the home and treasures of some one else.

Another reason for liking to read about adventures is that you may enjoy not only your own safety, but the certainty that your friend, the hero, is coming out of the adventure in some way. You have the pleasure without the worry. When, for instance, a naturalist tells you of the time when he was attacked by alligators,

"roaring terribly and belching floods of water" over him, you know of course that in some way he managed to get the better of them — or else he would not be telling the story. You have the entertainment of living in other people's lives without meeting their troubles. You wear the king's crown without having a headache from its weight.

One thing that is almost always true about the adventures of which we do not tire of reading, is that they came along in the course of every-day duty, and that they had a worthy object. Our firemen do not rush into burning buildings to show how daring they are, but to save life and property. Even in the days of knighthood, when the knight put on his armor and sallied forth in quest of adventures, he went with the promise to rescue the helpless who were in danger and to see justice done to those who were suffering wrong. When a person risks his life for a good reason, we cry, "How brave!" but when it is for a poor reason, we are much more inclined to exclaim, "How foolish!"

With hardly an exception, the deeds of prowess that are described in this book are worthy adventures; that is, they came in the course of duty, and they show bravery, fearlessness, and unselfishness. When we read much about people, we feel as if we knew them. The heroes of such exploits are good people to know; and to know the best men and women is one of the strongest reasons for reading biography. It is a small matter to learn merely when a man was born and died, what he did and what rewards and honors he received. It is worth more to gain the encouragement of seeing that others as

well as ourselves have difficulties to encounter; and it is worth most of all to feel that we have made friends, not only among the people whom we have chanced to meet, but also among the wisest and noblest and bravest of all countries and all ages.

ADVENTURES AND ACHIEVEMENTS

ersed for ages, between New Mexico and California. The mules and the Indians ever travel it in single file. It was then known by the name of The Old Spanish Trail.

As merchants, not trappers, they marched, without any delay, down White River, forded Green River, and struck across the country to Windy River. Ascending its windings, they reached the camp of Mr. Robidoux, who, with twenty men in his employ, was then resetting his traps. They had scarcely arrived at the encampment when snow began to fall, and an early winter seemed to be setting in. It was deemed expedient for the united party to establish winter quarters there. They erected very comfortable lodges of buffalo skins, quite impervious to wind and rain, and made everything snug for a mountain home. They had food in abundance, ample materials for making and repairing their clothing, and when gathered around their bright and warm camp-fires seemed to be in want of nothing.

Attached to Mr. Robidoux's company there was an Indian of great strength and agility, in whom much confidence was reposed. He had become very expert with the rifle, and had shrewdly studied all the white man's modes of attack and defense. Horses were in this remote region very valuable. They could not easily be obtained, and were indispensable to transport the furs. They were worth two hundred dollars each.

This Indian, one night, selected six of the fleetest horses, and mounting one and leading the rest, with his stolen property, disappeared over the trackless waste. It was a sum total loss of twelve hundred dollars. But

the immediate pecuniary loss was not all, for the horses could not easily be replaced, and without them all the movements of the trapping party were greatly crippled. Mr. Robidoux, knowing Kit Carson's reputation for sagacity and courage, immediately applied to him to pursue the Indian. It was just one of those difficult and hazardous enterprises which were congenial to the venturous spirit of Carson.

There was a friendly tribe of Indians in the vicinity, in which there was a young warrior whose chivalric spirit had won the confidence and regard of Carson. This young man was easily induced to join him in the chase. But a short time was required for preparation. Grasping their rifles, and taking their blankets, they each mounted a fine horse and set out in pursuit of the fugitive, who had several hours the start of them. The wary thief had so successfully concealed the direction of his flight that it took them some time to discover his trail. Having at length found it, they set off, at the highest speed which they felt that their animals could endure. Over soft ground, the marks left by six horses, running in one compact band, could be without difficulty followed. But at times the nature of the soil was such that but a very indistinct imprint of their footprints was left.

As the thief, in his flight, conscious that he might be overtaken, would make no difference between day and night, it was necessary that his pursuers should also press on without allowing darkness to delay them. This added greatly to the difficulty of following the trail. But the sagacity of Carson and his intelligent Indian

comrade triumphed over all these obstacles. For one hundred miles they followed the fugitive with unerring precision. But now they encountered a serious calamity.

This singular race was down the valley of the Green River. The Indian's horse suddenly gave out completely. He could go no farther. Nothing remained for Carson but to relinquish the pursuit, and slowly to return with the dismounted Indian, or to continue the chase alone. Carson could not endure the thought of failure. His pride of character led him ever to resolve to accomplish whatever he should undertake. He seems not at all to have thought of the peril he would encounter in grappling with the savage alone. The Indian was of herculean size and strength, and of wonderful agility. He was well armed, and thoroughly understood the use of his rifle. His bravery had already given him renown, and it was certain that under the circumstances he would fight with the utmost desperation.

Kit Carson, on the other hand, was slender and almost boyish in stature. In a conflict with the burly savage it would be a David meeting a Goliath.

It was a peculiarity of Mr. Carson's mind, that his decisions were instantaneous. He never lost any time in deliberation; but whatever the emergency, he seemed instinctively to know at the moment, exactly the best thing to be done. The most mature subsequent deliberation invariably proved the wisdom of the course he had adopted. This was said to have been a marked peculiarity in the mind of Napoleon I. However great the complication of affairs, however immense the results at issue, his mind at a single flash discerned the proper

measures to be adopted; and without the slightest agitation the decision was pushed into execution.

Carson looked for a moment upon his unhorsed comrade, uttered no words of lamentation, bade him good-by, wished him a successful return, and pushed forward on his truly heroic enterprise. Thirty miles farther he rode alone through the wilderness, carefully husbanding his horse's strength, allowing him occasional moments of rest, and not unfrequently relieving him of his burden as he ran along by his side. Though Mr. Carson was, as we have said, very fragile in form, his sinews seemed tireless as if wrought of steel.

At length, just as he was rounding a small eminence on the open prairie, he caught sight of the Indian with his stolen cavalcade, not an eighth of a mile before him. He was mounted on one of the most powerful of the steeds, moving leisurely along, leading the rest. There chanced to be two or three trees not far from the savage. The moment he caught sight of Carson, his keen eye discerned who his foe was. Instantly he leaped from his horse, rifle in hand, and rushed at his highest speed for the trees. Could he but reach that covert, Carson's fate was sealed beyond any possibility of escape. Sheltered by the trunk of the tree, he could take deliberate aim at his foe, exposed on the open prairie within half rifle shot.

Carson comprehended the peril of his position. He sprang from his horse, unslung his rifle, took calm and sure aim; and just at the moment when the Indian was reaching his covert, the sharp report was heard, the bullet whistled through the air, the Indian gave one

convulsive bound and fell dead upon the sod. The savage had already cocked his rifle. As he fell the piece was discharged, and the bullet intended for Carson's heart whizzed harmlessly through the air. Such scenes were of constant occurrence in this wild mountaineer life. They produced no lasting impression. The shooting of a bear, a buffalo, or an Indian seemed about alike eventful. These pioneers, being entirely beyond the protection of law, were compelled to be a law to themselves.

Mr. Carson collected the horses, who were all very weary, and quietly commenced his return home. He did not urge the animals at all, allowed them to feed abundantly on the rich prairie, and after a few days' journey modestly entered the camp with his recaptured animals all in good condition. This was another of those victories which Carson was continually winning, and which were giving him increased renown.

A few days after his return to the encampment, two or three wandering trappers entered their lodges, and informed them that a numerous party were encamped on Snake River, about fifteen days' journey from them. This party was in the employ of two men quite distinguished in the fur trade, Messrs. Fitzpatrick and Bridger. Snake River is one of the tributaries of Green River, or rather flowing from the western declivities of the Rocky Mountains, it first enters Bear River, then Green River, then the Colorado River, down whose current it flows a distance of more than a thousand miles into the Gulf of California.

The encampment at Snake River was five or six hun-

dred miles almost due north from Taos. West of the Rocky Mountains the climate is much more mild than in the same latitudes east of those gigantic ridges. Though it was midwinter, and though many snowstorms were to be encountered, Mr. Lee decided to set out immediately on that journey, doubting not that he could readily dispose of his remaining goods to Messrs. Fitzpatrick and Bridger.

The execution of this enterprise would require a very laborious march, but still one not fraught with much danger from the severity of the cold. Though there were often treeless prairies, whose bleak expanse they must traverse, all the streams, even the smallest, were fringed with forests. Suitable precaution would enable them every night to obtain the shelter of some one of these groves. They were almost certain during the day to obtain all the game they would need. A couple of hours' work with their axes would enable them to rear a sufficient shelter for the night. With an immense fire roaring, and crackling, and throwing out its genial warmth in front of their camp, they could, wrapped in their furs and with their feet to the fire, enjoy all the comfort which the pioneers of the wilderness could desire. No matter how dismally the wintry storm might wail through the treetops, no matter how fiercely the smothering, drifting snowstorm might sweep the prairie, they, in their warm and illuminated cabins, could bid defiance alike to gale and drift. Their hardy animals, ever accustomed to unsheltered life in winter as well as summer, knew well how to find the grass beneath the snow, or to browse upon the succulent foliage.

The journey, though it proved very toilsome, was successfully accomplished. Captain Lee, with Carson and their accompanying band, having reached the Snake River encampment, readily sold all his goods, taking his pay in beaver skins. With his rich purchase packed upon the backs of his horses, he returned to Taos. As there was nothing in Captain Lee's journey home to require the services of so important a man as Mr. Carson, the latter decided to remain and unite himself with the trappers.

The party was large, the beavers were scarce, and after the lapse of a month Mr. Carson decided that the prospect of a rich remuneration in the distribution of their furs was not encouraging. He therefore arranged an expedition on his own account. His popularity as a man and his reputation as a trapper were such that every man in the party was ready to join him. He selected three of the best men, and crossing the main ridge of the Rocky Mountains, a distance of about one hundred and fifty miles, reached the Laramie River, a stream which flowed into the north fork of the Platte.

The warm airs of spring were now beginning to breathe through these valleys. On the Laramie and its tributaries, Carson and his companions continued trapping through the whole summer. They were successful beyond their highest expectations. As they were to carry their furs for sale to Taos, which was on the west side of the mountains, they set out, laden with their goods, to cross the wide and rocky range. It was slow work threading these defiles, and it required a journey of several days.

One afternoon, having traveled for hours through a very dreary and barren ravine, in which they had found no game, they halted two hours before sunset. Carson, while his two companions were arranging the camp, set off with his rifle in pursuit of supper. He had wandered about a mile from the camp, when he came upon the fresh tracks of some elk. Following their trail for a little distance, he soon discovered a small herd of the beautiful animals grazing upon a hillside, just on the edge of a grove. Moving with great care, circuitously he entered upon the covert of the trees, crept up within rifle range, selected the largest and fattest of the herd, and, at the report of the rifle, the animal stood for a moment shivering as if struck by paralysis, and then dropped dead.

Carson was more than usually elated by his success. The party were all hungry. The region was extremely wild and barren, and there was great danger that they would have to go supperless to bed. Scarcely had the echo of his rifle shot died away when Carson heard a terrific roar directly behind him. Instantly turning his head, he saw two enormous grizzly bears coming down upon him at full speed, and at the distance of but a few rods.

The grizzly bear is a larger animal, and far more ferocious, than the black bear. A bullet seems to prick rather than to maim him, and he will attack the hunter with the most desperate and persevering fierceness. Carson was helpless. He had discharged his rifle. The brutes were close upon him, and there were two of them. They could outrun him. His fate seemed sealed.

For once Kit Carson was frightened; but not so much so as in the slightest degree to lose his self-possession. With a lightning glance his eye swept the grove, in search of a tree into whose branches he might climb. He saw one at a little distance, and rushed towards it, pursued by both of the monsters, growling and gnashing their teeth. With wonderful agility he sprang and caught a lower branch, and drew himself up into the tree, just in time to escape the blow which one of the bears struck at him with his terrific claws. But he had by no means obtained a place of safety. He had been compelled to drop his rifle in his flight. The grizzly bear can climb a tree far more easily than can a man. He was too far distant from the camp to hope for aid from that quarter. Again it seemed that a dreadful death was inevitable.

The bears hesitated for a moment, growling and showing their claws and their white teeth. Quick as thought Carson cut and trimmed from the tree a stout cudgel, which would neither break nor bend. Soon one of the bears commenced climbing the tree. The nose of the bear is very tender, and is the only point vulnerable to blows.

Cudgel in hand, Carson took his stand upon one of the branches, and as soon as the bear's head came within reach, assailed him with such a storm of blows that he dropped howling to the ground. The other then made the attempt to climb the tree, and encountered the same fate. The blows which the sinewy arm of Carson had inflicted, evidently gave the animals terrible pain. They filled the forest with their howlings, and

endeavored to bury their snouts beneath the sod. For some time they lingered around the tree, looking wistfully at their prey, as if loath to leave it. But they did not venture to incur a repetition of the chastisement they had already received. At length, with almost a ludicrous aspect of disconsolateness, they slowly retired into the forest.

Carson waited until assured that they had entirely withdrawn. He then descended the tree, reloaded his rifle, and repairing to the spot where he had shot the elk, found that it had already been devoured by wolves. This adventure had occupied many dreadful hours. It was not until the morning dawned, that Carson found his way back to his anxious companions in the camp. He often said that never in his life had he been exposed to greater peril than on this occasion.

THE MEN WHO EXPLORED THE MISSISSIPPI

By Eva March Tappan

IN 1675, at the time of King Philip's War, there were colonies in all the states bordering on the Altantic from Maine to South Carolina, and they were all subject to England. Most of the French settlements were on the St. Lawrence River and the Great Lakes. The Indians had told the French of a mighty stream to the southward; and whenever a group of Frenchmen were sitting around the fire some long evening in the little village of Montreal, some one was sure to ask, "Where do you suppose the Mississippi River empties?"

"The men who went with the Spaniard, De Soto, declared that it emptied into the Gulf of Mexico," one would reply. Another would retort, "That tale is a hundred years old. De Soto went off on a wild-goose chase to search for gold. He did not find any, and of course his men had to tell some big story when they came back." Then another would say more thoughtfully, "The Indians who live to the west of us declare that far to the west of them are strange people who have no beards. They must be Chinese, and I believe that the Mississippi flows into the Pacific Ocean. What

fortunes we could make if we could only find that river and trade with China!"

"Who knows whether there is any river?" another would demand laughingly. "The Indians talk about 'big water,' but who can tell whether they mean a great river or the ocean?"

There was a young man named Robert la Salle who was so much interested in this mysterious stream that he thought of it by day and dreamed of it by night. At last he made up his mind to go in search of it. He had little money to pay for canoes and provisions and presents for the Indians through whose country he must pass, but he owned some land eight or nine miles from Montreal. So he sold it and started on his exploring trip. Through the forest and down the Ohio he made his way. Then his men refused to go any farther, and he had to return to Canada. Every one laughed at him. "There 's the man who went to China," they said. They pointed out the land that he had sold, saying, "There 's La Salle's China," or *La Chine*, as it is in French.

Even though this expedition had failed, it made people think more about the unknown river, and finally Governor Frontenac determined to send explorers in search of it. The men whom he chose were Louis Joliet, a fur trader, and Father Marquette, a priest. All that the two men did to prepare for their long journey was to buy two birch-bark canoes, some smoked meat, and some Indian corn. Five men were engaged to go with them, and they set out. They hoped to find Indians to show them the way; and surely they needed guides, for their

only map was one that they had drawn as best they could from the stories of the red men.

They went west as far as Green Bay, at the northern end of Lake Michigan. The Indians who lived there were friendly. After they had feasted the strangers, they asked, "Where are you going, Frenchmen?"

"We are going to find the great river, the Mississippi," they replied.

"O Frenchmen," the Indians pleaded, "do not go there. The tribes whose wigwams are on the banks of that river are terrible. They kill every one who comes near them. There is an evil spirit, too, that lives in a great gulf of waters, and he will drag you down into his den."

"We are Christians," replied Marquette, "and evil spirits cannot hurt Christians."

"There are two dreadful monsters that stay on a great rock beside the river," continued the Indians. "They will eat you and your canoes."

"Not when we show them this," replied Marquette, holding his crucifix high up before the red men. "If you will listen to me, I will tell you how you may go among monsters and not be harmed." Then he told them about the religion of Christ, and taught them to say a prayer.

The explorers said good-by and went on their way. Soon they came to another little Indian village. In the midst of the cluster of wigwams stood a great cross. Furs and bows and arrows and red belts were hanging on it. "What does that mean?" Joliet asked.

"The cross belongs to the God of the Frenchmen,"

THEY WERE IN THE "BIG WATER," THE MIGHTY RIVER THEY HAD COME TO DISCOVER

the Indians replied. "We heard of him from a Black Robe like you," and they turned to Marquette. "We had plenty of food last winter, and so we have given him offerings because we are grateful. But where are you going?"

"My friend, the Black Robe, is going to tell the Indians about God," answered Joliet, "and I am going to search for the Mississippi River and explore new countries, so I can tell our governor at home about them. Will you give us guides to show us the way?"

"Yes," they cried; and soon the Frenchmen had left the little village far behind them.

At last they were in the "big water," the mighty river that they had come to discover. Every night they ran their canoes ashore, built a fire, and slept. Every day they floated onward. It was a wonderful country that they were passing through. June had come, and everything was fresh and bright. There were beautiful groves, dense forests, prairies, cliffs, and great masses of tangled grapevines. There were flowers of all colors. Buffaloes and deer and many other animals stared at them from the river banks. Strange fishes bumped against their canoes. One morning when they were near the shore, one of the company cried suddenly, "See, those are men's footprints there in the mud!" "And that is surely a path," said another. "It must lead to an Indian village." "We will go and see," declared the two leaders. After they had walked up the path for nearly six miles, they caught sight of a group of wigwams. They shouted so that the Indians might know they were coming as friends and not trying to surprise

them. In a moment the whole village, men, women, and children, had run out of doors to see who had come. Four tall, dignified men came toward the explorers, holding up two peace pipes. That meant, "Let us be friends," and so they all walked together into the village. The chief made a speech of welcome, and after that the whole company of Indians escorted the strangers to another village, where a greater chief lived. Then there was speechmaking, indeed. The second chief told them the sun shone brighter and the whole earth was more beautiful because they had come. "You have even made our river calm," he declared, "for your canoes removed the rocks as you came." There was a feast, of course, and then the travelers went away.

When they had floated on to where the city of Alton, Illinois, now stands, they looked up on a high cliff, and there were the monsters that the Indians had told them about. These monsters were figures painted on the rock. Their faces were a little like those of men, but their bodies were scaly and ended like the tails of fish. They had horns and fiery red eyes. A little farther on, the Frenchmen heard the roar of the evil spirit that they had been told about. That was made by the water rushing among the rocks in a little bay. Then they came to the mouth of the Missouri, and there they found something worse than painted monsters to be afraid of; for the river plunged so madly into the Mississippi that the little canoes were tossed and whirled about and almost overturned in the flood.

Still the explorers went on till they had come to where the Arkansas Indians lived. "You 'd better not go any

farther," said they. "There are tribes to the south of us who will kill you. They do not shoot with bows and arrows, but with fire-sticks like yours that they have bought of the Spaniards." The French leaders talked together about what was best to do. "We may be sure that the river empties into the Gulf of Mexico," they said. "If we go on any farther, we shall certainly be captured by the Indians or the Spaniards. Let us go back to Canada and tell the governor what we have seen." It was a hard journey, for now there was no easy floating, but instead many hundred miles of paddling upstream. For eleven weeks they toiled, and at last they were again at Green Bay. Marquette was ill and could not go any farther for a long while, but Joliet went on and told Governor Frontenac of all the wonders they had seen.

Of course, La Salle was much interested in Joliet's report, and a few years later he had a plan to propose to the governor. "Let us build a line of forts along the Mississippi," he said, "and put a strong colony at its mouth. Then neither the Spanish nor the English can buy furs of the Indians along the river. France will have all that fur trade, and we ourselves shall become rich men."

La Salle went to France to ask the king for leave to build forts, and the king told him he might build as many as he chose. As soon as he came back, he made ready for a journey to the mouth of the Mississippi. "Will you go with us?" he asked a number of Indians.

"Yes," was the answer, "but braves do not cook. We must have our squaws to cook for us."

"The squaws may go," La Salle agreed.

"But they will not go without their children," declared the Indians.

So it was that between fifty and sixty persons, white men, red men, women, and children, set off. Joliet had gone in the spring, but now it was the depth of winter, and until they reached the place where St. Louis now stands, they had to drag their canoes and provisions on sledges over the ice and snow. Glad enough they were when at last they could get into their boats and float down the stream. Once they were badly startled. A dense fog had set in. They were close to the shore, when suddenly they heard loud yells and the beating of an Indian drum. "That means a war dance," said the explorers. "Let us cross to the other side." They crossed, and worked with all their might to build a rude fort of logs, for fear the savages would attack them. All in a moment the fog cleared away, and across the river they saw the Indians, who stood listening to the strange sounds and wondering what they could be. These Indians were all ready to be friendly. Another tribe showed La Salle a most unusual honor, for, as he was not well, the chief himself came in all state to visit the white man. The master of ceremonies walked first, followed by six tall Indians to make sure that the way was clear. Then came two men carrying great fans of white feathers, and one man with a broad copper disk that shone and gleamed in the sunshine. After all these the chief appeared, dressed in a fine white blanket. He and La Salle made speeches to each other. La Salle presented knives, beads, red cloth, and mirrors; and

the little procession turned about and went gravely away.

At last the explorers came to the mouth of the river. The Indian braves and the squaws and the children must have been greatly amazed at the next move, for all the Frenchmen took their stand with their guns. They chanted the *Te Deum*, "We praise Thee, O God," and some other Latin hymns. The guns were fired. La Salle stepped into the centre of the group and planted a tall post on which was written, "Louis the Great, King of France and Navarre, April 9, 1682." He made a long speech, declaring that he claimed for his sovereign all the land that was drained by the Mississippi and by all the rivers that flowed into it. "Long live the king!" the men shouted, "Long live the king!" Again there was firing of guns. Then a great cross was set up near the post, and at its foot was buried a leaden plate on which the arms of France were engraved. Another Latin hymn was sung. That was all; but it was because of this little ceremony on the lonely shore of the Gulf of Mexico that France claimed as her own all the land between the Alleghanies and the Rocky Mountains.

La Salle did not give up the rest of his plan, — to found a colony at the mouth of the Mississippi. Not long after his return to Canada he went to France. Wonderful stories had gone before him. "Louisiana is full of peaches and plums and berries of all sorts," they said. "There are all kinds of trees. The soil is so rich that if you only scratch the surface of the ground, you can raise whatever you choose to plant."

"I 'd like to go there to live," said one after another.

When La Salle went back, eight or ten families went with him. They did not go by Canada, but sailed directly for the Gulf of Mexico.

The rest of the story is a sad one. The pilots made a mistake and went four hundred miles beyond the mouth of the Mississippi. The food ship and one other vessel were lost. Sickness set in, and more than a hundred men died within a few days. The others would gladly have gone back to France, but only one ship was left, and that was not large enough to carry them all across the ocean. La Salle set out on foot for Canada to get help, a terrible undertaking. On the way he was murdered by some of his own men. The lonely colonists met a cruel fate, for some of them were killed by the Indians, and the others were made prisoners by the Spaniards.

Such was the end of La Salle's attempt to start a colony at the mouth of the Mississippi. The colony was finally founded, and was called New Orleans; but this was after La Salle had been dead for many years.

A NATURALIST AMONG THE ALLIGATORS

By William Bartram

THE evening was temperately cool and calm. The crocodiles began to roar and appear in uncommon numbers along the shores and in the river. I fixed my camp in an open plain, near the utmost projection of the promontory, under the shelter of a large live oak, which stood on the highest part of the ground, and but a few yards from my boat. From this open, high situation, I had a free prospect of the river, which was a matter of no trivial consideration to me, having good reason to dread the subtle attacks of the alligators, who were crowding about my harbor. Having collected a good quantity of wood for the purpose of keeping up a light and smoke during the night, I began to think of preparing my supper, when, upon examining my stores, I found but a scanty provision. I thereupon determined, as the most expeditious way of supplying my necessities, to take my bob and try for some trout. About one hundred yards above my harbor began a cove or bay of the river, out of which opened a large lagoon. The mouth or entrance from the river to it was narrow, but the water soon after spread and formed a little lake, extending into the marshes: its entrance and shores within I observed to be verged with floating lawns of the pistia and nymphæa

and other aquatic plants; these I knew were excellent haunts for trout.

The verges and islets of the lagoon were elegantly embellished with flowering plants and shrubs; the laughing coots with wings half spread were tripping over the little coves and hiding themselves in the tufts of grass; young broods of the painted summer teal, skimming the still surface of the waters, and following the watchful parent unconscious of danger, were frequently surprised by the voracious trout; and he, in turn, as often by the subtle, greedy alligator. Behold him rushing forth from the flags and reeds. His enormous body swells. His plated tail, brandished high, floats upon the lake. The waters like a cataract descend from his opening jaws. Clouds of smoke issue from his dilated nostrils. The earth trembles with his thunder; when immediately from the opposite coast of the lagoon emerges from the deep his rival champion. They suddenly dart upon each other. The boiling surface of the lake marks their rapid course, and a terrific conflict commences. They now sink to the bottom, folded together in horrid wreaths. The water becomes thick and discolored. Again they rise, their jaws clap together, reëchoing through the deep surrounding forests. Again they sink, when the contest ends at the muddy bottom of the lake, and the vanquished makes a hazardous escape, hiding himself in the muddy, turbulent waters and sedge on a distant shore. The proud victor exulting returns to the place of action. The shores and forests resound his dreadful roar, together with the triumphing shouts of the plated tribes around, witnesses of the horrid combat.

My apprehensions were highly alarmed after being a spectator of so dreadful a battle. It was obvious that every delay would but tend to increase my dangers and difficulties, as the sun was near setting, and the alligators gathered around my harbor from all quarters. From these considerations I concluded to be expeditious in my trip to the lagoon, in order to take some fish. Not thinking it prudent to take my fusee with me, lest I might lose it overboard in case of a battle, which I had every reason to dread before my return, I therefore furnished myself with a club for my defense, went on board, and penetrating the first line of those which surrounded my harbor, they gave way; but being pursued by several very large ones, I kept strictly on the watch, and paddled with all my might towards the entrance of the lagoon, hoping to be sheltered there from the multitude of my assailants; but ere I had halfway reached the place, I was attacked on all sides, several endeavoring to overset the canoe. My situation now became precarious to the last degree: two very large ones attacked me closely, at the same instant, rushing up with their heads and part of their bodies above the water, roaring terribly and belching floods of water over me. They struck their jaws together so close to my ears as almost to stun me, and I expected every moment to be dragged out of the boat and instantly devoured. But I applied my weapons so effectually about me, though at random, that I was so successful as to beat them off a little; when, finding that they designed to renew the battle, I made for the shore, as the only means left me for my preservation; for, by keeping close to it, I should have my enemies on one side of me only,

whereas I was before surrounded by them; and there was a probability, if pushed to the last extremity, of saving myself, by jumping out of the canoe on shore, as it is easy to outwalk them on land, although comparatively as swift as lightning in the water. I found this last expedient alone could fully answer my expectations, for as soon as I gained the shore they drew off and kept aloof. This was a happy relief, as my confidence was in some degree recovered by it. On recollecting myself, I discovered that I had almost reached the entrance of the lagoon, and determined to venture in, if possible, to take a few fish, and then return to my harbor, while daylight continued; for I could now, with caution and resolution, make my way with safety along shore; and indeed there was no other way to regain my camp, without leaving my boat and making my retreat through the marshes and reeds, which, if I could even effect, would have been in a manner throwing myself away, for then there would have been no hopes of ever recovering my bark, and returning in safety to any settlements of men. I accordingly proceeded, and made good my entrance into the lagoon, though not without opposition from the alligators, who formed a line across the entrance, but did not pursue me into it, nor was I molested by any there, though there were some very large ones in a cove at the upper end. I soon caught more trout than I had present occasion for, and the air was too hot and sultry to admit of their being kept for many hours, even though salted or barbecued. I now prepared for my return to camp, which I succeeded in with but little trouble, by keeping close to the shore; yet I was opposed upon reëntering the river out

of the lagoon, and pursued near to my landing (though not closely attacked), particularly by an old daring one, about twelve feet in length, who kept close after me; and when I stepped on shore and turned about, in order to draw up my canoe, he rushed up near my feet, and lay there for some time, looking me in the face, his head and shoulders out of water. I resolved he should pay for his temerity, and having a heavy load in my fusee, I ran to my camp, and returning with my piece, found him with his foot on the gunwale of the boat, in search of fish. On my coming up he withdrew sullenly and slowly into the water, but soon returned and placed himself in his former position, looking at me, and seeming neither fearful nor any way disturbed. I soon dispatched him by lodging the contents of my gun in his head, and then proceeded to cleanse and prepare my fish for supper; and accordingly took them out of the boat, laid them down on the sand close to the water, and began to scale them; when, raising my head, I saw before me, through the clear water, the head and shoulders of a very large alligator, moving slowly towards me. I instantly stepped back, when, with a sweep of his tail, he brushed off several of my fish. It was certainly most providential that I looked up at that instant, as the monster would probably, in less than a minute, have seized and dragged me into the river. This incredible boldness of the animal disturbed me greatly, supposing there could now be no reasonable safety for me during the night, but by keeping continually on the watch: I therefore, as soon as I had prepared the fish, proceeded to secure myself and effects in the best manner I could. In the first place, I

hauled my bark upon the shore, almost clear out of the water, to prevent their oversetting or sinking her; after this, every movable was taken out and carried to my camp, which was but a few yards off; then ranging some dry wood in such order as was the most convenient, I cleared the ground round about it, that there might be no impediment in my way, in case of an attack in the night, either from the water or the land; for I discovered by this time, that this small isthmus, from its remote situation and fruitfulness, was resorted to by bears and wolves. Having prepared myself in the best manner I could, I charged my gun and proceeded to reconnoitre my camp and the adjacent grounds; when I discovered that the peninsula and grove, at the distance of about two hundred yards from my encampment, on the land side, were invested by a cypress swamp, covered with water, which below was joined to the shore of the little lake, and above to the marshes surrounding the lagoon; so that I was confined to an islet exceedingly circumscribed, and I found there was no other retreat for me, in case of an attack, but by either ascending one of the large oaks, or pushing off with my boat.

It was by this time dusk, and the alligators had nearly ceased their roar, when I was again alarmed by a tumultuous noise that seemed to be in my harbor, and therefore engaged my immediate attention. Returning to my camp, I found it undisturbed, and then continued on to the extreme point of the promontory, where I saw a scene, new and surprising, which at first threw my senses into such a tumult that it was some time before I could comprehend what was the matter; however, I soon

accounted for the prodigious assemblage of crocodiles at this place, which exceeded everything of the kind I had ever heard of.

How shall I express myself so as to convey an adequate idea of it to the reader, and at the same time avoid raising suspicions of my veracity. Should I say, that the river (in this place) from shore to shore, and perhaps near half a mile above and below me, appeared to be one solid bank of fish, of various kinds, pushing through this narrow pass of St. Juan's into the little lake, on their return down the river, and that the alligators were in such incredible numbers, and so close together from shore to shore, that it would have been easy to have walked across on their heads, had the animals been harmless? What expressions can sufficiently declare the shocking scene that for some minutes continued, whilst this mighty army of fish were forcing the pass? During this attempt, thousands, I may say hundreds of thousands, of them were caught and swallowed by the devouring alligators. I have seen an alligator take up out of the water several great fish at a time, and just squeeze them betwixt his jaws, while the tails of the great trout flapped about his eyes and lips, ere he had swallowed them. The horrid noise of their closing jaws, their plunging amidst the broken banks of fish, and rising with their prey some feet upright above the water, the floods of water and blood rushing out of their mouths, and the clouds of vapor issuing from their wide nostrils, were truly frightful. This scene continued at intervals during the night, as the fish came to the pass. After this fight, shocking and tremendous as it was, I found

myself somewhat easier and more reconciled to my situation; being convinced that their extraordinary assemblage here was owing to this annual feast of fish; and that they were so well employed in their own element, that I had little occasion to fear their paying me a visit.

It being now almost night, I returned to my camp, where I had left my fish broiling, and my kettle of rice stewing; and having with me oil, pepper, and salt, and excellent oranges hanging in abundance over my head (a valuable substitute for vinegar) I sat down and regaled myself cheerfully. Having finished my repast, I rekindled my fire for light, and whilst I was revising the notes of my past day's journey, I was suddenly roused with a noise behind me toward the mainland. I sprang up on my feet, and listening, I distinctly heard some creature wading in the water of the isthmus. I seized my gun and went cautiously from my camp, directing my steps towards the noise: when I had advanced about thirty yards, I halted behind a coppice of orange trees, and soon perceived two very large bears, which had made their way through the water, and had landed in the grove, about one hundred yards' distance from me, and were advancing towards me. I waited until they were within thirty yards of me: they there began to snuff and look towards my camp: I snapped my piece, but it flashed, on which they both turned about and galloped off, plunging through the water and swamp, never halting, as I suppose, until they reached fast land, as I could hear them leaping and plunging a long time. They did not presume to return again, nor was I molested by any other creature, except being

occasionally awakened by the whooping of owls, screaming of bitterns, or the wood rats running amongst the leaves.

The wood rat is a very curious animal. It is not half the size of the domestic rat; of a dark brown or black color; its tail slender and shorter in proportion, and covered thinly with short hair. It is singular with respect to its ingenuity and great labor in the construction of its habitation, which is a conical pyramid about three or four feet high, constructed with dry branches, which it collects with great labor and perseverance, and piles up without any apparent order; yet they are so interwoven with one another, that it would take a bear or wildcat some time to pull one of these castles to pieces, and allow the animals sufficient time to secure a retreat with their young.

The noise of the crocodiles kept me awake the greater part of the night; but when I arose in the morning, contrary to my expectations, there was perfect peace; very few of them to be seen, and those were asleep on the shore. Yet I was not able to suppress my fears and apprehensions of being attacked by them in future; and indeed yesterday's combat with them, notwithstanding I came off in a manner victorious, or at least made a safe retreat, had left sufficient impression on my mind to damp my courage; and it seemed too much for one of my strength, being alone in a very small boat, to encounter such collected danger. To pursue my voyage up the river, and be obliged every evening to pass such dangerous defiles, appeared to me as perilous as running the gauntlet betwixt two rows of Indians armed with knives

and firebrands. I, however, resolved to continue my voyage one day longer, if I possibly could with safety, and then return down the river, should I find the like difficulties to oppose. Accordingly I got everything on board, charged my gun, and set sail cautiously, alongshore. As I passed by Battle Lagoon, I began to tremble and keep a good lookout; when suddenly a huge alligator rushed out of the reeds, and with a tremendous roar came up, and darted as swift as an arrow under my boat, emerging upright on my lee quarter, with open jaws, and belching water and smoke that fell upon me like rain in a hurricane. I laid soundly about his head with my club and beat him off; and after plunging and darting about my boat, he went off on a straight line through the water, seemingly with the rapidity of lightning, and entered the cape of the lagoon. I now employed my time to the very best advantage in paddling close alongshore, but could not forbear looking now and then behind me, and presently perceived one of them coming up again. The water of the river hereabouts was shoal and very clear; the monster came up with the usual roar and menaces, and passed close by the side of my boat, when I could distinctly see a young brood of alligators, to the number of one hundred or more, following after her in a long train. They kept close together in a column without straggling off to the one side or the other; the young appeared to be of an equal size, about fifteen inches in length, almost black, with pale yellow transverse waved clouds or blotches, much like rattlesnakes in color. I now lost sight of my enemy again.

ISRAEL PUTNAM

By James Parton

IT is strange that so straightforward and transparent a character as "Old Put" should have become the subject of controversy. Too much is claimed for him by some disputants, and much too little is conceded to him by others. He was certainly as far from being a rustic booby as he was from being a great general.

Conceive him, first, as a thriving, vigorous, enterprising Connecticut farmer, thirty years of age, cultivating with great success his own farm of five hundred and fourteen acres, all paid for. Himself one of a family of twelve children, and belonging to a prolific race which has scattered Putnams all over the United States, besides leaving an extraordinary number in New England, he had married young at his native Salem, and established himself soon after in the northeastern corner of Connecticut. At that period, 1740, Connecticut was to Massachusetts what Colorado is to New York at present; and thither, accordingly, this vigorous young man and his young wife early removed, and hewed out a farm from the primeval woods.

He was just the man for a pioneer. His strength of body was extraordinary, and he had a power of sustained exertion more valuable even than great strength. Nothing is more certain than that he was an enterprising

and successful farmer, who introduced new fruits, better breeds of cattle, and improved implements.

There is still to be seen on his farm a long avenue of ancient apple trees, which, the old men of the neighborhood affirm, were set out by Israel Putnam one hundred and forty years ago. The well which he dug is still used. Coming to the place with considerable property inherited from his father (for the Putnams were a thriving race from the beginning), it is not surprising that he should have become one of the leading farmers in a county of farmers.

At the same time he was not a studious man, and had no taste for intellectual enjoyments. He was not then a member of the church. He never served upon the school committee. There was a Library Association at the next village, but he did not belong to it. For bold riding, skillful hunting, wood-chopping, hay tossing, plowing, it was hard to find his equal; but, in the matter of learning, he could write legibly, read well enough, spell in an independent manner, and not much more.

With regard to the wolf story, which rests upon tradition only, it is not improbable, and there is no good reason to doubt it. Similar deeds have been done by brave backwoodsmen from the beginning, and are still done within the boundaries of the United States every year. The story goes, that when he had been about two years on his new farm, the report was brought in one morning that a noted she-wolf of the neighborhood had killed seventy of his sheep and goats, besides wounding many lambs and kids. This wolf, the last of her race in that region, had long eluded the skill of every hunter. Upon

seeing the slaughter of his flock, the young farmer, it appears, entered into a compact with five of his neighbors to hunt the pernicious creature by turns until they had killed her. The animal was at length tracked to her den, a cave extending deep into a rocky hill. The tradition is, that Putnam, with a rope around his body, a torch in one hand, and rifle in the other, went twice into the cave, and the second time shot the wolf dead, and was drawn out by the people, wolf and all. An exploit of this nature gave great celebrity in an outlying county in the year 1742. Meanwhile he continued to thrive, and one of the old-fashioned New England families of ten children gathered about him. As they grew towards maturity, he bought a share in the Library Association, built a pew for his family in the church, and comported himself in all ways as became a prosperous farmer and father of a numerous family.

So passed his life until he reached the age of thirty-seven, when he already had a boy fifteen years of age, and was rich in all the wealth which Connecticut then possessed. The French war broke out — the war which decided the question whether the French or the English race should possess North America. His reputation was such that the legislature of Connecticut appointed him at once a captain, and he had no difficulty in enlisting a company of the young men of his county, young farmers or the sons of farmers. He gained great note as a scouter and ranger, rendering such important service in this way to the army that the legislature made him a special grant of "fifty Spanish milled dollars" as an honorable gift. He was famous also for Yankee ingenuity. A colonial

newspaper relates an anecdote illustrative of this. The British general was sorely perplexed by the presence of a French man-of-war commanding a piece of water which it was necessary for him to cross.

"General," said Putnam, "that ship must be taken."

"Ay," replied the general, "I would give the world if she was taken."

"I will take her," said Putnam.

"How?" asked the general.

"Give me some wedges, a beetle, and a few men of my own choice."

When night came, Putnam rowed under the vessel's stern, and drove the wedges between the rudder and the ship. In the morning she was seen with her sails flapping helplessly in the middle of the lake, and she was soon after blown ashore and captured.

Among other adventures, Putnam was taken prisoner by the Indians, and carried to his grave great scars of the wounds inflicted by the savages. He served to the very end of the war, pursuing the enemy even into the tropics, and assisting at the capture of Havana. He returned home, after nine years of almost continuous service, with the rank of colonel, and such a reputation as made him the hero of Connecticut, as Washington was the hero of Virginia at the close of the same war. At any time of public danger requiring a resort to arms, he would be naturally looked to by the people of Connecticut to take the command.

Eleven peaceful years he now spent at home. His wife died, leaving an infant a year old. He joined the church; he married again; he cultivated his farm; he told his war

stories. The Stamp Act excitement occurred in 1765, when Putnam joined the Sons of Liberty, and called upon the governor of the colony as a deputy from them.

"What shall I do," asked the governor, "if the stamped paper should be sent to me by the king's authority?"

"Lock it up," said Putnam, "until we visit you again."

"And what will you do with it?"

"We shall expect you to give us the key of the room where it is deposited; and if you think fit, in order to screen yourself from blame, you may forewarn us upon our peril not to enter the room."

"And what will you do afterwards?"

"Send it safely back again."

"But if I should refuse you admission?"

"Your house will be level with the dust in five minutes."

Fortunately, the stamped paper never reached Connecticut, and the act was repealed soon after.

The eventful year, 1774, arrived. Putnam was fifty-six years of age, a somewhat portly personage, weighing two hundred pounds, with a round, full countenance, adorned by curly locks, now turning gray — the very picture of a hale, hearty, good-humored, upright and downright country gentleman. News came that the port of Boston was closed, its business suspended, its people likely to be in want of food. The farmers of the neighborhood contributed a hundred and twenty-five sheep, which Putnam himself drove to Boston, sixty miles off, where he had a cordial reception by the people, and was visited by great numbers of them at the house of Dr. Warren, where he lived. The polite people

of Boston were delighted with the scarred old hero, and were pleased to tell anecdotes of his homely ways and fervent, honest zeal. He mingled freely, too, with the British officers, who *chaffed* him, as the modern saying is, about his coming down to Boston to fight. They told him that twenty great ships and twenty regiments would come unless the people submitted.

"If they come," said Putnam, "I am ready to treat them as enemies."

One day in the following spring, April 20th, while he was plowing in one of his fields with a yoke of oxen driven by his son, Daniel, a boy of fifteen, an express reached him giving him the news of the battle of Lexington, which had occurred the day before. Daniel Putnam has left a record of what his father did on this occasion.

"He loitered not," wrote Daniel, "but left me, the driver of his team, to unyoke it in the furrow, and not many days after to follow him to camp."

Colonel Putnam mounted a horse, and set off instantly to alarm the officers of militia in the neighboring towns. Returning home a few hours after, he found hundreds of minute-men assembled, armed and equipped, who had chosen him for their commander. He accepted the command, and, giving them orders to follow, he pushed on without dismounting, rode the same horse all night, and reached Cambridge next morning at sunrise, still wearing the checked shirt which he had had on when plowing in his field. As Mr. Bancroft remarks, he brought to his country's service an undaunted courage and a devoted heart. His services during the Revolution are

known to almost every reader. Every one seems to have liked him, for he had a very happy turn for humor, sang a good song, and was a very cheerful old gentleman.

In 1779, after four years of vigorous and useful service too arduous for his age, he suffered a paralytic stroke, which obliged him to leave the army. He lived, however, to see his country free and prosperous, surviving to the year 1790, when he died, aged seventy-three. I saw his commission as major-general hanging in the house of one of his grandsons, Colonel A. P. Putnam, at Nashville, some years ago. He has descendants in every state.

THE PATHFINDERS, LEWIS AND CLARK

By Eva March Tappan

AT the close of the Revolution, the United States owned all the land from the Atlantic to the Mississippi and from Canada to Florida. France had lost Canada, but she still held the country between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains. Some twenty years after the war France needed money, and she sold this land to the United States at about two and a half cents an acre. The next thing was to find out what kind of country had been bought. The government asked Meriwether Lewis and William Clark, brother of George Rogers Clark, to explore it. It was thought that the best way would be to follow up the Missouri River, then to enter the Columbia River, and so get to the Pacific Ocean; but no one had any idea where the sources of the two rivers might be. The only way to learn was to go and find out.

No one knew what dangers there would be. There were stories of mountains so lofty that no man could ever climb them; of Indians more fierce and more cruel than any that had been known; but the stout-hearted company set out, not in the least frightened by all these tales. There were forty men or more in the party, the

wife of the interpreter, and her baby, the youngest of American explorers.

This company was to do much more than simply to push through to the Pacific Ocean. They were to note the mountains and valleys and rivers; to draw maps showing where there were rapids or falls; to see what kinds of soil, trees, flowers, fruit, animals, and minerals there were in different parts of the country. In short, they were to keep their eyes open, and on their return to tell the government where they had been and what they had seen. One thing more they were to do, the most important of all, and that was to make friends with the Indians, to learn how they lived and what lands each tribe claimed, and especially to open the way for trading with them. It seems like going back to the days of Champlain to read the list of what the travelers carried to give or sell to the red men. There were beads, paints, knives, mirrors, red trousers, coats made gorgeous with gilt braid, and many other things that would please the savages.

Then they set out on a journey which proved to be two years and four months long. And such wonders as they saw! In one place the water had worn away the earth into such shapes that the explorers were sure they had come upon an ancient fort. In another was a wide river with bed and banks and falls and rapids, but not one drop of water. There were antelopes and prairie dogs and other animals which were new to them. There were buffaloes so tame that they had to be driven out of the way with sticks and stones. There were waterfalls so high that the water fell part way, then broke into mist,

but gathered together again and made a second fall, which seemed to come from a cloud.

There were some things to meet that were not quite so interesting as double waterfalls. There were brown bears and black bears and grizzly bears, all anxious to greet them with a hug. There were long marches over ground covered with sharp pieces of flint, and there were other marches over plains where the thorns of the prickly pear pierced their shoes as if they were only paper. Sometimes they were driven half wild with clouds of mosquitoes. "The Musquetoes were so numerous that I could not keep them off my gun long enough to take sight and by that means Missed," wrote Captain Clark in his journal. Captain Lewis once was separated from his men for a few hours, and in that time he met a grizzly bear, a wolverine, and three buffalo bulls, all of which showed fight. Again he lay down under a tree, and when he woke he found that he had had a big rattlesnake for next-door neighbor. He nailed a letter upon a tree for some members of the party who were to come after him; but when they came they found that the beavers had gnawed the tree down, carried it away to use in their dams, and so had stolen the whole post-office. One night the company camped on a sand bar in the river; but they were hardly sound asleep before the guards cried, "Get up! Get up! Sand bar 's a-sinking!" They jumped into the boats and pulled for the farther shore, but before they reached it the sand bar was out of sight. There were other disturbances of their dreams. Another night they camped near an island which proved to be the home of ducks and geese and other wild fowl that quacked and

hissed and made all the noises that they knew how to make, while the tired men rolled and tumbled and wished they had more quiet neighbors. Another night a buffalo dashed into their camp and ran between two rows of sleepers. And to cap the climax, the baby explorer had the mumps and was cutting teeth and cried all night.

Getting food was not always an easy matter. In one place they exchanged roast meat, pork, flour, and meal for watermelons; but they had not often so luxurious fare. Frequently they had nothing but a little flour or meal, and for a long while they lived on horseflesh and dogflesh. Often they were glad to buy eatable roots of the Indians. Sometimes the Indians refused to sell. On one such occasion, Captain Clark threw a port-fire match into the fire, and then took out his compass and with a bit of steel made the needle whirl round and round. The Indians were so terrified that the women hid behind the men, and the men hurried to bring him the roots that they had sullenly refused to sell. On the Fourth of July the explorers lived in luxury, for they feasted on bacon, beans, suet dumplings, and buffalo meat; but when Christmas came they had nothing but stale meat, fish, and a few roots. The Indians once cooked them some meat by laying it on pine branches under which were hot stones. More branches were put on top of the meat, then a layer of meat, then another layer of branches. Water was poured upon the mass, and three or four inches of earth spread over the whole heap. The white men did not like the flavor of pine, but they admitted that the meat was tender.

They tried to make friends with the Indians wherever they went, by giving them medals and other trinkets that they had brought. They told them about the Great Father in Washington who wished them to be his children, and who would always be kind to them. Sometimes they shared their food with the red men. One Indian ate a piece of dried squash and said it was the best thing he had ever tasted except a lump of sugar that some member of the party had given him. One tribe to whom they offered whiskey refused it. "I am surprised," said the chief, "that our father should give us a drink that would make us fools."

Talking with the Indians was not always easy. This is the way it was sometimes done. Captain Lewis or Captain Clark spoke in English; one of the men put what he had said into French; the interpreter put it into an Indian dialect that his Indian wife understood; she put it into another tongue which a young Indian in the party understood; and he translated it into the language of the tribe with whom they wished to talk. It was no wonder that whenever it was possible they avoided this roundabout method and used the language of signs. When a man wished to say, for instance, "I have been gone three nights," he had only to rest his head on his hand to suggest sleep and to hold up three fingers. He could say, "I came on horseback" by pointing to himself and then placing two fingers of his right hand astride his left wrist. To hold a blanket by two corners, shake it over the head, and unfold it, meant "I am your friend; come and sit on my blanket." If the Indian accepted the invitation, the next scene was not very agreeable; for

THEY TRIED TO MAKE FRIENDS WITH THE INDIANS

he would wish to embrace the white man and rub his cheek, thick with red paint, on that of his new friend.

One language was understood by all, the language of gifts. A string of beads went a long way in winning friends. The red men had their fashions in beads, however; blue or white beads were very welcome, but they cared little for other colors. They were fond of dancing. One evening several hundred Indians seated themselves around the white men's camp and waited till the violin struck up and a dance took place. After an hour or two, the white men said, "Now it is your turn. Show us how you dance." The red men and women and children sprang to their feet and crowded together around an open space. A few young braves leaped into the space and carried on something that might be called a dance; but all that the rest of the company did was to sing and jump up and down in time with the music. They were as fond of games as of dancing. The most common game was one often played now by white children. A man passed a tiny piece of bone back and forth from one hand to the other, then held out both hands closed. The one who was playing against him pointed to the hand in which he thought the bone was. If he guessed right, he won the blue beads or whatever else the prize might be. If he lost, the other man won it.

So it was that, dancing, climbing mountains, shooting rapids, killing bears and mosquitoes, dragging canoes up rivers, making friends with the Indians, eating or fasting, the brave explorers made their way to the source of the Missouri, a streamlet so narrow that one of the men took his stand with one foot on either bank. Three quar-

ters of a mile farther, they came to a creek running to the westward. This was one of the branches of the Columbia. Onward they went, and at last they stood on the shore of the Pacific. It was the rainy season. Their clothes and bedding were always wet, and they had nothing to eat but dried fish. It is no wonder that they did not feel delighted with the scenery. Captain Clark wrote in his journal that the ocean was "tempestuous and horrible."

At last they started on the long journey back to the east. There were the same dangers to go through again, but finally they came to the homes of white men; and when they caught sight of cows feeding on the banks of the river, they all shouted with joy, the herds looked so calm and restful and homelike. When they reached the village of St. Louis, they received a hearty welcome, for all supposed that they had perished in the wilderness. These courageous, patient men had done much more than to explore a wild country. Just as Columbus had made a path across the Atlantic, so they had made a path to the Pacific. They showed the way, and the thousands who have made the western country into farms and villages and cities have only followed in the footsteps of these fearless explorers.

THE WHITE CHAMPION OF THE ALGONQUINS

By Francis Parkman

DURING the last autumn, a young chief from the banks of the then unknown Ottawa had been at Quebec; and, amazed at what he saw, he had begged Champlain to join him in the spring against his enemies. These enemies were a formidable race of savages, the Iroquois, or Five Confederate Nations, who dwelt in fortified villages within limits now embraced by the State of New York, and who were a terror to all the surrounding forests. They were deadly foes of their kindred, the Hurons, who dwelt on the lake which bears their name, and were allies of Algonquin bands on the Ottawa. All alike were tillers of the soil, living at ease when compared with the famished Algonquins of the Lower St. Lawrence.

By joining these Hurons and Algonquins against their Iroquois enemies, Champlain might make himself the indispensable ally and leader of the tribes of Canada, and at the same time fight his way to discovery in regions which otherwise were barred against him. From first to last, it was the policy of France in America to mingle in Indian politics, hold the balance of power between adverse tribes, and envelop in the network of her power and diplomacy the remotest hordes of the wilderness. Of

this policy the Father of New France may perhaps be held to have set a rash and premature example. Yet, while he was apparently following the dictates of his own adventurous spirit, it became evident, a few years later, that under his thirst for discovery and spirit of knight-errantry lay a consistent and deliberate purpose. That it had already assumed a definite shape is not likely; but his after course makes it plain that, in embroiling himself and his colony with the most formidable savages on the continent, he was by no means acting so recklessly as at first sight would appear.

It was past the middle of June, and the expected warriors from the upper country had not come; a delay which seems to have given Champlain little concern, for, without waiting longer, he set out with no better allies than a band of Montagnais. But, as he moved up the St. Lawrence, he saw, thickly clustered in the bordering forest, the lodges of an Indian camp, and, landing, found his Huron and Algonquin allies. Few of them had ever seen a white man, and they surrounded the steel-clad strangers in speechless wonder. Champlain asked for their chief, and the staring throng moved with him towards a lodge where sat, not one chief, but two, for each band had its own. There were feasting, smoking, and speeches; and, the needful ceremony over, all descended together to Quebec; for the strangers were bent on seeing those wonders of architecture, the fame of which had pierced the recesses of their forests.

On their arrival, they feasted their eyes and glutted their appetites; yelped consternation at the sharp explosions of the arquebuse and the roar of the cannon;

pitched their camps, and bedecked themselves for their war dance. In the still night, their fire glared against the black and jagged cliff, and the fierce red light fell on tawny limbs convulsed with frenzied gestures and ferocious stampings; on contorted visages, hideous with paint; on brandished weapons, stone war clubs, stone hatchets, and stone-pointed lances; while the drum kept up its hollow boom, and the air was split with mingled yells.

The war feast followed, and then all embarked together. Champlain was in a small shallop, carrying, besides himself, eleven men of Pontgravé's party, including his son-in-law, Marais, and the pilot La Routte. They were armed with the arquebuse, a matchlock or firelock somewhat like the modern carbine, and from its shortness not ill suited for use in the forest. On the twenty-eighth of June they spread their sails and held their course against the current, while around them the river was alive with canoes, and hundreds of naked arms plied the paddle with a steady, measured sweep. They crossed the Lake of St. Peter, threaded the devious channels among its many islands, and reached at last the mouth of the Rivière des Iroquois, since called the Richelieu, or the St. John. Here, probably on the site of the town of Sorel, the leisurely warriors encamped for two days, hunted, fished, and took their ease, regaling their allies with venison and wild fowl. They quarreled, too; three fourths of their number seceded, took to their canoes in dudgeon, and paddled towards their homes, while the rest pursued their course up the broad and placid stream.

Walls of verdure stretched on left and right. Now,

aloft in the lonely air rose the cliffs of Belœil, and now, before them, framed in circling forests, the Basin of Chambly spread its tranquil mirror, glittering in the sun. The shallop outsailed the canoes. Champlain, leaving his allies behind, crossed the basin and tried to pursue his course; but, as he listened in the stillness, the unwelcome noise of rapids reached his ear, and, by glimpses through the dark foliage of the Islets of St. John, he could see the gleam of snowy foam and the flash of hurrying waters. Leaving the boat by the shore in charge of four men, he went with Marais, La Routte, and five others, to explore the wild before him. They pushed their way through the damps and shadows of the wood, through thickets and tangled vines, over mossy rocks and mouldering logs. Still the hoarse surging of the rapids followed them; and when, parting the screen of foliage, they looked out upon the river, they saw it thick set with rocks, where, plunging over ledges, gurgling under drift logs, darting along clefts, and boiling in chasms, the angry waters filled the solitude with monotonous ravings.

Champlain retraced his steps. He had learned the value of an Indian's word. His allies had promised him that his boat could pass unobstructed throughout the whole journey. "It afflicted me," he says, "and troubled me exceedingly to be obliged to return without having seen so great a lake, full of fair islands and bordered with the fine countries which they had described to me."

When he reached the boat, he found the whole savage crew gathered at the spot. He mildly rebuked their bad faith, but added, that, though they had deceived him, he, as far as might be, would fulfill his pledge. To this end,

he directed Marais, with the boat and the greater part of the men, to return to Quebec, while he, with two who offered to follow him, should proceed in the Indian canoes.

The warriors lifted their canoes from the water, and bore them on their shoulders half a league through the forest to the smoother stream above. Here the chiefs made a muster of their forces, counting twenty-four canoes and sixty warriors. All embarked again, and advanced once more, by marsh, meadow, forest, and scattered islands, then full of game, for it was an uninhabited land, the war-path and battle-ground of hostile tribes. The warriors observed a certain system in their advance. Some were in front as a vanguard; others formed the main body; while an equal number were in the forests on the flanks and rear, hunting for the subsistence of the whole; for, though they had a provision of parched maize pounded into meal, they kept it for use when, from the vicinity of the enemy, hunting should become impossible.

Late in the day they landed and drew up their canoes, ranging them closely, side by side. Some stripped sheets of bark, to cover their camp sheds; others gathered wood, the forest being full of dead, dry trees; others felled the living trees for a barricade. They seem to have had steel axes, obtained by barter from the French; for in less than two hours they had made a strong defensive work, in the form of a half-circle, open on the river side where their canoes lay on the strand, and large enough to inclose all their huts and sheds. Some of their number had gone forward as scouts, and, returning, reported no signs of an enemy. This was the extent of their pre-

caution, for they placed no guard, but all, in full security, stretched themselves to sleep, — a vicious custom from which the lazy warrior of the forest rarely departs.

They had not forgotten, however, to consult their oracle. The medicine man pitched his magic lodge in the woods, formed of a small stack of poles, planted in a circle and brought together at the tops like stacked muskets. Over these he placed the filthy deerskins which served him for a robe, and, creeping in at a narrow opening, hid himself from view. Crouched in a ball upon the earth, he invoked the spirits in mumbling inarticulate tones; while his naked auditory, squatted on the ground like apes, listened in wonder and awe. Suddenly, the lodge moved, rocking with violence to and fro, by the power of the spirits, as the Indians thought, while Champlain could plainly see the tawny fist of the medicine man shaking the poles. They begged him to keep a watchful eye on the peak of the lodge, whence fire and smoke would presently issue; but with the best efforts of his vision, he discovered none. Meanwhile the medicine man was seized with such convulsions that, when his divination was over, his naked body streamed with perspiration. In loud, clear tones, and in an unknown tongue, he invoked the spirit, who was understood to be present in the form of a stone, and whose feeble and squeaking accents were heard at intervals, like the wail of a young puppy.

In this manner they consulted the spirit — as Champlain thinks, the Devil — at all their camps. His replies, for the most part, seem to have given them great content; yet they took other measures, of which the military

advantages were less questionable. The principal chief gathered bundles of sticks, and, without wasting his breath, stuck them in the earth in a certain order, calling each by the name of some warrior, a few taller than the rest representing the subordinate chiefs. Thus was indicated the position which each was to hold in the expected battle. All gathered round and attentively studied the sticks, ranged like a child's wooden soldiers, or the pieces on a chessboard; then, with no further instruction, they formed their ranks, broke them, and reformed them again and again with excellent alacrity and skill.

Again the canoes advanced, the river widening as they went. Great islands appeared, leagues in extent, — Isle à la Motte, Long Island, Grande Isle. Channels where ships might float and broad reaches of water stretched between them, and Champlain entered the lake which preserves his name to posterity. Cumberland Head was passed, and from the opening of the great channel between Grande Isle and the main he could look forth on the wilderness sea. Edged with woods, the tranquil flood spread southward beyond the sight. Far on the left rose the forest ridges of the Green Mountains, and on the right the Adirondacks, haunts in these later years of amateur sportsmen from counting-rooms or college halls. Then the Iroquois made them their hunting ground; and beyond, in the valleys of the Mohawk, the Onondaga, and the Genesee, stretched the long line of their five cantons and palisaded towns.

At night they encamped again. The scene is a familiar one to many a tourist; and perhaps, standing at sunset on the peaceful strand, Champlain saw what a roving

student of this generation has seen on those same shores, at that same hour: the glow of the vanished sun behind the western mountains, darkly piled in mist and shadow along the sky; near at hand, the dead pine, mighty in decay, stretching its ragged arms athwart the burning heaven, the crow perched on its top like an image carved in jet; and aloft, the night hawk, circling in his flight, and, with a strange whirring sound, diving through the air each moment for the insects he makes his prey.

The progress of the party was becoming dangerous. They changed their mode of advance, and moved only in the night. All day, they lay close in the depth of the forest, sleeping, lounging, smoking tobacco of their own raising, and beguiling the hours, no doubt, with the shallow banter and obscene jesting with which knots of Indians are wont to amuse their leisure. At twilight they embarked again, paddling their cautious way till the eastern sky began to redden. Their goal was the rocky promontory where Fort Ticonderoga was long afterward built. Thence, they would pass the outlet of Lake George, and launch their canoes again on that Como of the wilderness, whose waters, limpid as a fountain-head, stretched far southward between their flanking mountains. Landing at the future site of Fort William Henry, they would carry their canoes through the forest to the river Hudson, and, descending it, attack perhaps some outlying town of the Mohawks. In the next century this chain of lakes and rivers became the grand highway of savage and civilized war, linked to memories of momentous conflicts.

The allies were spared so long a progress. On the

morning of the twenty-ninth of July, after paddling all night, they hid as usual in the forest on the western shore, apparently between Crown Point and Ticonderoga. The warriors stretched themselves to their slumbers, and Champlain, after walking till nine or ten o'clock through the surrounding woods, returned to take his repose on a pile of spruce boughs. Sleeping, he dreamed a dream, wherein he beheld the Iroquois drowning in the lake; and, trying to rescue them, he was told by his Algonquin friends that they were good for nothing, and had better be left to their fate. For some time past he had been beset every morning by his superstitious allies, eager to learn about his dreams; and, to this moment, his unbroken slumbers had failed to furnish the desired prognostics. The announcement of this auspicious vision filled the crowd with joy, and at nightfall they embarked, flushed with anticipated victories.

It was ten o'clock in the evening, when, near a projecting point of land, which was probably Ticonderoga, they descried dark objects in motion on the lake before them. These were a flotilla of Iroquois canoes, heavier and slower than theirs, for they were made of oak bark. Each party saw the other, and the mingled war-cries pealed over the darkened water. The Iroquois, who were near the shore, having no stomach for an aquatic battle, landed, and, making night hideous with their clamors, began to barricade themselves. Champlain could see them in the woods, laboring like beavers, hacking down trees with iron axes taken from the Canadian tribes in war, and with stone hatchets of their own making. The allies remained on the lake, a bowshot from the hos-

tile barricade, their canoes made fast together by poles lashed across. All night they danced with as much vigor as the frailty of their vessels would permit, their throats making amends for the enforced restraint of their limbs. It was agreed on both sides that the fight should be deferred till daybreak; but meanwhile a commerce of abuse, sarcasm, menace, and boasting gave unceasing exercise to the lungs and fancy of the combatants, — "much," says Champlain, "like the besiegers and besieged in a beleaguered town."

As day approached, he and his two followers put on the light armor of the time. Champlain wore the doublet and long hose then in vogue. Over the doublet he buckled on a breastplate, and probably a backpiece, while his thighs were protected by cuisses of steel, and his head by a plumed casque. Across his shoulder hung the strap of his bandoleer, or ammunition box; at his side was his sword, and in his hand his arquebuse. Such was the equipment of this ancient Indian-fighter, whose exploits date eleven years before the landing of the Puritans at Plymouth, and sixty-six years before King Philip's War.

Each of the three Frenchmen was in a separate canoe, and, as it grew light, they kept themselves hidden, either by lying at the bottom, or covering themselves with an Indian robe. The canoes approached the shore, and all landed without opposition at some distance from the Iroquois, whom they presently could see filing out of their barricade, tall, strong men, some two hundred in number, the boldest and fiercest warriors of North America. They advanced through the forest with a

steadiness which excited the admiration of Champlain. Among them could be seen three chiefs, made conspicuous by their tall plumes. Some bore shields of wood and hide, and some were covered with a kind of armor made of tough twigs interlaced with a vegetable fibre supposed by Champlain to be cotton.

The allies, growing anxious, called with loud cries for their champion, and opened their ranks that he might pass to the front. He did so, and, advancing before his red companions in arms, stood revealed to the gaze of the Iroquois, who, beholding the warlike apparition in their path, stared in mute amazement. "I looked at them," says Champlain, "and they looked at me. When I saw them getting ready to shoot their arrows at us, I leveled my arquebuse, which I had loaded with four balls, and aimed straight at one of the three chiefs. The shot brought down two, and wounded another. On this, our Indians set up such a yelling that one could not have heard a thunderclap, and all the while the arrows flew thick on both sides. The Iroquois were greatly astonished and frightened to see two of their men killed so quickly, in spite of their arrow-proof armor. As I was reloading, one of my companions fired a shot from the woods, which so increased their astonishment that, seeing their chiefs dead, they abandoned the field and fled into the depth of the forest." The allies dashed after them. Some of the Iroquois were killed, and more were taken. Camp, canoes, provisions, all were abandoned, and many weapons flung down in the panic flight. The victory was complete.

At night, the victors led out one of the prisoners,

told him that he was to die by fire, and ordered him to sing his death song, if he dared. Then they began the torture, and presently scalped their victim alive, when Champlain, sickening at the sight, begged leave to shoot him. They refused, and he turned away in anger and disgust; on which they called him back and told him to do as he pleased. He turned again, and a shot from his arquebuse put the wretch out of misery.

The scene filled him with horror; but, a few months later, on the Place de la Grève at Paris, he might have witnessed tortures equally revolting and equally vindictive, inflicted on the regicide Ravaillac by the sentence of grave and learned judges.

The allies made a prompt retreat from the scene of their triumph. Three or four days brought them to the mouth of the Richelieu. Here they separated; the Hurons and Algonquins made for the Ottawa, their homeward route, each with a share of prisoners for future torments. At parting they invited Champlain to visit their towns, and aid them again in their wars, an invitation which this paladin of the woods failed not to accept.

The companions now remaining to him were the Montagnais. In their camp on the Richelieu, one of them dreamed that a war party of Iroquois was close upon them; on which, in a torrent of rain, they left their huts, paddled in dismay to the islands above the Lake of St. Peter, and hid themselves all night in the rushes. In the morning, they took heart, emerged from their hiding-places, descended to Quebec, and went thence to Tadoussac, whither Champlain accompanied

them. Here the squaws, stark naked, swam out to the canoes to receive the heads of the dead Iroquois, and, hanging them from their necks, danced in triumph along the shore. One of the heads and a pair of arms were then bestowed on Champlain, — touching memorials of gratitude, which, however, he was by no means to keep for himself, but to present to the king.

Thus did New France rush into collision with the redoubted warriors of the Five Nations. Here was the beginning, and in some measure doubtless the cause, of a long suite of murderous conflicts, bearing havoc and flame to generations yet unborn. Champlain had invaded the tiger's den; and now, in smothered fury, the patient savage would lie biding his day of blood.

AUDUBON'S HOSTESS

By John James Audubon

ON my return from the upper Mississippi, I found myself obliged to cross one of the wild prairies, which, in that portion of the United States, vary the appearance of the country. The weather was fine, all around me was as fresh and blooming as if it had just issued from the bosom of nature. My knapsack, my gun, and my dog were all I had for baggage and company. But, although well moccasined, I moved slowly along, attracted by the brilliancy of the flowers, and the gambols of the fawns around their dams, to all appearance as thoughtless of danger as I felt myself.

My march was of long duration. I saw the sun sinking beneath the horizon long before I could perceive any appearance of woodlands, and nothing in the shape of man had I met with that day. The track which I followed was only an old Indian trail, and as darkness overshadowed the prairie, I felt some desire to reach at least a copse, in which I might lie down to rest. The night hawks were skimming over and around me, attracted by the buzzing wings of the beetles which form their food, and the distant howling of the wolves gave me some hope that I should soon arrive at the skirts of some woodland.

I did so, and almost at the same instant a fire light

MY KNAPSACK, MY GUN AND MY DOG WERE ALL I HAD FOR BAGGAGE AND COMPANY. BUT ALTHOUGH WELL MOCCASINED, I MOVED SLOWLY ALONG ATTRACTED BY THE BRILLIANCY OF THE FLOWERS, AND THE GAMBOLS OF THE FAWNS AROUND THEIR DAMS

attracting my eye, I moved towards it, full of confidence that it proceeded from the camp of some wandering Indians. I was mistaken. I discovered by its glare that it was from the hearth of a small log cabin, and that a tall figure passed and repassed between it and me, as if busily engaged in household arrangements.

I reached the spot, and presenting myself at the door, asked the tall figure, which proved to be a woman, if I might take shelter under her roof for the night? Her voice was gruff, and her dress negligently thrown about her. She answered in the affirmative. I walked in, took a wooden stool, and quietly seated myself by the fire. The next object that attracted my notice was a finely formed young Indian, resting his head between his hands, with his elbows on his knees. A long bow rested against the log wall near him, while a quantity of arrows and two or three raccoon skins lay at his feet. He moved not; he apparently breathed not. Accustomed to the habits of the Indians, and knowing that they pay little attention to the approach of civilized strangers, I addressed him in French, a language not unfrequently partially known to the people of that neighborhood. He raised his head, pointed to one of his eyes with his finger, and gave me a significant glance with the other; his face was covered with blood.

The fact was that an hour before this, as he was in the act of discharging an arrow at a raccoon in the top of a tree, the arrow had split upon the cord, and sprung back with such violence into his right eye as to destroy it forever.

Feeling hungry, I inquired what sort of fare I might

expect. Such a thing as a bed was not to be seen, but many large untanned buffalo hides lay piled in a corner. I drew a timepiece from my pocket, and told the woman that it was late, and that I was fatigued. She espied my watch, the richness of which seemed to operate on her feelings with electric quickness. She told me there was plenty of venison and jerked buffalo meat, and that on removing the ashes I should find a cake. But my watch had struck her fancy, and her curiosity had to be gratified by an immediate sight of it. I took off the gold chain which secured it around my neck, and presented it to her. She was all ecstasy, spoke of its beauty, asked me its value, and put the chain round her brawny neck, saying how happy the possession of such a watch would make her. Thoughtless, and, as I fancied myself, in so retired a spot, secure, I paid little attention to her talk or her movements. I helped my dog to a good supper of venison, and was not long in satisfying the demands of my own appetite.

The Indian rose from his seat as if in extreme suffering. He passed and repassed me several times, and once pinched me on the side so violently that the pain nearly brought forth an exclamation of anger. I looked at him, his eye met mine, but his look was so forbidding that it struck a chill into the more nervous part of my system. He again seated himself, drew his butcher knife from its greasy scabbard, examined its edge, as I would do that of a razor suspected dull, replaced it, and again taking his tomahawk from his back, filled the pipe of it with tobacco, and sent me expressive glances whenever our hostess chanced to have her back towards us.

Never until that moment had my senses been awakened to the danger which I now suspected to be about me. I returned glance for glance to my companion, and rested well assured that, whatever enemies I might have, he was not of their number.

I asked the woman for my watch, wound it up, and under the pretense of wishing to see how the weather might probably be on the morrow, took up my gun and walked out of the cabin. I slipped a ball into each barrel, scraped the edges of my flints, renewed the primings, and returning to the hut, gave a favorable account of my observations. I took a few bearskins, made a pallet of them, and calling my faithful dog to my side, lay down, with my gun close to my body, and in a few minutes was to all appearance fast asleep.

A short time had elapsed when some voices were heard, and from the corner of my eyes I saw two athletic youths making their entrance, bearing a dead stag on a pole. They disposed of their burden, and asking for whiskey, helped themselves freely to it. Observing me and the wounded Indian, they asked who I was, and why the devil that rascal (meaning the Indian, who, they knew, understood not a word of English) was in the house? The mother, for so she proved to be, bade them speak less loudly, made mention of my watch, and took them to a corner, where a conversation took place, the purport of which it required little shrewdness in me to guess. I tapped my dog gently, he moved his tail, and with indescribable pleasure I saw his fine eyes alternately fixed on me and raised towards the trio in the

corner. I felt that he perceived danger in my situation. The Indian exchanged the last glance with me.

The lads had eaten and drunk themselves into such condition that I already looked upon them as *hors de combat;* and the frequent visits of the whiskey bottle to the ugly mouth of their dam, I hoped would soon reduce her to a like state. Judge of my astonishment when I saw that incarnate fiend take a large carving knife, and go to the grindstone to whet its edge. I saw her pour the water on the turning machine, and watched her working away with the dangerous instrument, until the cold sweat covered every part of my body, in despite of my determination to defend myself to the last. Her task finished, she walked to her reeling sons, and said, "There, that 'll soon settle him! Boys, kill yon, — and then for the watch!"

I turned, cocked my gun-locks silently, touched my faithful companion, and lay ready to start up and shoot the first who might attempt my life. The moment was fast approaching, and that night might have been my last in this world, had not Providence made provision for my rescue. All was ready. The infernal hag was advancing slowly, probably contemplating the best way of dispatching me, whilst her sons should be engaged with the Indian. I was several times on the eve of rising, and shooting her on the spot, but she was not to be punished thus. The door was suddenly opened and there entered two stout travelers, each with a long rifle on his shoulder. I bounced up on my feet, and making them most heartily welcome, told them how well it was for me that they should have arrived at that

moment. The tale was told in a minute. The drunken sons were secured, and the woman, in spite of her defense and vociferations, shared the same fate. The Indian fairly danced with joy, and gave us to understand that, as he could not sleep for pain, he would watch over us. You may suppose we slept much less than we talked. The two strangers gave me an account of their once having been themselves in a similar situation. Day came fair and rosy, and with it the punishment of our captives.

They were quite sobered. Their feet were unbound, but their arms were still securely tied. We marched them into the woods off the road, and having used them as Regulators were wont to use such delinquents, we set fire to the cabin, gave all the skins and implements to the young Indian warrior, and proceeded, well pleased, towards the settlements.

WINFIELD SCOTT AT THE BATTLE OF QUEENSTOWN

By J. T. Headley

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL SCOTT, by a forced march through mud and rain, had arrived at Lewiston with his regiment at four o'clock in the morning, and just as the troops were embarking. He begged permission to take part in the expedition, but the arrangements having all been made, his request was denied. He therefore planted his guns on the shore and opened his fire on the enemy. But seeing how small a proportion of troops were got across, and perceiving also the peril of Van Rensselaer's detachment, his young and gallant heart could no longer allow him to be an idle spectator, and taking one piece of artillery, he jumped into a boat with his adjutant, Roach, and pushed for the opposite shore. Wadsworth immediately gave the command of the troops to him, and his chivalric bearing and enthusiastic language soon animated every heart with new courage. Six feet, five inches in height, and in full uniform, he presented a conspicuous mark for the enemy. Had his regiment been with him, Queenstown would have been a second Chippewa.

Considerable reinforcements, however, had arrived, swelling the number to six hundred, of whom three hundred and fifty were regular troops. Those, Scott, as-

sisted by the cool and skillful Captain Zitten, soon placed in the most commanding positions, and waited for further reinforcements. Just before, a body of five hundred Indians, whom the firing had suddenly collected, joined the beaten light troops of the English. Encouraged by this accession of strength, the latter moved again to the assault, but were again driven back in confusion. Still the enemy kept up a desultory engagement. On one occasion, the Indians, issuing suddenly from the forest, surprised a picket of militia, and following hard on their flying tracks, carried consternation into that part of the line. Scott, who was in the rear, showing the men how to unspike a gun, hearing the tumult, hastened to the front, and rallying a few platoons, scattered those wild warriors with a single blow. But while the day was wearing away in this doubtful manner, a more formidable foe appeared on the field. General Sheaffe, commanding at Fort George, had heard the firing in the morning, and a little later the news of the death of Brock was brought him. His troops were immediately put in motion, and soon after midday the little band that had from day dawn bravely breasted the storm, saw, from the heights they had so gallantly won, a column eight hundred and fifty strong approaching the scene of combat. Not in haste or confusion, but with slow and measured tread, they continued to advance. The three hundred Americans watched the approach of this new force with undaunted hearts, and turned to catch the outlines of their own advancing columns, but not a bayonet was moving to their help. At this critical moment news arrived of the shameful mutiny that had broken out on the opposite shore.

The entreaties of Van Rensselaer, and the noble example of Wadsworth, and the increasing peril of their comrades, were wholly unavailing — not a soul would stir. This sealed the fate of the American detachment. Three hundred, sustained by only one piece of artillery against the thirteen hundred of the enemy — their number when the junction of the advancing column with the remaining troops and the Indian allies should be effected — constituted hopeless odds. General Van Rensselaer, from the opposite shore, saw this, and sent word to Wadsworth to retreat at once, and he would send every boat he could lay hands on to receive the fugitives. He, however, left everything to his own judgment. Colonels Chrystie and Scott, of the regulars, and Mead, Strahan, and Allen of the militia, and officers Ogilvie, Wool, Totten, Gibson, McChesney, and others, presented a noble yet sorrowful group, as they took counsel over this message of the commander-in-chief. Their case was desperate, yet they could not make up their minds to retreat. Colonel Scott, mounting a log in front of his troop, harangued them in a strain worthy of the days of chivalry. He told them their condition was desperate, but that Hull's surrender must be redeemed. "Let us then die," he exclaimed, "arms in hand. Our country demands the sacrifice. The example will not be lost. The blood of the slain will make heroes of the living. Those who follow will avenge our fall, and our country's wrongs. Who dare to stand?" A loud "All" rang sternly along the line. In the meantime General Sheaffe had arrived, but instead of advancing immediately to the attack, slowly marched his column the whole length of the American line, then

countermarched it, as if to make sure that the little band in front was all the force he had to overcome. All saw at a glance that resistance was useless, and retreat almost as hopeless. The latter, however, was resolved upon; but the moment the order was given to retire, the whole broke in disorderly flight towards the river. But there were no boats to receive them, and a flag of truce was sent to the enemy. The messenger, however, never returned; another and another shared the same fate. At last Scott tied a white handkerchief to his sword, and accompanied by Captains Totten and Gibson, crept under one of the precipices, down the river, till he arrived where a gentle slope gave an easy ascent, when the three made a push for the road which led from the valley to the heights. On the way they were met by Indians, who having fired on the officers, rushed forward, with their tomahawks, to kill them. They would soon have shared the fate of the other messengers but for the timely arrival of a British officer, with some soldiers, who took the officers to General Sheaffe, to whom Scott surrendered his whole force. Two hundred and ninety-three were all that survived of the brave band who had struggled so long and so nobly for victory. Several hundred militia, however, were found concealed along the shore, who had crossed over, but skulked away in the confusion.

The entire loss of the Americans in this unfortunate expedition, killed and captured, was about one thousand men.

General Van Rensselaer, disgusted with the conduct of the militia, soon after sent in his resignation.

Brock was next day buried "under one of the bastions

of Fort George," and at the request of Scott, then a prisoner, minute guns were fired from Fort Niagara during the funeral ceremonies. Above the dull distant roar of the cataract, the minute guns of friends and foes pealed over the dead, as with shrouded banners the slowly marching column bore him to his last resting place. Cannon that but a few hours before had been exploding in angry strife on each other, now joined their peaceful echoes over his grave. Such an act was characteristic of Scott, who, fierce and fearless in battle, was chivalrous and kind in all his feelings.

While a prisoner in an inn at Niagara, Scott was told that some one wished to see the "tall American." He immediately passed through into the entry, when to his astonishment he saw standing before him two savage Indian chiefs, the same who would have killed him when he surrendered himself a prisoner of war, but for the interposition of a British officer. They had come to look on the man at whom they had so often fired with a deliberate aim. In broken English, and by gestures, they inquired where he was hit, for it was impossible that out of fifteen or twenty shots not one had taken effect. The elder chief, named Jacobs, a tall, powerful savage, grew furious at Scott's asserting that not a ball had touched him, and seizing his shoulders rudely, turned him round to examine his back. The young and fiery colonel did not like to have such freedom taken with his person by a savage, and hurling him fiercely aside, exclaimed, "Off, villain, you fired like a squaw." "We kill you now," was the quick and startling reply, as knives and tomahawks gleamed in their hands.

Scott was not a man to beg or run, though either would have been preferable to taking his chances against these armed savages. Luckily for him, the swords of the American officers who had been taken prisoners, were stacked under the staircase beside which he was standing. Quick as thought he snatched up the largest, a long sabre, and the next moment it glittered unsheathed above his head. One leap backward, to get scope for play, and he stood towering even above the gigantic chieftain, who glared in savage hate upon him. The Indians were in the wider part of the hall, between the foot of the stairs and the door, while Scott stood farther in where it was narrower. The former, therefore, could not get in the rear, and were compelled to face their enemy. They manœuvred to close, but at every turn that sabre flashed in their eyes. The moment they came to blows, one, they knew, was sure to die; and although it was equally certain that Scott would fall under the knife of the survivor before he could regain his position, yet neither Indian seemed anxious to be the sacrifice. While they thus stood watching each other, a British officer chanced to enter, and on beholding the terrific tableau, cried out at the top of his voice, "The guard," and at the same instant seized the tallest chief by the arm and presented a cocked pistol to his head. The next moment the blade of Scott quivered over the head of the other savage, to protect his deliverer. In a few seconds the guards entered with leveled bayonets, and the two chieftains were secured. One of them was the son of Brant, of Revolutionary notoriety.

A STORY OF MIDSHIPMAN FARRAGUT

By P. C. Headley

A GOOD story has been current about our hero boy, the exact truth of which cannot be verified; but it is so like the young adventurer that it will bear reading. The President sailed from New York just before the Essex did, and was taken by the Endymion the middle of January, 1813. Still, such an incident may have occurred after his return, repeating the reckless, heroic daring of the fight at Valparaiso.

"The British man-of-war Plantagenet, seventy-four guns, fell in with the cruiser President, off Charleston, South Carolina. The President being much inferior to the Plantagenet, both in men and guns, her commander did not think it right to risk a battle with the Englishman; and so he crowded all sail to escape her by running into the harbor. This, of course, encouraged the Plantagenet to chase. The wind being fair, both ships were soon rapidly nearing the bar. The commander of the President knew that the Englishman drew too much water to get in, and felt confident that the ship could, if the tide served. Just as he had made up his mind to run boldly in, the wind died away, leaving both ships nearly becalmed almost within gunshot of each other. Then, while trying to coax enough wind into his sails

to carry his ship to the bar, the American determined to send Midshipman Farragut in a boat to sound the channel. The boat was called away, and left the ship with little Farragut, then about fifteen years old, seated grimly in the stern, with his hand on his sword and his eye on the bar.

"Imagine the little fellow's consternation, when, looking back, he saw his ship making all sail toward the Plantagenet with a freshening breeze, while he could distinctly hear the call to quarters. The wind had shifted and grown quite fresh, cutting the President off from all chance of getting into Charleston Harbor, and her captain at once determined to attack the Englishman boldly. And thus it happened that the little midshipman, Farragut, stood stamping his tiny feet in rage of disappointment, while the President sailed away from him to fight the Plantagenet.

"'I 'll be on board to fight the Plantagenet yet!' quoth Farragut. 'I will, I will! Set the sails, men! Be alive — be alive! Don't stand with your mouths open!'

"'Please, sir,' said the cockswain, 'this boat is very crank, sir, and the breeze is fresh, sir. I know she 'll go over if we do.'

"'Set the sail!' cried Farragut; 'I'll be on board before that ship takes the Plantagenet, or drown you all!'

"The sail was set, and the little boat began to plow through the water.

"Said Farragut: 'Wet the sail, men, and don't lose an inch! What fine fat hams and pet pigs those English-

men have! A good time we 'll have to-morrow in our mess! We 'll take this fellow before night!'

"Just then a squall struck the boat, and into the water went Midshipman Farragut with his boat's crew.

"'Oh! what will the captain say to me for upsetting the boat, and losing the oars and tackle; and I 've lost the fight, too!' cried Farragut, as his head came up out of the water.

"He began to sneeze the salt water out of his eyes and nose, as he looked round at the men's heads popping up, one by one, out of the waves.

"'It 's bad enough to lose the tackle; and now you 've not only lost the fight for me, but you want to drown yourselves, too. I 'll kill the first man that dares to drown!' and little Farragut sputtered and scolded away at the men to keep afloat, until they got on the bottom of his boat, where he bewailed his fate in missing the action.

"The result, however, was different from what every one expected. When the captain of the Plantagenet saw the President intended to fight him, he suddenly changed his course, and absolutely ran away, much to the satisfaction of all, particularly Farragut, who was picked off of the bottom of his boat in a short time, wet and disconsolate. The Englishman, it was afterwards discovered, had declined to fight because his men were in a state of mutiny; and, upon his arrival at home, a court of inquiry justified him."

DOLLY MADISON AND THE BURNING OF WASHINGTON

FROM MEMOIRS AND LETTERS OF DOLLY MADISON

A WEEK before the British entered the city of Washington, Mr. Monroe, the Secretary of State, mounted his horse, and rode to Benedict, a small village on the Patuxent, and there sadly witnessed the landing of the enemy on our shores. Knowing how unprepared was the seat of government for defense, he instantly ordered the public papers and records in his department to be removed and placed in some safe spot, which was accordingly done by Mr. Pleasanton, a clerk. A large number of linen bags were made, which, filled with papers, were conveyed in carts and wagons to Leesburg, about thirty-five miles from Washington, and placed in an empty house, just in time to see the flames arising from the burning of the government buildings. The English used many stratagems to gain possession of Mr. Madison's papers. Spies found their way into his house, disguised as women. Anonymous letters were received threatening his life with the dagger or poison. All remained unheeded until the English officer, in command of the advancing troops, sent word to Mrs. Madison that unless she should leave, the house would be burned over her head.

Generous British sentiments revolted at the destruc-

tion of the American capital, but it was impossible to satisfy warfare, in its abominable lust for libraries, buildings, objects of art, and embodiments of national pride. The day before the fall of Washington was one of extreme alarm; the Secretary of State wrote to the President: "The enemy has advanced six miles along the road to the wood-yard, and our troops are retreating. You had better make all preparations to leave." Then began the panic, which was doomed to grow more intense, as hour after hour passed on. Scarcely had the wagons that bore the papers crossed the wooden bridge over the Potomac, than crowds of fugitive women and children pressed upon it, in such numbers as to render the present danger even greater than the one they were fleeing from. The frightened multitude swayed to and fro, seeking means of escape, till night closed in upon the horrible drama; then, upon Capitol Hill, appeared the red-coated soldiery of the British army. The sun sank peacefully behind the bank of fleecy clouds that floated softly over the southern horizon, contrasting with the terrible atmosphere below. Dust and heat were intolerable, and a rumor that the water was poisoned rendered the sufferings of the weary soldiers painful in the extreme. For the seventh time that day a retreat was commanded, and the city troops, mortified and enraged, refused at first to obey. Back from the city to the heights of Georgetown was the order; to leave their families, their homes, and property behind them, marching away from those they were sworn to protect. Down the long, broad, solitary avenue, past the President's house, through Georgetown, and even

as far as Tennallytown, the demoralized, disorganized remnant of the army wended their weary way, resting on the ground lighted up by the fiery red glare from the burning buildings in Washington. All through that terrible night they lay in the fields, too frightened and miserable to steal more than a few moments' sleep. The bursting shells in the navy-yard were heard for miles, each boom sounding a knell to the agonized hearts, all ignorant of the fate of dear friends during those hours of horror and darkness. When the British marched slowly into the deserted city by the lurid light that shot up from the blazing Capitol, the population had dwindled down to a few stragglers, and the slaves of the absent residents. The houses scattered over a large space were closed, and no sign of life visible. Mr. Madison had crossed the Potomac early in the afternoon, and his wife had gone in another direction. The bayonets of the British gleamed as they filed down the avenue, and the fulminations from the navy-yard saluted them as they passed. Nothing but the prayers and entreaties of the women and the expostulations of the residents deterred the British commander, General Ross, from blowing up the Capitol; he contented himself, however, by firing it at all points, and destroying with it many houses in the vicinity, among which was one belonging to General Washington. "I have, indeed, to this hour [said Mr. Bush in 1855] the vivid impression upon my eye of columns of smoke and flame ascending all through the night of August 24, 1814, from the Capitol, President's house, and other public buildings, as the whole were on fire, some burning slowly, others

with bursts of flames, and sparks mounting high in the dark heavens. This can never be forgotten by me, as I accompanied on that memorable night President Madison, Mr. Jones, Secretary of the Navy, General Mason, of Anacostia Island, and Mr. Carroll, of Bellevue, across the river. If, at intervals, the heart-breaking sight was lost to our view, we found it again from some hilltop or eminence, where we would pause to gaze at it." Among the many stories which greeted Congress, when it met near the ruins some three weeks afterward, was that Admiral Cockburn, in a strain of coarse levity, mounting the speaker's chair in the Capitol, went through the form of putting the question: "Shall this harbor of Yankee democracy be burned?" And when the mock resolution was declared unanimous, it was carried into effect, by placing combustibles under the furniture. The temporary wooden structure readily ignited; doors, chairs, the library and its contents in an upper room of the senate wing, everything that could burn, soon disappeared in sheets of flame, illuminating the country for thirty miles around.

Through the "eternal Pennsylvania Avenue," the British commanders led their elated troops, where, but a few hours before, the flying, scattered Americans, ashamed and despairing, had wended their sorrowful way, the Capitol behind them, wrapt in its winding robe of flame. At a house near the President's mansion they halted and ordered supper, which was eaten by General Ross and Admiral Cockburn, in the glare of their own barbarous handiwork. This onslaught was so unexpected that a dinner party had been arranged by Mrs.

Madison for that day, and the following note from Mrs. Jones, wife of the Secretary of the Navy, shows that, though surprised and alarmed, they even then had no idea of immediate danger: —

TO MRS. MADISON.

WASHINGTON, August 23, 1814.

MY DEAR MADAM, — In the present state of alarm and bustle of preparation for the worst that may happen, I imagine it will be more convenient to dispense with the enjoyment of your hospitality to-day, and, therefore, pray you to admit this as an excuse for Mr. Jones, Lucy, and myself. Mr. Jones is deeply engaged in dispatching the marines and attending to other public duties. Lucy and I are packing, with the possibility of having to leave; but in the event of necessity we know not where to go, nor have we any means yet prepared for the conveyance of our effects. I sincerely hope and trust the necessity may be avoided, but there appears rather serious cause of apprehension. Our carriage horse is sick, and our coachman absent, or I should have called last evening to see your sister. I feel great solicitude on her account. Yours very truly and affectionately, E. JONES.

Hoping and fearing, Mrs. Madison lingered on at the President's house for Mr. Madison's return, until the British officers were actually at the threshold, and the moment could be no longer delayed. She had secured the public papers and the Declaration of Independence, and was being hurried out to the waiting carriage by Mr. De Peyster and Mr. Barker, when her eye was at-

tracted by the valuable portrait of General Washington hanging on the wall, this being one of the few adornments of the White House at that time, and an excellent likeness of the adored first President. She felt she could not leave it, and at the risk of capture herself, resolved to save it, if possible. After much valuable time spent in trying to unfasten the great frame from the wall, the servants were obliged to break the outside edge with an axe, keeping the entire canvas, however, quite uninjured; this they sent in a hack to a woman named Baker, living beyond Georgetown. The portrait was painted partly by Gilbert Stuart, and completed by Winstanley, with Colonel Smith, the son-in-law of President John Adams, as a model for the unfinished body and limbs. Half a century later, when the White House was being rebuilt, this picture was renovated and put back in its place on the wall, together with many others added to the collection. "I lived a lifetime in those last moments," she tells a friend afterwards, "waiting for Madison's return, and in an agony of fear lest he might have been taken prisoner! Anna, too, was away, I hardly knew where." Fortunately her mind was in a measure relieved by meeting Mr. Madison, who, with several friends, had come back to see after her safety. She insisted upon going with him to the Virginia shore, and then, and not until then, did she yield to the persuasions of her friends, and seek rest in the house of an acquaintance, about two miles beyond Georgetown. Sleep, of course, was impossible, and the long night was passed at the window, gazing at the flames, which looked as if nothing could stop them in their mad fury.

THE BURNING OF WASHINGTON

A letter written to her sister the day before gives an insight into her feelings at this time of trial and danger.

TO ANNA.

Tuesday, August 23, 1814.

Dear Sister, — My husband left me yesterday morning to join General Winder. He inquired anxiously whether I had courage or firmness to remain in the President's house until his return on the morrow, or succeeding day, and on my assurance that I had no fear but for him, and the success of our army, he left, beseeching me to take care of myself, and of the Cabinet papers, public and private. I have since received two dispatches from him, written with a pencil. The last is alarming, because he desires I should be ready at a moment's warning to enter my carriage and leave the city; that the enemy seemed stronger than had at first been reported, and it might happen that they would reach the city with the intention of destroying it. I am accordingly ready; I have pressed as many Cabinet papers into trunks as to fill one carriage; our private property must be sacrificed, as it is impossible to procure wagons for its transportation. I am determined not to go myself until I see Mr. Madison safe, so that he can accompany me, as I hear of much hostility towards him. Disaffection stalks around us. My friends and acquaintances are all gone, even Colonel C. with his hundred, who were stationed as a guard in this inclosure. French John (a faithful servant), with his usual activity and resolution, offers to spike the cannon at the gate, and lay a train of powder, which would

blow up the British, should they enter the house. To the last proposition I positively object, without being able to make him understand why all advantages in war may not be taken.

Wednesday Morning, twelve o'clock. — Since sunrise I have been turning my spy-glass in every direction, and watching with unwearied anxiety, hoping to discover the approach of my dear husband and his friends; but, alas! I can descry only groups of military, wandering in all directions, as if there was a lack of arms, or of spirit, to fight for their own fireside.

Three o'clock. — Will you believe it, my sister? we have had a battle, or skirmish, near Bladensburg, and here I am still, within sound of the cannon! Mr. Madison comes not. May God protect us! Two messengers, covered with dust, come to bid me fly; but here I mean to wait for him. . . . At this late hour a wagon has been procured, and I have had it filled with plate and the most valuable portable articles belonging to the house. Whether it will reach its destination, the "Bank of Maryland," or fall into the hands of British soldiery, events must determine. Our kind friend, Mr. Carroll, has come to hasten my departure, and in a very bad humor with me, because I insist on waiting until the large picture of General Washington is secured, and it requires to be unscrewed from the wall. This process was found too tedious for these perilous moments; I have ordered the frame to be broken, and the canvas taken out. It is done! and the precious portrait placed in the hands of two gentlemen of New York, for safe-keeping. And now, dear sister, I must leave this house, or the retreating

army will make me a prisoner in it by filling up the road I am directed to take. When I shall again write to you, or where I shall be to-morrow, I cannot tell!

DOLLY.

John Sioussa, the French porter, was the last to leave the house, and after seeing Mrs. Madison safely off, he took a macaw, which had been much petted by her, to the house of a friend, Colonel Taylor; then locking the house carefully, he deposited the key with the Russian minister, Mr. Dashoff, whose house was protected by his country's flag, and went to Philadelphia. All the afternoon, parties of straggling soldiers, on their way to Georgetown, with vagrant negroes, pilfered in many directions, in spite of the efforts of faithful servants. Mad with disappointment at the escape of the President and his wife, "whom they wanted to capture and show in England," the enemy broke open the doors of the White House, and ransacked it from cellar to attic, finding nothing of value, in the way of trophies, except a small bundle of pencil notes received by Mrs. Madison from her husband when he was with the troops, and which she had inadvertently rolled together, and left in her table drawer. To everything else in the house, furniture, wines, provisions, and family stores of all kinds, which had cost Mr. Madison twelve thousand dollars, together with an excellent library, the torch was applied. Fire for the purpose was procured at a small beer-house opposite the Treasury, and common soldiers, together with negroes, and thieves of all grades, did what they could to pillage and destroy. The White House was not so large and

complete as it is now. The east room, which had served Mrs. Adams for a drying-room, was bare and unfurnished; the whole house was plain, unfinished, and totally destitute of ornament; the front vestibule had not then been added, and the grounds were uninclosed and entirely uncultivated.

Nothing but the lateness of the hour and the threatening storm prevented the troops from firing the War Department. The promised reinforcement had failed to come, filling the minds of the officers with vague and timorous apprehension, and they resolved to evacuate the next day. Constant rumors and frights had unnerved the stoutest hearts, and the unhappy citizens of Washington flying from a foreign foe rendered the situation of those who could not leave even more distressing. All the vehicles had been pressed into the service, and valuables scattered in every direction for safety.

An English narrator states that "the most tremendous hurricane ever remembered by the inhabitants broke over Washington the day after the conflagration. Roofs of houses were torn off and carried up into the air like sheets of paper, while the rain which accompanied it was like the rushing of a mighty cataract rather than the dropping of a shower. This lasted for two hours without intermission, during which time many of the houses spared by us were blown down, and thirty of our men, with as many more of the inhabitants, were buried beneath the ruins. Two cannons standing upon a bit of rising ground were fairly lifted in the air and carried several yards to the rear."

Long before day Mrs. Madison and her sleepless companions bade farewell to their hospitable friend, and started forth to the place appointed by Mr. Madison for a meeting. Consternation and despair were at their height; the whole region filled with frightened people and straggling soldiers, roaming about and spreading alarms that the enemy was coming now this way, now that, making no place safe. As the day wore on the storm burst upon the forlorn refugees, as they traveled slowly, and with great difficulty, through roundabout lanes and roads to the little tavern in the middle of an apple orchard, sixteen miles from Washington, where Mr. Madison had promised to join them. Here the drenched, tired travelers were very inhospitably received; the house was crowded with refugees, who, frightened and miserable, worked themselves up into a feeling of anger and reproach against Mr. Madison and herself, declaring them to be the cause of their present troubles, and refusing them entrance. With evening came another furious thunderstorm, and common humanity made them open the doors to the poor shivering women, who were afraid to leave the neighborhood for fear of missing their friends. The sky was as black as night, and the thunder and lightning seemed almost continuous: at one time striking a tree in the woods near by, at another flashing into the dark little waiting-room, lighting up the faces of the awed and panic-stricken women, who had passed through so much in this last twenty-four hours. Slowly the hours dragged on, the storm abated, but the anxious wife looked in vain for her husband. Nervous and intensely anxious, Mrs. Madi-

son waited on in breathless impatience for the promised relief, too unhappy to feel the discomforts around her; until late in the night her fears were relieved by the approach of Mr. Madison with the friends who had accompanied him the night before. He looked careworn and weary, and after a somewhat scant meal of such food as had been left in the overcrowded tavern, he yielded to his wife's entreaties and sought forgetfulness in sleep.

During that time General Ross hastily evacuated the town; victors and vanquished alike victims of imaginary perils: the one superstitiously fearful of the violent, almost tropical, storms to which they were unused, and credulous of vague reports of reinforcements on the other side; while the American troops were still too scattered and frightened to distinguish the false from the true in the rumors of murder and rapine that were flying in all directions.

Toward midnight a courier, breathless from fatigue and excitement, warned the President that the enemy had discovered a clue to his hiding-place, and were even now on their way hither. Yielding to the entreaties of his wife and friends, he sought refuge in a miserable little hovel in the woods, where the boughs moaned and sobbed around him, and the storm expended itself in dismal sighs through the tall trees; here he spent the remainder of the night, expecting at any moment to hear the tread of the British soldiers as they passed, or perhaps halted and searched for the coveted prisoner.

Mrs. Madison had promised to disguise herself and

seek safety farther on; so, attended only by Mr. Duvall and one soldier, she started out at the first dawn of day, leaving her carriage to her companions and taking a small wagon. Before they had gone very far, however, the news reached them that Washington was evacuated; and joyfully retracing their steps, after a weary ride they reached the Long Bridge, only to find it burned at both ends. Forgetting her disguises he appealed to an officer standing by to take her across the river in the one remaining boat, but was curtly refused, not daring, as he said, "to let an unknown woman into the city." No alternative was left but to explain who she was, and after some doubt and demur on his part the frail little craft landed them safely on the other side. There she found her former home in ruins, and the smoke still rising from the heaps of blackened timber that greeted her on every side; the streets were as deserted and quiet as the forests through which she had just passed, and sick at heart she turned away, and in a strange carriage drove to the house of her sister, Mrs. Cutts, to await the return of Mr. Madison.

"The memory of the burning of Washington cannot be obliterated. It can never be thought of by an American, and ought not to be thought of by an enlightened Englishman, except with deplorable shame and mortification. History cannot record it as a trophy of war for a great nation. The metropolis at that time had the aspect of a straggling village, interspersed here and there by a handsome public building, and with a scattered population of not more than eight thousand

inhabitants; fortresses there were none, and but a few mounted cannon."

Late in the day, the news reached the President in his hovel that the enemy had retreated to their shipping; and he, too, turned his steps toward the city and rejoined his wife.

THE MOBBING OF GARRISON

By William E. A. Axon

[In 1835 the feeling against interfering with slavery was strong, even in the North. William Lloyd Garrison, the great advocate of freedom, was attacked by a Boston mob, as described in the following account.]

THE time appointed for the meeting was three o'clock in the afternoon, and a little before that time Garrison went to Congress Hall and joined the little band of devoted women, mostly white, but including some negroes and mulattoes, who were undaunted by the presence of a group of howling, swearing, outrageous enemies of human freedom. Garrison appealed to the chivalrous feelings of this disorderly crew, but the effect of his words speedily wore off. As Garrison was the only male Abolitionist in the meeting, it was thought that his withdrawal would prevent the gentlemanly mob of auditors from attempting any violence. Acting upon the advice and suggestion of Miss Parker, he retired into the adjoining anti-slavery office. It was impossible to leave the building, for the staircase was now filled by an angry crowd, and below the streets were also filled. Thousands of voices were demanding "Thompson, Thompson!" The mayor assured the yelling mob that George Thompson was not in Boston, and that Garrison had left the building. If the men had escaped, there were

still thirty women to be annoyed by the mob of five thousand respectable gentlemen. Miss Parker opened the meeting with a fervent and untremulous prayer, apparently not concerned by the attitude of the threatening mob around her. The mayor ordered them to go home, but they at first declined. Then a letter was read inviting them to meet at the house of Mr. Francis Jackson.

"Ladies," exclaimed the mayor, "do you wish to see a scene of bloodshed and confusion? If you do not, go home."

"Mr. Lyman," retorted Mrs. M. W. Chapman, "your personal friends are the instigators of this mob; have you ever used your personal influence with them?"

"I know no personal friends," he replied. "I am merely an official. Indeed, ladies, you must retire. It is dangerous to remain."

"If this is the last bulwark of freedom," Mrs. Chapman answered, "we may as well die here as anywhere."

Finally, it was decided to adjourn. They filed out, two and two, each white lady, where necessary, having with her a colored friend. This heroic band walked through the howling mob, in solemn procession, to Mr. Jackson's house, and finding that he was ill, walked from there to Mrs. Chapman's home. When the ladies had left the hall, there were cries of "Garrison is there. We must have Garrison. Lynch him." The anti-slavery sign-board excited their indignation, and it was, with the mayor's connivance, if not by his orders, torn off its hooks and thrown into the street, where it was promptly broken to pieces, some of the bits being secured as precious relics by the friends of the slaveholders.

Garrison continued calmly writing in the anti-slavery office until the partition was broken down. There was no hope that the mob would disperse whilst he was in the building. It was impossible for him to leave by the front door, as all the avenues were in possession of the mob. The mayor begged that he would escape from the back of the building. One of the Abolitionists, righteously angry at the baseness with which the civil authorities truckled to the lawlessness of the mob, said: —

"I must henceforth repudiate the principle of non-resistance. When the civil arm is powerless, my own rights are trodden in the dust, and the lives of my friends are put in imminent peril by ruffians, I will hereafter prepare to defend myself and them at all hazards."

Garrison, putting a hand affectionately on his shoulder, said: "Hold, my dear brother! you know not what spirit you are of. This is the trial of our faith, and the test of our endurance. Of what value or utility are the principles of peace and forgiveness, if we may repudiate them in the hour of peril and suffering? Do you wish to become like one of these violent, bloodthirsty men, who are seeking my life? Shall we give blow for blow, and array sword against sword? God forbid! I will perish sooner than raise my hand against any man, even in self-defense, and let none of my friends resort to violence for my protection. If my life be taken, the cause of emancipation will not suffer. God reigns, His throne is undisturbed by this storm; He will make the wrath of man to praise Him, of the remainder He will restrain; His omnipotence will at length be victorious."

Garrison's friends now joined their entreaties to those

of the mayor. At length he consented, and made his way by a window on to a shed, and thence into a carpenter's shop, which opened into Wilson's Lane. He was accompanied by Mr. J. R. Campbell, but they found that their retreat was cut off by the mob. Garrison wanted to face them, but Campbell thought it was his duty to avoid capture as long as possible. He was put into a corner of the room, and loose timber put in front to hide him. In a moment the room was entered and Campbell was seized. "This is not Garrison," the captors shouted to the mob outside, "but Garrison's and Thompson's friend, and he says he knows where Garrison is, but won't tell." A moment later and then Garrison was discovered and dragged to the window.

"Don't let us kill him outright," one of them cried; then they tied a rope round his body, and he descended a ladder, placed for the purpose, into the street. He now extricated himself from the rope, and was seized by Daniel and Aaron Cooley, who, although opponents of the Abolitionists, were no friends of mob violence. They led him along, bareheaded, and cried aloud to the immense crowd, "He shan't be hurt; he is an American." The cry excited some sympathy, and the bearing of Garrison was one to increase it. As an eyewitness testifies, he walked erect, with a calm countenance and flashing eyes, like a martyr going to the stake full of faith and manly hope. Mr. Josiah Quincy, Jr., the president of the common council, had from his window seen the action of the mob and at once hastened to his side. The news of the capture had also reached the mayor, and an appeal was made to him to save the life of Garrison.

There was a tremendous struggle between the lynchers and those who were attempting to rescue their victim. The human tide set towards the Old State House, and for a moment it was doubtful which side would be successful; the appeal of the mayor to the mob was little heeded, but the fierce rush to prevent Garrison from being taken into the hall was unsuccessful, and he was carried into the mayor's room. Here the authorities decided to commit him to jail as a rioter. He had been supplied with fresh clothing to take the place of the garments torn to pieces by the mob. Whilst a carriage, placed at the south door with a double line of guards, was attracting attention there, Garrison was hurried into a hackney coach at the north door. Notwithstanding what he had experienced he kept saying, "Oh, if they would only hear me for five minutes, I am sure I could bring them to reason." His perfect courage and self-possession never deserted him throughout the trying ordeal. No sooner was he in the carriage than the mob recognized that he was being spirited away from their vengeance. They clung to the wheels, forced open the doors, and tried to overturn the vehicle. The driver used his whip freely to both horses and men, and drove at a furious pace and by a circuitous route to the city jail. All the way there was danger, and even at the prison door there was another ineffectual effort made to seize him. Finally, he found the "refuge of liberty" in a prison cell, where he was visited that same evening by Whittier, Bronson Alcott, and other friends.

Garrison had made no objection to his removal to the jail, and it was not until next morning that he learned

that he had been committed as a rioter. Next morning he was brought before Judge Whitman and discharged. The examination was held in the jail, as the mayor and sheriff were afraid to have the trial in the court-house. The city authorities anticipated further trouble, and earnestly solicited Garrison to leave Boston for a few days, until a more tranquil spirit prevailed. This he consented to do, all the more readily that the condition of Mrs. Garrison was one that demanded his anxious attention.

The "rioter" Garrison placed on the walls of his cell this inscription: —

"Wm. Lloyd Garrison was put into this cell on Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 21, 1835, to save him from the violence of a 'respectable and influential' mob, who sought to destroy him for preaching the abominable and dangerous doctrine, 'that all men are created equal,' and that all oppression is odious in the sight of God. 'Hail, Columbia!' Cheers for the Autocrat of Russia and the Sultan of Turkey!

"Reader, let this inscription remain till the last slave in this despotic land be loosed from his fetters.

"When peace within the bosom reigns,
And conscience gives th' approving voice;
Though bound the human form in chains,
Yet can the soul aloud rejoice.

"'T is true, my footsteps are confined —
I cannot range beyond this cell; —
But what can circumscribe my mind?
To chain the winds attempt as well!

"Confine me as prisoner — but bind me not as a slave.
Punish me as a criminal — but hold me not as a chattel.
Torture me as a man — but drive me not like a beast.
Doubt my sanity — but acknowledge my immortality."

HOW BEECHER CONQUERED HIS AUDIENCE

By Henry Ward Beecher

I WENT to my hotel, and when the day came on which I was to make my first speech, I struck out the notes of my speech in the morning; and then came up a kind of horror — "I don't know whether I can do anything with an English audience — I have never had any experience with an English audience. My American ways, which are all well enough with Americans, may utterly fail here, and a failure in the cause of my country now and here is horrible beyond conception to me!" I think I never went through such a struggle of darkness and suffering in all my life as I did that afternoon. It was about the going down of the sun that God brought me to that state in which I said, "Thy will be done. I am willing to be annihilated; I am willing to fail if the Lord wants me to." I gave it all up into the hands of God, and rose up in a state of peace and serenity simply unspeakable, and when the coach came to take me down to Manchester Hall I felt no disturbance nor dreamed of anything but success.

We reached the hall. The crowd was already beginning to be tumultuous, and I recollect thinking to myself as I stood there looking at them, "I will control you! I came here for victory, and I will have it, by the help of

God!" Well, I was introduced, and I must confess that the things that I had done and suffered in my own country, according to what the chairman who introduced me said, amazed me. The speaker was very English on the subject, and I learned that I belonged to an heroic band, and all that sort of thing, with Abolitionism mixed in, and so on. By the way, I think it was there that I was introduced as the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher Stowe. But as soon as I began to speak the great audience began to show its teeth, and I had not gone on fifteen minutes before an unparalleled scene of confusion and interruption occurred. No American that has not seen an English mob can form any conception of one. I have seen all sorts of camp meetings and experienced all kinds of public speaking on the stump; I have seen the most disturbed meetings in New York City, and they were all of them as twilight to midnight compared with an English hostile audience. For in England the meeting does not belong to the parties that call it, but to whoever chooses to go; and if they can take it out of your hands, it is considered fair play. This meeting had a very large multitude of men in it who came there for the purpose of destroying the meeting and carrying it the other way when it came to a vote.

I took the measure of the audience and said to myself, "About one fourth of this audience are opposed to me, and about one fourth will be rather in sympathy; and my business now is, not to appeal to that portion that is opposed to me nor to those that are already on my side, but to bring over the middle section." How to do this was a problem. The question was, who could

hold out longest. There were five or six storm-centres, boiling and whirling at the same time: here some one pounding on a group with his umbrella and shouting, "Sit down there;" over yonder a row between two or three combatants; somewhere else a group all yelling together at the top of their voice. It was like talking to a storm at sea. But there were the newspaper reporters just in front, and I said to them, "Now, gentlemen, be kind enough to take down what I say. It will be in sections, but I will have it connected by and by." I threw my notes away, and entered on a discussion of the value of freedom as opposed to slavery in the manufacturing interest, arguing that freedom everywhere increases a man's necessities, and what he needs he buys, and that it was, therefore, to the interest of the manufacturing community to stand by the side of labor through the country. I never was more self-possessed and never in more perfect good temper, and I never was more determined that my hearers should feel the curb before I got through with them. The uproar would come in on this side and on that, and they would put insulting questions and make all sorts of calls to me, and I would wait until the noise had subsided, and then get in about five minutes of talk. The reporters would get that down, and then up would come another noise. Occasionally I would see things that amused me and would laugh outright, and the crowd would stop to see what I was laughing at. Then I would sail in again with a sentence or two. A good many times the crowd threw up questions which I caught at and answered back. I may as well put in here one thing that amused

me hugely. There were baize doors that opened both ways into side alleys, and there was a huge, burly Englishman standing right in front of one of those doors and roaring like a bull of Bashan; one of the policemen swung his elbow around and hit him in the belly and knocked him through the doorway, so that the last part of the bawl was outside in the alley-way; it struck me so ludicrously to think how the fellow must have looked when he found himself "hollering" outside that I could not refrain from laughing outright. The audience immediately stopped its uproars, wondering what I was laughing at, and that gave me another chance, and I caught it. So we kept on for about an hour and a half before they got so far calmed down that I could go on peaceably with my speech. They liked the pluck. Englishmen like a man that can stand on his feet and give and take; and so for the last hour I had pretty clear sailing. The next morning every great paper in England had the whole speech. I think it was the design of the men there to break me down on that first speech, by fair means or foul, feeling that if they could do that it would be trumpeted all over the land. I said to them then and there, "Gentlemen, you may break me down now, but I have registered a vow that I will never return home until I have been heard in every county and principal town in the Kingdom of Great Britain. I am not going to be broken down nor put down. I am going to be heard, and my country shall be vindicated." Nobody knows better than I did what it is to feel that every interest that touches the heart of a Christian man and a patriotic man and a lover of liberty is being

assailed wantonly, to stand between one nation and your own, and to feel that you are in a situation in which your country rises or falls with you. And God was behind it all; I felt it and knew it; and when I got through and the vote was called off, you would have thought it was a tropical thunderstorm that swept through that hall as the ayes were thundered, while the noes were an insignificant and contemptible minority. It had all gone on our side, and such enthusiasm I never saw. I think it was there that when I started to go down into the rooms below to get an exit, a big, burly Englishman in the gallery wanted to shake hands with me, and I could not reach him, and he called out, "Shake my umbrella!" and he reached it over; I shook it, and as I did so he shouted, "By Jock! Nobody shall touch *that* umbrella again!"

MY HUNT AFTER "THE CAPTAIN"

By Oliver Wendell Holmes

IN the dead of the night which closed upon the bloody field of Antietam, my household was startled from its slumbers by the loud summons of a telegraphic messenger. The air had been heavy all day with rumors of battle, and thousands and tens of thousands had walked the streets with throbbing hearts, in dread anticipation of the tidings any hour might bring.

We rose hastily, and presently the messenger was admitted. I took the envelope from his hand, opened it, and read: —

HAGERSTOWN 17th.

To —— —— H——

Capt H—— wounded shot through the neck thought not mortal at Keedysville

WILLIAM G. LEDUC.

Through the neck, — no bullet left in wound. Windpipe, food pipe, carotid, jugular, half a dozen smaller, but still formidable vessels, a great braid of nerves, each as big as a lampwick, spinal cord, — ought to kill at once, if at all. *Thought not* mortal, or *not thought* mortal, which was it? The first; that is better than the second would be. Keedysville, — a post-office, Washington Co., Maryland. Leduc? Leduc? Don't remember that

name. The boy is waiting for his money. A dollar and thirteen cents. Has nobody got thirteen cents? Don't keep that boy waiting, — how do we know what messages he has got to carry?

The boy *had* another message to carry. It was to the father of Lieutenant-Colonel Wilder Dwight, informing him that his son was grievously wounded in the same battle, and was lying at Boonsborough, a town a few miles this side of Keedysville. This I learned the next morning from the civil and attentive officials at the Central Telegraph Office.

Calling upon this gentleman, I found that he meant to leave in the quarter past two o'clock train, taking with him Dr. George H. Gay, an accomplished and energetic surgeon, equal to any difficult question or pressing emergency. I agreed to accompany them, and we met in the cars. I felt myself peculiarly fortunate in having companions whose society would be a pleasure, whose feelings would harmonize with my own, and whose assistance I might, in case of need, be glad to claim.

It is of the journey which we began together, and which I finished apart, that I mean to give my "Atlantic" readers an account. They must let me tell my story in my own way, speaking of many little matters that interested or amused me, and which a certain leisurely class of elderly persons, who sit at their firesides and never travel, will, I hope, follow with a kind of interest. For, besides the main object of my excursion, I could not help being excited by the incidental sights and occurrences of a trip which to a commercial traveler or a newspaper reporter would seem quite commonplace and undeserving of

record. There are periods in which all places and people seem to be in a conspiracy to impress us with their individuality, in which every ordinary locality seems to assume a special significance and to claim a particular notice, in which every person we meet is either an old acquaintance or a character; days in which the strangest coincidences are continually happening, so that they get to be the rule, and not the exception. Some might naturally think that anxiety and the weariness of a prolonged search after a near relative would have prevented my taking any interest in or paying any regard to the little matters around me. Perhaps it had just the contrary effect, and acted like a diffused stimulus upon the attention. When all the faculties are wide-awake in pursuit of a single object, or fixed in the spasm of an absorbing emotion, they are oftentimes clairvoyant in a marvelous degree in respect to many collateral things, as Wordsworth has so forcibly illustrated in his sonnet on the Boy of Windermere, and as Hawthorne has developed with such metaphysical accuracy in that chapter of his wondrous story where Hester walks forth to meet her punishment.

Be that as it may, — though I set out with a full and heavy heart, though many times my blood chilled with what were perhaps needless and unwise fears, though I broke through all my habits without thinking about them, which is almost as hard in certain circumstances as for one of our young fellows to leave his sweetheart and go into a Peninsular campaign, though I did not always know when I was hungry nor discover that I was thirsting, though I had a worrying ache and inward tremor

underlying all the outward play of the senses and the mind, yet it is the simple truth that I did look out of the car windows with an eye for all that passed, that I did take cognizance of strange sights and singular people, that I did act much as persons act from the ordinary promptings of curiosity, and from time to time even laugh very much as others do who are attacked with a convulsive sense of the ridiculous, the epilepsy of the diaphragm.

By a mutual compact, we talked little in the cars. A communicative friend is the greatest nuisance to have at one's side during a railroad journey, especially if his conversation is stimulating and in itself agreeable. "A fast train and a 'slow' neighbor" is my motto. Many times, when I have got upon the cars, expecting to be magnetized into an hour or two of blissful reverie, my thoughts shaken up by the vibrations into all sorts of new and pleasing patterns, arranging themselves in curves and nodal points, like the grains of sand in Chladni's famous experiment, — fresh ideas coming up to the surface, as the kernels do when a measure of corn is jolted in a farmer's wagon, — all this without volition, the mechanical impulse alone keeping the thoughts in motion, as the mere act of carrying certain watches in the pocket keeps them wound up, — many times, I say, just as my brain was beginning to creep and hum with this delicious locomotive intoxication, some dear detestable friend, cordial, intelligent, social, radiant, has come up and sat down by me and opened a conversation which has broken my day-dream, unharnessed the flying horses that were whirling along my fancies and hitched on the old weary omnibus team of every-day associations, fatigued my hearing and

attention, exhausted my voice, and milked the breasts of my thought dry during the hour when they should have been filling themselves full of fresh juices. My friends spared me this trial.

So, then, I sat by the window and enjoyed the slight tipsiness produced by short, limited, rapid oscillations, which I take to be the exhilarating stage of that condition which reaches hopeless inebriety in what we know as seasickness. Where the horizon opened widely, it pleased me to watch the curious effect of the rapid movement of near objects contrasted with the slow motion of distant ones. Looking from a right-hand window, for instance, the fences close by glide swiftly backward, or to the right, while the distant hills not only do not appear to move backward, but look by contrast with the fences near at hand as if they were moving forward, or to the left; and thus the whole landscape becomes a mighty wheel revolving about an imaginary axis somewhere in the middle distance.

My companions proposed to stay at one of the best known and longest established of the New York caravansaries, and I accompanied them. We were particularly well lodged, and not uncivilly treated. The traveler who supposes that he is to repeat the melancholy experience of Shenstone, and have to sigh over the reflection that he has found "his warmest welcome at an inn," has something to learn at the offices of the great city hotels. The unheralded guest who is honored by mere indifference may think himself blessed with singular good fortune. If the despot of the Patent Annunciator is only mildly contemptuous in his manner,

let the victim look upon it as a personal favor. The coldest welcome that a threadbare curate ever got at the door of a bishop's palace, the most icy reception that a country cousin ever received at the city mansion of a mushroom millionaire, is agreeably tepid, compared to that which the Rhadamanthus who dooms you to the more or less elevated circle of his inverted Inferno vouchsafes, as you step up to enter your name on his dog's-eared register. I have less hesitation in unburdening myself of this uncomfortable statement, as on this particular trip I met with more than one exception to the rule. Officials become brutalized, I suppose, as a matter of course. One cannot expect an office clerk to embrace tenderly every stranger who comes in with a carpet-bag, or a telegraph operator to burst into tears over every unpleasant message he receives for transmission. Still, humanity is not always totally extinguished in these persons. I discovered a youth in a telegraph office of the Continental Hotel, in Philadelphia, who was as pleasant in conversation, and as graciously responsive to inoffensive questions, as if I had been his childless opulent uncle and my will not made.

On the road again the next morning, over the ferry, into the cars with sliding panels and fixed windows, so that in summer the whole side of the car may be made transparent. New Jersey is, to the apprehension of a traveler, a double-headed suburb rather than a State. Its dull red dust looks like the dried and powdered mud of a battlefield. Peach trees are common, and champagne orchards. Canal boats, drawn by mules,

swim by, feeling their way along like blind men led by dogs. I had a mighty passion come over me to be the captain of one, — to glide back and forward upon a sea never roughened by storms, — to float where I could not sink, — to navigate where there is no shipwreck, — to lie languidly on the deck and govern the huge craft by a word or the movement of a finger: there was something of railroad intoxication in the fancy: but who has not often envied a cobbler in his stall?

The boys cry the "N'-York *Heddle*," instead of "Herald"; I remember that years ago in Philadelphia; we must be getting near the farther end of the dumb-bell suburb. A bridge has been swept away by a rise of the waters, so we must approach Philadelphia by the river. Her physiognomy is not distinguished; *nez camus*, as a Frenchman would say; no illustrious steeple, no imposing tower; the water edge of the town looking bedraggled, like the flounce of a vulgar rich woman's dress that trails on the sidewalk. The New Ironsides lies at one of the wharves, elephantine in bulk and color, her sides narrowing as they rise, like the walls of a hock glass.

I went straight to the house in Walnut Street where the Captain would be heard of, if anywhere in this region. His lieutenant-colonel was there, gravely wounded; his college friend and comrade in arms, a son of the house, was there, injured in a similar way; another soldier, brother of the last, was there, prostrate with fever. A fourth bed was waiting ready for the Captain, but not one word had been heard of him, though inquiries had been made in the towns from and through which the

father had brought his two sons and the lieutenant-colonel. And so my search is, like a "Ledger" story, to be continued.

I rejoined my companions in time to take the noon train for Baltimore. Our company was gaining in number as it moved onwards. We had found upon the train from New York a lovely, lonely lady, the wife of one of our most spirited Massachusetts officers, the brave colonel of the ——th Regiment, going to seek her wounded husband at Middletown, a place lying directly in our track. She was the light of our party while we were together on our pilgrimage, a fair, gracious woman, gentle, but courageous,

> . . . "ful plesant and amiable of port,
> . . . estatelich of manere,
> And to ben holden digne of reverence."

On the road from Philadelphia, I found in the same car with our party Dr. William Hunt of Philadelphia, who had most kindly and faithfully attended the Captain, then the lieutenant, after a wound received at Ball's Bluff, which came very near being mortal. He was going upon an errand of mercy to the wounded, and found he had in his memorandum book the name of our lady's husband, the colonel, who had been commended to his particular attention.

Not long after leaving Philadelphia, we passed a solitary sentry keeping guard over a short railroad bridge. It was the first evidence that we were approaching the perilous borders, the marches where the North and the South mingle their angry hosts, where the extremes

of our so-called civilization meet in conflict, and the fierce slave-driver of the Lower Mississippi stares into the stern eyes of the forest feller from the banks of the Aroostook. All the way along the bridges were guarded more or less strongly. In a vast country like ours communications play a far more complex part than in Europe, where the whole territory available for strategic purposes is so comparatively limited. Belgium, for instance, has long been the bowling alley where kings roll cannon balls at each other's armies; but here we are playing the game of live ninepins *without any alley.*

We were obliged to stay in Baltimore over night, as we were too late for the train to Frederick. At the Eutaw House, where we found both comfort and courtesy, we met a number of friends, who beguiled the evening hours for us in the most agreeable manner. We devoted some time to procuring surgical and other articles, such as might be useful to our friends, or to others, if our friends should not need them. In the morning, I found myself seated at the breakfast table next to General Wool. It did not surprise me to find the general very far from expansive. With Fort McHenry on his shoulders and Baltimore in his breeches' pocket, and the weight of a military department loading down his social safety valves, I thought it a great deal for an officer in his trying position to select so very obliging and affable an aid as the gentleman who relieved him of the burden of attending to strangers.

We left the Eutaw House, to take the cars for Frederick. As we stood waiting on the platform, a telegraphic message was handed in silence to my companion. Sad

news: the lifeless body of the son he was hastening to see was even now on its way to him in Baltimore. It was no time for empty words of consolation: I knew what he had lost, and that now was not the time to intrude upon a grief borne as men bear it, felt as women feel it.

Colonel Wilder Dwight was first made known to me as the friend of a beloved relative of my own, who was with him during a severe illness in Switzerland, and for whom while living, and for whose memory when dead, he retained the warmest affection. Since that, the story of his noble deeds of daring, of his capture and escape, and a brief visit home before he was able to rejoin his regiment, had made his name familiar to many among us, myself among the number. His memory has been honored by those who had the largest opportunity of knowing his rare promise, as a man of talents and energy of nature. His abounding vitality must have produced its impression on all who met him; there was a still fire about him which any one could see would blaze up to melt all difficulties and recast obstacles into implements in the mould of an heroic will. These elements of his character many had the chance of knowing; but I shall always associate him with the memory of that pure and noble friendship which made me feel that I knew him before I looked upon his face, and added a personal tenderness to the sense of loss which I share with the whole community.

Here, then, I parted sorrowfully from the companions with whom I set out on my journey.

In one of the cars at the same station we met General

Shriver of Frederick, a most loyal Unionist, whose name is synonymous with a hearty welcome to all whom he can aid by his counsel and his hospitality. He took great pains to give us all the information we needed, and expressed the hope, which was afterwards fulfilled, to the great gratification of some of us, that we should meet again when he should return to his home.

There was nothing worthy of special note in the trip to Frederick, except our passing a squad of Rebel prisoners, whom I missed seeing, as they flashed by, but who were said to be a most forlorn looking crowd of scarecrows. Arrived at the Monocacy River, about three miles this side of Frederick, we came to a halt, for the railroad bridge had been blown up by the Rebels, and its iron pillars and arches were lying in the bed of the river. The unfortunate wretch who fired the train was killed by the explosion, and lay buried hard by, his hands sticking out of the shallow grave into which he had been huddled. This was the story they told us, but whether true or not I must leave to the correspondents of "Notes and Queries" to settle.

There was a great confusion of carriages and wagons at the stopping place of the train, so that it was a long time before I could get anything that would carry us. At last I was lucky enough to light on a sturdy wagon, drawn by a pair of serviceable bays, and driven by James Grayden, with whom I was destined to have a somewhat continued acquaintance. We took up a little girl who had been in Baltimore during the late Rebel inroad. It made me think of the time when my own mother, at that time six years old, was hurried off from Boston, then occupied

by the British soldiers, to Newburyport, and heard the people saying that "the redcoats were coming, killing and murdering everybody as they went along." Frederick looked cheerful for a place that had so recently been in an enemy's hands. Here and there a house or shop was shut up, but the national colors were waving in all directions, and the general aspect was peaceful and contented. I saw no bullet marks or other sign of the fighting which had gone on in the streets. The colonel's lady was taken in charge by a daughter of that hospitable family to which we had been commended by its head, and I proceeded to inquire for wounded officers at the various temporary hospitals.

At the United States Hotel, where many were lying, I heard mention of an officer in an upper chamber, and, going there, found Lieutenant Abbott, of the Twentieth Massachusetts Volunteers, lying ill with what looked like typhoid fever. While there, who should come in but the almost ubiquitous Lieutenant Wilkins, of the same Twentieth, whom I had met repeatedly before on errands of kindness or duty, and who was just from the battle-ground. He was going to Boston in charge of the body of the lamented Dr. Revere, the assistant surgeon of the regiment, killed on the field. From his lips I learned something of the mishaps of the regiment. My Captain's wound he spoke of as less grave than at first thought; but he mentioned incidentally having heard a story recently that he was *killed*, — a fiction, doubtless, — a mistake, — a palpable absurdity, — not to be remembered or made any account of. Oh, no! but what dull ache is this in that obscurely sensitive region, somewhere below

the heart, where the nervous centre called the *semilunar ganglion* lies unconscious of itself until a great grief or a mastering anxiety reaches it through all the non-conductors which isolate it from ordinary impressions? I talked awhile with Lieutenant Abbott, who lay prostrate, feeble, but soldier-like and uncomplaining, carefully waited upon by a most excellent lady, a captain's wife, New England born, loyal as the Liberty on a golden ten-dollar piece, and of lofty bearing enough to have sat for that goddess's portrait. She had stayed in Frederick through the Rebel inroad, and kept the star-spangled banner where it would be safe, to unroll it as the last Rebel hoofs clattered off from the pavement of the town.

Near by Lieutenant Abbott was an unhappy gentleman, occupying a small chamber, and filling it with his troubles. When he gets well and plump, I know he will forgive me if I confess that I could not help smiling in the midst of my sympathy for him. He had been a well-favored man, he said, sweeping his hand in a semicircle, which implied that his acute-angled countenance had once filled the goodly curve he described. He was now a perfect Don Quixote to look upon. Weakness had made him querulous, as it does all of us, and he piped his grievances to me in a thin voice, with that finish of detail which chronic invalidism alone can command. He was starving, — he could not get what he wanted to eat. He was in need of stimulants, and he held up a pitiful two-ounce phial containing three thimblefuls of brandy, — his whole stock of that encouraging article. Him I consoled to the best of my ability, and afterwards, in some slight measure, supplied his wants. Feed this poor gen-

tleman up, as these good people soon will, and I should not know him, nor he himself. We are all egotists in sickness and debility. An animal has been defined as "a stomach ministered to by organs;" and the greatest man comes very near this simple formula after a month or two of fever and starvation.

James Grayden and his team pleased me well enough, and so I made a bargain with him to take us, the lady and myself, on our further journey as far as Middletown. As we were about starting from the front of the United States Hotel, two gentlemen presented themselves and expressed a wish to be allowed to share our conveyance. I looked at them and convinced myself that they were neither Rebels in disguise, nor deserters, nor camp followers, nor miscreants, but plain, honest men on a proper errand. The first of them I will pass over briefly. He was a young man of mild and modest demeanor, chaplain to a Pennsylvania regiment, which he was going to rejoin. He belonged to the Moravian Church, of which I had the misfortune to know little more than what I had learned from Southey's "Life of Wesley," and from the exquisite hymns we have borrowed from its rhapsodists. The other stranger was a New Englander of respectable appearance, with a grave, hard, honest, hay-bearded face, who had come to serve the sick and wounded on the battlefield and in its immediate neighborhood. There is no reason why I should not mention his name, but I shall content myself with calling him the Philanthropist.

So we set forth, the sturdy wagon, the serviceable bays, with James Grayden their driver, the gentle lady, whose serene patience bore up through all delays and discom-

forts, the chaplain, the Philanthropist, and myself, the teller of this story.

And now, as we emerged from Frederick, we struck at once upon the trail from the great battlefield. The road was filled with straggling and wounded soldiers. All who could travel on foot — multitudes with slight wounds of the upper limbs, the head, or face — were told to take up their beds, — a light burden or none at all, — and walk. Just as the battlefield sucks everything into its red vortex for the conflict, so does it drive everything off in long, diverging rays after the fierce centripetal forces have met and neutralized each other. For more than a week there had been sharp fighting all along this road. Through the streets of Frederick, through Crampton's Gap, over South Mountain, sweeping at last the hills and the woods that skirt the windings of the Antietam, the long battle had traveled, like one of those tornadoes which tear their path through our fields and villages. The slain of higher condition, "embalmed" and iron-cased, were sliding off on the railways to their far homes; the dead of the rank and file were being gathered up and committed hastily to the earth; the gravely wounded were cared for hard by the scene of conflict, or pushed a little way along to the neighboring villages; while those who could walk were meeting us, as I have said, at every step in the road. It was a pitiable sight, truly pitiable, yet so vast, so far beyond the possibility of relief, that many single sorrows of small dimensions have wrought upon my feelings more than the sight of this great caravan of maimed pilgrims. The companionship of so many seemed to make a joint

stock of their suffering; it was next to impossible to individualize it, and so bring it home, as one can do with a single broken limb or aching wound. Then they were all of the male sex, and in the freshness or the prime of their strength. Though they tramped so wearily along, yet there was rest and kind nursing in store for them. These wounds they bore would be the medals they would show their children and grandchildren by and by. Who would not rather wear his decorations beneath his uniform than on it?

Yet among them were figures which arrested our attention and sympathy. Delicate boys, with more spirit than strength, flushed with fever or pale with exhaustion or haggard with suffering, dragged their weary limbs along as if each step would exhaust their slender store of strength. At the roadside sat or lay others, quite spent with their journey. Here and there was a house at which the wayfarers would stop, in the hope, I fear often vain, of getting refreshment; and in one place was a clear, cool spring, where the little bands of the long procession halted for a few moments, as the trains that traverse the desert rest by its fountains. My companions had brought a few peaches along with them, which the Philanthropist bestowed upon the tired and thirsty soldiers with a satisfaction which we all shared. I had with me a small flask of strong waters, to be used as a medicine in case of inward grief. From this, also, he dispensed relief, without hesitation, to a poor fellow who looked as if he needed it. I rather admired the simplicity with which he applied my limited means of solace to the first comer who wanted it more than I; a genuine

benevolent impulse does not stand on ceremony, and had I perished of colic for want of a stimulus that night, I should not have reproached my friend the Philanthropist, any more than I grudged my other ardent friend the two dollars and more which it cost me to send the charitable message he left in my hands.

It was a lovely country through which we were riding. The hillsides rolled away into the distance, slanting up fair and broad to the sun, as one sees them in the open parts of the Berkshire Valley, at Lanesborough, for instance, or in the many-hued mountain chalice at the bottom of which the Shaker houses of Lebanon have shaped themselves like a sediment of cubical crystals. The wheat was all garnered, and the land plowed for a new crop. There was Indian corn standing, but I saw no pumpkins warming their yellow carapaces in the sunshine like so many turtles; only in a single instance did I notice some wretched little miniature specimens in form and hue not unlike those colossal oranges of our cornfields. The rail fences were somewhat disturbed, and the cinders of extinguished fires showed the use to which they had been applied. The houses along the road were not for the most part neatly kept; the garden fences were poorly built of laths or long slats, and very rarely of trim aspect. The men of this region seemed to ride in the saddle very generally, rather than drive. They looked sober and stern, less curious and lively than Yankees, and I fancied that a type of features familiar to us in the countenance of the late John Tyler, our accidental President, was frequently met with. The women were still more distinguishable from our New England

pattern. Soft, sallow, succulent, delicately finished about the mouth and firmly shaped about the chin, dark-eyed, full-throated, they looked as if they had been grown in a land of olives. There was a little toss in their movement, full of muliebrity. I fancied there was something more of the duck and less of the chicken about them, as compared with the daughters of our leaner soil; but these are mere impressions caught from stray glances, and if there is any offense in them, my fair readers may consider them all retracted.

At intervals, a dead horse lay by the roadside, or in the fields, unburied, not grateful to gods or men. I saw no bird of prey, no ill-omened fowl, on my way to the carnival of death, or at the place where it had been held. The vulture of story, the crow of Talavera, the "twa corbies" of the ghastly ballad, are all from Nature, doubtless; but no black wing was spread over these animal ruins, and no call to the banquet pierced through the heavy-laden and sickening air.

Full in the middle of the road, caring little for whom or what they met, came long strings of army wagons, returning empty from the front after supplies. James Grayden stated it as his conviction that they had a little rather run into a fellow than not. I liked the looks of these equipages and their drivers; they meant business. Drawn by mules mostly, six, I think, to a wagon, powdered well with dust, wagon, beast, and driver, they came jogging along the road, turning neither to right nor left, — some driven by bearded, solemn white men, some by careless, saucy looking negroes, of a blackness like that of anthracite or obsidian. There seemed to be nothing about

them, dead or alive, that was not serviceable. Sometimes a mule would give out on the road; then he was left where he lay, until by and by he would think better of it, and get up, when the first public wagon that came along would hitch him on, and restore him to the sphere of duty.

It was evening when we got to Middletown. The gentle lady who had graced our homely conveyance with her company here left us. She found her husband, the gallant colonel, in very comfortable quarters, well cared for, very weak from the effects of the fearful operation he had been compelled to undergo, but showing calm courage to endure as he had shown manly energy to act. It was a meeting full of heroism and tenderness, of which I heard more than there is need to tell. Health to the brave soldier, and peace to the household over which so fair a spirit presides!

Dr. Thompson, the very active and intelligent surgical director of the hospitals of the place, took me in charge. He carried me to the house of a worthy and benevolent clergyman of the German Reformed Church, where I was to take tea and pass the night. What became of the Moravian chaplain I did not know; but my friend the Philanthropist had evidently made up his mind to adhere to my fortunes. He followed me, therefore, to the house of the "Dominie," as a newspaper correspondent calls my kind host, and partook of the fare there furnished me. He withdrew with me to the apartment assigned for my slumbers, and slept sweetly on the same pillow where I waked and tossed. Nay, I do affirm that he did, unconsciously, I believe, encroach on that moiety of the couch which I had flattered myself was to be my own through

the watches of the night, and that I was in serious doubt at one time whether I should not be gradually, but irresistibly, expelled from the bed which I had supposed destined for my sole possession. As Ruth clave unto Naomi, so my friend the Philanthropist clave unto me. "Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge." A really kind, good man, full of zeal, determined to help somebody, and absorbed in his one thought, he doubted nobody's willingness to serve him, going, as he was, on a purely benevolent errand. When he reads this, as I hope he will, let him be assured of my esteem and respect; and if he gained any accommodation from being in my company, let me tell him that I learned a lesson from his active benevolence. I could, however, have wished to hear him laugh once before we parted, perhaps forever. He did not, to the best of my recollection, even smile during the whole period that we were in company. I am afraid that a lightsome disposition and a relish for humor are not so common in those whose benevolence takes an active turn as in people of sentiment, who are always ready with their tears and abounding in passionate expressions of sympathy. Working philanthropy is a practical specialty, requiring not a mere impulse, but a talent, with its peculiar sagacity for finding its objects, a tact for selecting its agencies, an organizing and arranging faculty, a steady set of nerves, and a constitution such as Sallust describes in Catiline, patient of cold, of hunger, and of watching. Philanthropists are commonly grave, occasionally grim, and not very rarely morose. Their expansive social force is imprisoned as a working power, to show itself only through its legitimate

pistons and cranks. The tighter the boiler, the less it whistles and sings at its work. When Dr. Waterhouse, in 1780, traveled with Howard, on his tour among the Dutch prisons and hospitals, he found his temper and manners very different from what would have been expected.

My benevolent companion having already made a preliminary exploration of the hospitals of the place, before sharing my bed with him, as above mentioned, I joined him in a second tour through them. The authorities of Middletown are evidently leagued with the surgeons of that place, for such a breakneck succession of pitfalls and chasms I have never seen in the streets of a civilized town. It was getting late in the evening when we began our rounds. The principal collections of the wounded were in the churches. Boards were laid over the tops of the pews, on these some straw was spread, and on this the wounded lay, with little or no covering other than such scanty clothes as they had on. There were wounds of all degrees of severity, but I heard no groans or murmurs. Most of the sufferers were hurt in the limbs, some had undergone amputation, and all had, I presume, received such attention as was required. Still, it was but a rough and dreary kind of comfort that the extemporized hospitals suggested. I could not help thinking the patients must be cold; but they were used to camp life, and did not complain. The men who watched were not of the soft-handed variety of the race. One of them was smoking his pipe as he went from bed to bed. I saw one poor fellow who had been shot through the breast; his breathing was labored, and he was tossing,

anxious and restless. The men were debating about the opiate he was to take, and I was thankful that I happened there at the right moment to see that he was well narcotized for the night. Was it possible that my Captain could be lying on the straw in one of these places? Certainly possible, but not probable; but as the lantern was held over each bed, it was with a kind of thrill that I looked upon the features it illuminated. Many times as I went from hospital to hospital in my wanderings, I started as some faint resemblance — the shade of a young man's hair, the outline of his half-turned face — recalled the presence I was in search of. The face would turn towards me, and the momentary illusion would pass away, but still the fancy clung to me. There was no figure huddled up on its rude couch, none stretched at the roadside, none toiling languidly along the dusty pike, none passing in car or in ambulance, that I did not scrutinize, as if it might be that for which I was making my pilgrimage to the battlefield.

"There are two wounded Secesh," said my companion. I walked to the bedside of the first, who was an officer, a lieutenant, if I remember right, from North Carolina. He was of good family, son of a judge in one of the higher courts of his State, educated, pleasant, gentle, intelligent. One moment's intercourse with such an enemy, lying helpless and wounded among strangers, takes away all personal bitterness towards those with whom we or our children have been but a few hours before in deadly strife. The basest lie which the murderous contrivers of this Rebellion have told is that which tries to make out a difference of race in the men

of the North and South. It would be worth a year of battles to abolish this delusion, though the great sponge of war that wiped it out were moistened with the best blood of the land. My Rebel was of slight, scholastic habit, and spoke as one accustomed to tread carefully among the parts of speech. It made my heart ache to see him, a man finished in the humanities and Christian culture, whom the sin of his forefathers and the crime of his rulers had set in barbarous conflict against others of like training with his own, — a man who, but for the curse which our generation is called on to expiate, would have taken his part in the beneficent task of shaping the intelligence and lifting the moral standard of a peaceful and united people.

On Sunday morning, the twenty-first, having engaged James Grayden and his team, I set out with the chaplain and the Philanthropist for Keedysville. Our track lay through the South Mountain Gap, and led us first to the town of Boonsborough, where, it will be remembered, Colonel Dwight had been brought after the battle. We saw the positions occupied in the battle of South Mountain, and many traces of the conflict. In one situation a group of young trees was marked with shot, hardly one having escaped. As we walked by the side of the wagon, the Philanthropist left us for a while and climbed a hill, where, along the line of a fence, he found traces of the most desperate fighting. A ride of some three hours brought us to Boonsborough, where I roused the unfortunate army surgeon who had charge of the hospitals, and who was trying to get a little sleep after his fatigues and watchings. He bore this cross very

creditably, and helped me to explore all places where my soldier might be lying among the crowds of wounded. After the useless search, I resumed my journey, fortified with a note of introduction to Dr. Letterman; also with a bale of oakum which I was to carry to that gentleman, this substance being employed as a substitute for lint. We were obliged also to procure a pass to Keedysville from the Provost Marshal of Boonsborough. As we came near the place, we learned that General McClellan's headquarters had been removed from this village some miles farther to the front.

On entering the small settlement of Keedysville, a familiar face and figure blocked the way, like one of Bunyan's giants. The tall form and benevolent countenance, set off by long, flowing hair, belonged to the excellent Mayor Frank B. Fay of Chelsea, who, like my Philanthropist, only still more promptly, had come to succor the wounded of the great battle. It was wonderful to see how his single personality pervaded this torpid little village; he seemed to be the centre of all its activities. All my questions he answered clearly and decisively, as one who knew everything that was going on in the place. But the one question I had come five hundred miles to ask, — *Where is Captain H.?* — he could not answer. There were some thousands of wounded in the place, he told me, scattered about everywhere. It would be a long job to hunt up my Captain; the only way would be to go to every house and ask for him. Just then a medical officer came up.

"Do you know anything of Captain H. of the Massachusetts Twentieth?"

"Oh, yes; he is staying in that house. I saw him there, doing very well."

A chorus of hallelujahs arose in my soul, but I kept them to myself. Now, then, for our twice-wounded volunteer, our young centurion whose double-barred shoulder-straps we have never yet looked upon. Let us observe the proprieties, however; no swelling upward of the mother, — no *hysterica passio*, — we do not like scenes. A calm salutation, — then swallow and hold hard. That is about the programme.

A cottage of squared logs, filled in with plaster, and whitewashed. A little yard before it, with a gate swinging. The door of the cottage ajar, — no one visible as yet. I push open the door and enter. An old woman, *Margaret Kitzmuller* her name proves to be, is the first person I see.

"Captain H. here?"

"Oh, no, sir, — left yesterday morning for Hagerstown, — in a milk cart."

The Kitzmuller is a beady-eyed, cheery-looking, ancient woman, answers questions with a rising inflection, and gives a good account of the Captain, who got into the vehicle without assistance, and was in excellent spirits. Of course he had struck for Hagerstown as the terminus of the Cumberland Valley Railroad, and was on his way to Philadelphia, via Chambersburg and Harrisburg, if he were not already in the hospitable home of Walnut Street, where his friends were expecting him.

I might follow on his track or return upon my own; the distance was the same to Philadelphia through Harrisburg as through Baltimore. But it was very difficult,

Mr. Fay told me, to procure any kind of conveyance to Hagerstown; and, on the other hand, I had James Grayden and his wagon to carry me back to Frederick. It was not likely that I should overtake the object of my pursuit with nearly thirty-six hours' start, even if I could procure a conveyance that day. In the meantime James was getting impatient to be on his return, according to the direction of his employers. So I decided to go back with him.

But there was the great battlefield only about three miles from Keedysville, and it was impossible to go without seeing that. James Grayden's directions were peremptory, but it was a case for the higher law. I must make a good offer for an extra couple of hours, such as would satisfy the owners of the wagon, and enforce it by a personal motive. I did this handsomely, and succeeded without difficulty. To add brilliancy to my enterprise, I invited the chaplain and the Philanthropist to take a free passage with me.

We followed the road through the village for a space, then turned off to the right, and wandered somewhat vaguely, for want of precise directions, over the hills. Inquiring as we went, we forded a wide creek in which soldiers were washing their clothes, the name of which we did not then know, but which must have been the Antietam. At one point we met a party, women among them, bringing off various trophies they had picked up on the battlefield. Still wandering along, we were at last pointed to a hill in the distance, a part of the summit of which was covered with Indian corn. There, we were told, some of the fiercest fighting of the day had been done.

The fences were taken down so as to make a passage across the fields, and the tracks worn within the last few days looked like old roads. We passed a fresh grave under a tree near the road. A board was nailed to the tree, bearing the name, as well as I could make it out, of Gardiner, of a New Hampshire regiment.

On coming near the brow of the hill, we met a party carrying picks and spades. "How many?" "Only one." The dead were nearly all buried, then, in this region of the field of strife. We stopped the wagon, and getting out began to look around us. Hard by was a large pile of muskets, scores, if not hundreds, which had been picked up, and were guarded for the Government. A long ridge of fresh gravel rose before us. A board stuck up in front of it bore this inscription, the first part of which was, I believe, not correct: "The Rebel General Anderson and eighty Rebels are buried in this hole." Other smaller ridges were marked with the number of dead lying under them. The whole ground was strewed with fragments of clothing, haversacks, canteens, cap boxes, bullets, cartridge boxes, cartridges, scraps of paper, portions of bread and meat. I saw two soldiers' caps that looked as though their owners had been shot through the head. In several places I noticed dark red patches where a pool of blood had curdled and caked, as some poor fellow poured his life out on the sod. I then wandered about in the cornfield. It surprised me to notice that, though there was every mark of hard fighting having taken place here, the Indian corn was not generally trodden down. One of our cornfields is a kind of forest, and even when fight-

ing, men avoid the tall stalks as if they were trees. At the edge of this cornfield lay a gray horse, said to have belonged to a Rebel colonel, who was killed near the same place. Not far off were two dead artillery horses in their harness. Another had been attended to by a burying party, who had thrown some earth over him; but his last bedclothes were too short, and his legs stuck out stark and stiff from beneath the gravel coverlet. It was a great pity that we had no intelligent guide to explain to us the position of that portion of the two armies which fought over this ground. There was a shallow trench before we came to the cornfield, too narrow for a road, as I should think, too elevated for a water-course, and which seemed to have been used as a rifle pit. At any rate, there had been hard fighting in and about it. This and the cornfield may serve to identify the part of the ground we visited, if any who fought there should ever look over this paper. The opposing tides of battle must have blended their waves at this point, for portions of gray uniform were mingled with the "garments rolled in blood" torn from our own dead and wounded soldiers. I picked up a Rebel canteen, and one of our own; but there was something repulsive about the trodden and stained relics of the stale battlefield. It was like the table of some hideous orgy left uncleared, and one turned away disgusted from its broken fragments and muddy heel-taps. A bullet or two, a button, a brass plate from a soldier's belt, served well enough for mementos of my visit, with a letter which I picked up, directed to Richmond, Virginia, its seal unbroken. "N. C., Cleveland County. E. Wright

to J. Wright." On the other side, "A few lines from W. L. Vaughn," who has just been writing for the wife to her husband, and continues on his own account. The postscript, "tell John that nancy's folks are all well and has a very good Little Crop of corn a-growing." I wonder, if, by one of those strange chances of which I have seen so many, this number or leaf of the "Atlantic" will not sooner or later find its way to Cleveland County, North Carolina, and E. Wright, widow of James Wright, and Nancy's folks, get from these sentences the last glimpse of husband and friend as he threw up his arms and fell in the bloody cornfield of Antietam? I will keep this stained letter for them until peace comes back, if it comes in my time, and my pleasant North Carolina Rebel of the Middletown Hospital will, perhaps, look these poor people up, and tell them where to send for it.

On the battlefield I parted with my two companions, the chaplain and the Philanthropist. They were going to the front, the one to find his regiment, the other to look for those who needed his assistance. We exchanged cards and farewells, I mounted the wagon, the horses' heads were turned homewards, my two companions went their way, and I saw them no more. On my way back, I fell into talk with James Grayden. Born in England, Lancashire; in this country since he was four years old. Had nothing to care for but an old mother; did n't know what he should do if he lost her. Though so long in this country, he had all the simplicity and childlike light-heartedness which belong to the Old World's people. He laughed at the smallest pleasantry, and showed his great white English teeth; he took a

joke without retorting by an impertinence; he had a very limited curiosity about all that was going on; he had small store of information; he lived chiefly in his horses, it seemed to me. His quiet animal nature acted as a pleasing anodyne to my recurring fits of anxiety, and I liked his frequent "'Deed I don't know, sir," better than I have sometimes relished the large discourse of professors and other very wise men.

I have not much to say of the road which we were traveling for the second time. Reaching Middletown, my first call was on the wounded colonel and his lady. She gave me a most touching account of all the suffering he had gone through with his shattered limb before he succeeded in finding a shelter; showing the terrible want of proper means of transportation of the wounded after the battle. It occurred to me, while at this house, that I was more or less famished, and for the first time in my life I begged for a meal, which the kind family with whom the colonel was staying most graciously furnished me.

After tea, there came in a stout army surgeon, a Highlander by birth, educated in Edinburgh, with whom I had pleasant, not unstimulating talk. He had been brought very close to that immane and nefandous Burke-and-Hare business which made the blood of civilization run cold in the year 1828, and told me, in a very calm way, with an occasional pinch from the mull, to refresh his memory, some of the details of those frightful murders, never rivaled in horror until the wretch Dumollard, who kept a private cemetery for his victims, was dragged into the light of day. He had a good deal to say, too, about

the Royal College of Surgeons in Edinburgh, and the famous preparations, mercurial and the rest, which I remember well having seen there, — the "*sudabit multum*," and others, — also of our New York Professor Carnochan's handiwork, a specimen of which I once admired at the New York College. But the doctor was not in a happy frame of mind, and seemed willing to forget the present in the past: things went wrong, somehow, and the time was out of joint with him.

Dr. Thompson, kind, cheerful, companionable, offered me half his own wide bed, in the house of Dr. Baer, for my second night in Middletown. Here I lay awake again another night. Close to the house stood an ambulance in which was a wounded Rebel officer, attended by one of their own surgeons. He was calling out in a loud voice, all night long, as it seemed to me, "Doctor! Doctor! Driver! Water!" in loud, complaining tones, I have no doubt of real suffering, but in strange contrast with the silent patience which was the almost universal rule.

The courteous Dr. Thompson will let me tell here an odd coincidence, trivial, but having its interest as one of a series. The doctor and myself lay in the bed, and a lieutenant, a friend of his, slept on the sofa. At night, I placed my match-box, a Scotch one, of the Macpherson-plaid pattern, which I bought years ago, on the bureau, just where I could put my hand upon it. I was the last of the three to rise in the morning, and on looking for my pretty match-box, I found it was gone. This was rather awkward, — not on account of the loss, but of the unavoidable fact that one of my fellow lodgers must have taken it. I must try to find out what it meant.

"By the way, Doctor, have you seen anything of a little plaid-pattern match-box?"

The doctor put his hand to his pocket, and, to his own huge surprise and my great gratification, pulled out *two* match-boxes exactly alike, both printed with the Macpherson plaid. One was his, the other mine, which he had seen lying round, and naturally took for his own, thrusting it into his pocket, where it found its twin brother from the same workshop. In memory of which event, we exchanged boxes, like two Homeric heroes.

This curious coincidence illustrates well enough some supposed cases of *plagiarism*, of which I will mention one where my name figured. When a little poem called "The Two Streams" was first printed, a writer in the New York "Evening Post" virtually accused the author of it of borrowing the thought from a baccalaureate sermon of President Hopkins of Williamstown, and printed a quotation from that discourse, which, as I thought, a thief or catchpoll might well consider as establishing a fair presumption that it was so borrowed. I was at the same time wholly unconscious of ever having met with the discourse or the sentence which the verses were most like, nor do I believe I ever had seen or heard either. Some time after this, happening to meet my eloquent cousin, Wendell Phillips, I mentioned the fact to him, and he told me that *he* had once used the special image said to be borrowed, in a discourse delivered at Williamstown. On relating this to my friend Mr. Buchanan Read, he informed me that *he*, too, had used the image, — perhaps referring to his poem called "The Twins." He thought Tennyson had used it also. The parting of the streams on the Alps

is poetically elaborated in a passage attributed to "M. Loisne," printed in the "Boston Evening Transcript" for October 23, 1859. Captain, afterwards Sir Francis Head, speaks of the showers parting on the Cordilleras, one portion going to the Atlantic, one to the Pacific. I found the image running loose in my mind, without a halter. It suggested itself as an illustration of the will, and I worked the poem out by the aid of Mitchell's School Atlas. The spores of a great many ideas are floating about in the atmosphere. We no more know where all the growths of our mind came from, than where the lichens which eat the names off from the gravestones borrowed the germs that gave them birth. The two match-boxes were just alike, but neither was a plagiarism.

In the morning I took to the same wagon once more, but, instead of James Grayden, I was to have for my driver a young man who spelt his name "Phillip Ottenheimer," and whose features at once showed him to be an Israelite. I found him agreeable enough, and disposed to talk. So I asked him many questions about his religion, and got some answers that sound strangely in Christian ears. He was from Wittenberg, and had been educated in strict Jewish fashion. From his childhood he had read Hebrew, but was not much of a scholar otherwise. A young person of his race lost caste utterly by marrying a Christian. The Founder of our religion was considered by the Israelites to have been "a right smart man and a great doctor." But the horror with which the reading of the New Testament by any young person of their faith would be regarded was as great, I

judged by his language, as that of one of our straitest sectaries would be, if he found his son or daughter perusing the "Age of Reason."

In approaching Frederick, the singular beauty of its clustered spires struck me very much, so that I was not surprised to find "Fair-View" laid down about this point on a railroad map. I wish some wandering photographer would take a picture of the place, a stereoscopic one, if possible, to show how gracefully, how charmingly, its group of steeples nestles among the Maryland hills. The town had a poetical look from a distance, as if seers and dreamers might dwell there. The first sign I read, on entering its long street, might perhaps be considered as confirming my remote impression. It bore these words: "Miss Ogle. Past, Present, and Future." On arriving, I visited Lieutenant Abbott, and the attenuated unhappy gentleman, his neighbor, sharing between them as my parting gift what I had left of the balsam known to the Pharmacopœia as *Spiritus Vini Gallici*. I took advantage of General Shriver's always open door to write a letter home, but had not time to partake of his offered hospitality. The railroad bridge over the Monocacy had been rebuilt since I passed through Frederick, and we trundled along over the track toward Baltimore.

It was a disappointment, on reaching the Eutaw House, where I had ordered all communications to be addressed, to find no telegraphic message from Philadelphia or Boston, stating that Captain H. had arrived at the former place, "wound doing well, in good spirits, expects to leave soon for Boston." After all, it was no

great matter; the Captain was, no doubt, snugly lodged before this in the house called Beautiful, at — Walnut Street, where that "grave and beautiful damsel named Discretion" had already welcomed him, smiling, though "the water stood in her eyes," and had "called out Prudence, Piety, and Charity, who, after a little more discourse with him, had him into the family."

The friends I had met at the Eutaw House had all gone but one, the lady of an officer from Boston, who was most amiable and agreeable, and whose benevolence, as I afterwards learned, soon reached the invalids I had left suffering at Frederick. General Wool still walked the corridors, inexpansive, with Fort McHenry on his shoulders, and Baltimore in his breeches' pocket, and his courteous aid again pressed upon me his kind offices. About the doors of the hotel the newsboys cried the papers in plaintive, wailing tones, as different from the sharp accents of their Boston counterparts as a sigh from the southwest is from a northeastern breeze. To understand what they said was, of course, impossible to any but an educated ear, and if I made out "Stŏarr" and "Clipp'rr," it was because I knew beforehand what must be the burden of their advertising coranach.

I set out for Philadelphia on the morrow, Tuesday the twenty-third, there beyond question to meet my Captain, once more united to his brave wounded companions under that roof which covers a household of as noble hearts as ever throbbed with human sympathies. Back River, Bush River, Gunpowder Creek, — lives there the man with soul so dead that his memory has cerements to

wrap up these senseless names in the same envelopes with their meaningless localities? But the Susquehanna, — the broad, the beautiful, the historical, the poetical Susquehanna, — the river of Wyoming and of Gertrude, dividing the shores where

> "Aye those sunny mountains half-way down
> Would echo flageolet from some romantic town," —

did not my heart renew its allegiance to the poet who has made it lovely to the imagination as well as to the eye, and so identified his fame with the noble stream that it "rolls mingling with his fame forever?" The prosaic traveler perhaps remembers it better from the fact that a great sea monster, in the shape of a steamboat, takes him sitting in the car, on its back, and swims across with him, like Arion's dolphin, — also that mercenary men on board offer him canvas-backs in the season, and ducks of lower degree at other periods.

At Philadelphia again at last! Drive fast, O colored man and brother, to the house called Beautiful, where my Captain lies sore wounded, waiting for the sound of the chariot wheels which bring to his bedside the face and the voice nearer than any save one to his heart in this his hour of pain and weakness! Up a long street with white shutters and white steps to all the houses. Off at right angles into another long street with white shutters and white steps to all the houses. Off again at another right angle into still another long street with white shutters and white steps to all the houses. The natives of this city pretend to know one street from another by some individual differences of aspect; but the best way for a stranger to distinguish the streets he has been in

from others is to make a cross or other mark on the white shutters.

This corner house is the one. Ring softly, — for the lieutenant-colonel lies there with a dreadfully wounded arm, and two sons of the family, one wounded like the colonel, one fighting with death in the fog of a typhoid fever, will start with fresh pangs at the least sound you can make. I entered the house, but no cheerful smile met me. The sufferers were each of them thought to be in a critical condition. The fourth bed, waiting its tenant day after day, was still empty. *Not a word from my Captain.*

Then, foolish, fond body that I was, my heart sank within me. Had he been taken ill on the road, perhaps been attacked with those formidable symptoms which sometimes come on suddenly after wounds that seemed to be doing well enough, and was his life ebbing away in some lonely cottage, nay, in some cold barn or shed, or at the wayside, unknown, uncared-for? Somewhere between Philadelphia and Hagerstown, if not at the latter town, he must be, at any rate. I must sweep the hundred and eighty miles between these places as one would sweep a chamber where a precious pearl had been dropped. I must have a companion in my search, partly to help me look about, and partly because I was getting nervous and felt lonely. *Charley* said he would go with me, — Charley, my Captain's beloved friend, gentle, but full of spirit and liveliness, cultivated, social, affectionate, a good talker, a most agreeable letter-writer, observing, with large relish of life, and keen sense of humor. He was not well enough to go, some of the timid ones said; but he

answered by packing his carpet-bag, and in an hour or two we were on the Pennsylvania Central Railroad in full blast for Harrisburg.

I should have been a forlorn creature but for the presence of my companion. In his delightful company I half forgot my anxieties, which, exaggerated as they may seem now, were not unnatural after what I had seen of the confusion and distress that had followed the great battle, nay, which seem almost justified by the recent statement that "high officers" were buried after that battle whose names were never ascertained. I noticed little matters, as usual. The road was filled in between the rails with cracked stones, such as are used for macadamizing streets. They keep the dust down, I suppose, for I could not think of any other use for them. By and by the glorious valley which stretches along through Chester and Lancaster counties opened upon us. Much as I had heard of the fertile regions of Pennsylvania, the vast scale and the uniform luxuriance of this region astonished me. The grazing pastures were so green, the fields were under such perfect culture, the cattle looked so sleek, the houses were so comfortable, the barns so ample, the fences so well kept, that I did not wonder, when I was told that this region was called the England of Pennsylvania. The people whom we saw were, like the cattle, well nourished; the young women looked round and wholesome.

"*Grass makes girls*," I said to my companion, and left him to work out my Orphic saying, thinking to myself, that as guano makes grass, it was a legitimate conclusion that Ichaboe must be a nursery of female loveliness.

As the train stopped at the different stations, I inquired at each if they had any wounded officers. None as yet; the red rays of the battlefield had not streamed off so far as this. Evening found us in the cars; they lighted candles in spring candlesticks; odd enough I thought it in the land of oil wells and unmeasured floods of kerosene. Some fellows turned up the back of a seat so as to make it horizontal, and began gambling, or pretending to gamble; it looked as if they were trying to pluck a young countryman; but appearances are deceptive, and no deeper stake than "drinks for the crowd" seemed at last to be involved. But remembering that murder has tried of late years to establish itself as an institution in the cars, I was less tolerant of the doings of these "sportsmen" who tried to turn our public conveyance into a traveling Frascati. They acted as if they were used to it, and nobody seemed to pay much attention to their manœuvres.

We arrived at Harrisburg in the course of the evening, and attempted to find our way to the Jones House, to which we had been commended. By some mistake, intentional on the part of somebody, as it may have been, or purely accidental, we went to the Herr House instead. I entered my name in the book, with that of my companion. A plain, middle-aged man stepped up, read it to himself in low tones, and coupled to it a literary title by which I have been sometimes known. He proved to be a graduate of Brown University, and had heard a certain Phi Beta Kappa poem delivered there a good many years ago. I remembered it, too; Professor Goddard, whose sudden and singular death left such lasting regret,

was the orator. I recollect that while I was speaking a drum went by the church, and how I was disgusted to see all the heads near the windows thrust out of them, as if the building were on fire. *Cedat armis toga.* The clerk in the office, a mild, pensive, unassuming young man, was very polite in his manners, and did all he could to make us comfortable. He was of a literary turn, and knew one of his guests in his character of author. At tea, a mild old gentleman, with white hair and beard, sat next us. He, too, had come hunting after his son, a lieutenant in a Pennsylvania regiment. Of these, father and son, more presently.

After tea we went to look up Dr. Wilson, chief medical officer of the hospitals in the place, who was staying at the Brady House. A magnificent old toddy mixer, Bardolphian in hue, and stern of aspect, as all grog dispensers must be, accustomed as they are to dive through the features of men to the bottom of their souls and pockets to see whether they are solvent to the amount of sixpence, answered my question by a wave of one hand, the other being engaged in carrying a dram to his lips. His superb indifference gratified my artistic feeling more than it wounded my personal sensibilities. Anything really superior in its line claims my homage, and this man was the ideal bartender, above all vulgar passions, untouched by commonplace sympathies, himself a lover of the liquid happiness he dispenses, and filled with a fine scorn of all those lesser felicities conferred by love or fame or wealth or any of the roundabout agencies for which his fiery elixir is the cheap, all-powerful substitute.

Dr. Wilson was in bed, though it was early in the

evening, not having slept for I don't know how many nights.

"Take my card up to him, if you please."

"This way, sir."

A man who has not slept for a fortnight or so is not expected to be as affable, when attacked in his bed, as a French princess of old time at her morning receptions. Dr. Wilson turned toward me, as I entered, without effusion, but without rudeness. His thick, dark mustache was chopped off square at the lower edge of the upper lip, which implied a decisive, if not a peremptory, style of character.

I am Dr. So-and-So of Hubtown, looking after my wounded son. (I gave my name and said *Boston*, of course, in reality.)

Dr. Wilson leaned on his elbow and looked up in my face, his features growing cordial. Then he put out his hand, and good-humoredly excused his reception of me. The day before, as he told me, he had dismissed from the service a medical man hailing from ———, Pennsylvania, bearing my last name, preceded by the same two initials; and he supposed, when my card came up, it was this individual who was disturbing his slumbers. The coincidence was so unlikely *a priori*, unless some forlorn parent without antecedents had named a child after me, that I could not help cross-questioning the doctor, who assured me deliberately that the fact was just as he had said, even to the somewhat unusual initials. Dr. Wilson very kindly furnished me all the information in his power, gave me directions for telegraphing to Chambersburg, and showed every disposition to serve me.

On returning to the Herr House, we found the mild, white-haired old gentleman in a very happy state. He had just discovered his son, in a comfortable condition, at the United States Hotel. He thought that he could probably give us some information which would prove interesting. To the United States Hotel we repaired, then, in company with our kind-hearted old friend, who evidently wanted to see me as happy as himself. He went upstairs to his son's chamber, and presently came down to conduct us there.

Lieutenant P——, of the Pennsylvania ——th, was a very fresh, bright-looking young man, lying in bed from the effects of a recent injury received in action. A grape-shot, after passing through a post and a board, had struck him in the hip, bruising, but not penetrating or breaking. He had good news for me.

That very afternoon, a party of wounded officers had passed through Harrisburg, going East. He had conversed in the bar-room of this hotel with one of them, who was wounded about the shoulder (it might be the lower part of the neck), and had his arm in a sling. He belonged to the Twentieth Massachusetts; the lieutenant saw that he was a captain, by the two bars on his shoulder-strap. His name was my family name; he was tall and youthful, like my Captain. At four o'clock he left in the train for Philadelphia. Closely questioned, the lieutenant's evidence was as round, complete, and lucid as a Japanese sphere of rock crystal.

Te Deum laudamus! The Lord's name be praised! The dead pain in the semilunar ganglion (which I must remind my reader is a kind of stupid, unreasoning brain,

beneath the pit of the stomach, common to man and beast, which aches in the supreme moments of life, as when the dam loses her young ones, or the wild horse is lassoed) stopped short. There was a feeling as if I had slipped off a tight boot, or cut a strangling garter, — only it was all over my system. What more could I ask to assure me of the Captain's safety? As soon as the telegraph office opens to-morrow morning we will send a message to our friends in Philadelphia, and get a reply, doubtless, which will settle the whole matter.

The hopeful morrow dawned at last, and the message was sent accordingly. In due time, the following reply was received: —

Phil Sept 24 I think the report you have heard that W [the Captain] has gone East must be an error we have not seen or heard of him here M L H

De profundis clamavi! He *could* not have passed through Philadelphia without visiting the house called Beautiful, where he had been so tenderly cared for after his wound at Ball's Bluff, and where those whom he loved were lying in grave peril of life or limb. Yet he *did* pass through Harrisburg, going East, going to Philadelphia, on his way home. Ah, this is it! He must have taken the late night train from Philadelphia for New York, in his impatience to reach home. There is such a train, not down in the guide-book, but we were assured of the fact at the Harrisburg depot. By and by came the reply from Dr. Wilson's telegraphic message: nothing had been heard of the Captain at Chambersburg. Still

later, another message came from our Philadelphia friend, saying that he was seen on *Friday* last at the house of Mrs. K——, a well-known Union lady in Hagerstown. Now this could not be true, for he did not leave Keedysville until *Saturday;* but the name of the lady furnished a clue by which we could probably track him. A telegram was at once sent to Mrs. K——, asking information. It was transmitted immediately, but when the answer would be received was uncertain, as the government almost monopolized the line. I was, on the whole, so well satisfied that the Captain had gone East, that, unless something were heard to the contrary, I proposed following him in the late train leaving a little after midnight for Philadelphia.

This same morning we visited several of the temporary hospitals, churches and schoolhouses, where the wounded were lying. In one of these, after looking round as usual, I asked aloud, "Any Massachusetts men here?" Two bright faces lifted themselves from their pillows and welcomed me by name. The one nearest me was Private John B. Noyes of Company B, Massachusetts Thirteenth, son of my old college class tutor, now the reverend and learned Professor of Hebrew, etc., in Harvard University. His neighbor was Corporal Armstrong of the same company. Both were slightly wounded, doing well. I learned then and since from Mr. Noyes that they and their comrades were completely overwhelmed by the attentions of the good people of Harrisburg, — that the ladies brought them fruits and flowers, and smiles, better than either, — and that the little boys of the place were almost fighting for the privilege of doing their errands. I am afraid

there will be a good many hearts pierced in this war that will have no bullet mark to show.

There were some heavy hours to get rid of, and we thought a visit to Camp Curtin might lighten some of them. A rickety wagon carried us to the camp, in company with a young woman from Troy, who had a basket of good things with her for a sick brother. "Poor boy! he will be sure to die," she said. The rustic sentries uncrossed their muskets and let us in. The camp was on a fair plain, girdled with hills, spacious, well-kept apparently, but did not present any peculiar attraction for us. The visit would have been a dull one, had we not happened to get sight of a singular-looking set of human beings in the distance. They were clad in stuff of different hues, gray and brown being the leading shades, but both subdued by a neutral tint, such as is wont to harmonize the variegated apparel of travel-stained vagabonds. They looked slouchy, listless, torpid, — an ill-conditioned crew, at first sight, made up of such fellows as an old woman would drive away from her hen-roost with a broomstick. Yet these were estrays from the fiery army which has given our generals so much trouble, — "Secesh prisoners," as a bystander told us. A talk with them might be profitable and entertaining. But they were tabooed to the common visitor, and it was necessary to get inside of the line which separated us from them.

A solid, square captain was standing near by, to whom we were referred. Look a man calmly through the very centre of his pupils and ask him for anything with a tone implying entire conviction that he will grant it, and he will very commonly consent to the thing asked, were it to

commit *hari-kari*. The captain acceded to my postulate, and accepted my friend as a corollary. As one string of my own ancestors was of Batavian origin, I may be permitted to say that my new friend was of the Dutch type, like the Amsterdam galiots, broad in the beam, capacious in the hold, and calculated to carry a heavy cargo rather than to make fast time. He must have been in politics at some time or other, for he made orations to all the "Secesh," in which he explained to them that the United States considered and treated them like children, and enforced upon them the ridiculous impossibility of the Rebels' attempting to do anything against such a power as that of the National Government.

Much as his discourse edified them and enlightened me, it interfered somewhat with my little plans of entering into frank and friendly talk with some of these poor fellows, for whom I could not help feeling a kind of human sympathy, though I am as venomous a hater of the Rebellion as one is like to find under the stars and stripes. It is fair to take a man prisoner. It is fair to make speeches to a man. But to take a man prisoner and then make speeches to him while in durance is *not* fair.

I began a few pleasant conversations, which would have come to something but for the reason assigned.

One old fellow had a long beard, a drooping eyelid, and a black clay pipe in his mouth. He was a Scotchman from Ayr, *dour* enough, and little disposed to be communicative, though I tried him with the "Twa Briggs," and, like all Scotchmen, he was a reader of "Burrns." He professed to feel no interest in the cause for which he was fighting, and was in the army, I judged,

only from compulsion. There was a wild-haired, unsoaped boy, with pretty, foolish features enough, who looked as if he might be about seventeen, as he said he was. I give my questions and his answers literally.

"What State do you come from?"

"Georgy."

"What part of Georgia?"

"*Midway.*"

[How odd that is! My father was settled for seven years as pastor over the church at Midway, Georgia, and this youth is very probably a grandson or great-grandson of one of his parishioners.]

"Where did you go to church when you were at home?"

"Never went inside 'f a church b't once in m' life."

"What did you do before you became a soldier?"

"Nothin'."

"What do you mean to do when you get back?"

"Nothin'."

Who could have any other feeling than pity for this poor human weed, this dwarfed and etiolated soul, doomed by neglect to an existence but one degree above that of the idiot!

With the group was a lieutenant, buttoned close in his gray coat, — one button gone, perhaps to make a breast-pin for some fair traitorous bosom. A short, stocky man, undistinguishable from one of the "subject race" by any obvious meanderings of the *sangre azul* on his exposed surfaces. He did not say much, possibly because he was convinced by the statements and arguments of the Dutch captain. He had on strong, iron-heeled shoes, of Eng-

lish make, which he said cost him seventeen dollars in Richmond.

I put the question, in a quiet, friendly way, to several of the prisoners, what they were fighting for. One answered, "For our homes." Two or three others said they did not know, and manifested great indifference to the whole matter; at which another of their number, a sturdy fellow, took offense, and muttered opinions strongly derogatory to those who would not stand up for the cause they had been fighting for. A feeble, attenuated old man who wore the Rebel uniform, if such it could be called, stood by without showing any sign of intelligence. It was cutting very close to the bone to carve such a shred of humanity from the body politic to make a soldier of.

We were just leaving, when a face attracted me, and I stopped the party. "That is the true Southern type," I said to my companion. A young fellow, a little over twenty, rather tall, slight, with a perfectly smooth, boyish cheek, delicate, somewhat high features, and a fine, almost feminine mouth, stood at the opening of his tent, and as we turned towards him fidgeted a little nervously with one hand at the loose canvas, while he seemed at the same time not unwilling to talk. He was from Mississippi, he said; had been at Georgetown College; and was so far imbued with letters that even the name of the literary humility before him was not new to his ears. Of course I found it easy to come into magnetic relation with him, and to ask him without incivility what *he* was fighting for. "Because I like the excitement of it," he answered. I know those fighters with women's mouths and

boys' cheeks. One such from the circle of my own friends, sixteen years old, slipped away from his nursery, and dashed in under an assumed name among the red-legged Zouaves, in whose company he got an ornamental bullet mark in one of the earliest conflicts of the war.

"Did you ever see a genuine Yankee?" said my Philadelphia friend to the young Mississippian.

"I have shot at a good many of them," he replied modestly, his woman's mouth stirring a little, with a pleasant, dangerous smile.

The Dutch captain here put his foot into the conversation, as his ancestors used to put theirs into the scale, when they were buying furs of the Indians by weight, — so much for the weight of a hand, so much for the weight of a foot. It deranged the balance of our intercourse; there was no use in throwing a fly where a paving stone had just splashed into the water, and I nodded a good-by to the boy fighter, thinking how much pleasanter it was for my friend, the captain, to address him with unanswerable arguments and crushing statements in his own tent than it would be to meet him upon some remote picket station and offer his fair proportions to the quick eye of a youngster who would draw a bead on him before he had time to say *dunder and blixum.*

We drove back to the town. No message. After dinner, still no message. Dr. Cuyler, Chief Army Hospital Inspector, is in town, they say. Let us hunt him up; perhaps he can help us.

We found him at the Jones House. A gentleman of large proportions, but of lively temperament; his frame knit in the North, I think, but ripened in Georgia; in-

cisive, prompt but good-humored, wearing his broad-brimmed, steeple-crowned felt hat with the least possible tilt on one side, — a sure sign of exuberant vitality in a mature and dignified person like him, — business-like in his ways, and not to be interrupted while occupied with another, but giving himself up heartily to the claimant who held him for the time. He was so genial, so cordial, so encouraging, that it seemed as if the clouds, which had been thick all the morning, broke away as we came into his presence, and the sunshine of his large nature filled the air all around us. He took the matter in hand at once, as if it were his own private affair. In ten minutes he had a second telegraphic message on its way to Mrs. K—— at Hagerstown, sent through the government channel from the State Capitol, — one so direct and urgent that I should be sure of an answer to it, whatever became of the one I had sent in the morning.

While this was going on, we hired a dilapidated barouche, driven by an odd young native, neither boy nor man, "as a codling when 't is almost an apple," who said *wery* for very, simple and sincere, who smiled faintly at our pleasantries, always with a certain reserve of suspicion, and a gleam of the shrewdness that all men get who live in the atmosphere of horses. He drove us round by the Capitol grounds, white with tents, which were disgraced in my eyes by unsoldierly scrawls in huge letters, thus: The Seven Bloomsbury Brothers, Devil's Hole, and similar inscriptions. Then to the Beacon Street of Harrisburg, which looks upon the Susquehanna instead of the Common, and shows a long front of handsome houses with fair gardens. The river is pretty nearly

a mile across here, but very shallow now. The codling told us that a Rebel spy had been caught trying its fords a little while ago, and was now at Camp Curtin with a heavy ball chained to his leg, — a popular story, but a lie, Dr. Wilson said. A little farther along we came to the barkless stump of the tree to which Mr. Harris, the Cecrops of the city named after him, was tied by the Indians for some unpleasant operation of scalping or roasting, when he was rescued by friendly savages, who paddled across the stream to save him. Our youngling pointed out a very respectable looking stone house as having been "built by the Indians" about those times. Guides have queer notions occasionally.

I was at Niagara just when Dr. Rae arrived there with his companions and dogs and things from his Arctic search after the lost navigator.

"Who are those?" I said to my conductor.

"Them?" he answered. "Them 's the men that 's been out West, out to Michig'n, aft' *Sir Ben Franklin*."

Of the other sights of Harrisburg the Brant House or Hotel, or whatever it is called, seems most worth notice. Its *façade* is imposing, with a row of stately columns, high above which a broad sign impends, like a crag over the brow of a lofty precipice. The lower floor only appeared to be open to the public. Its tessellated pavement and ample courts suggested the idea of a temple where great multitudes might kneel uncrowded at their devotions; but from appearances about the place where the altar should be, I judged, that, if one asked the officiating priest for the cup which cheers and likewise inebriates, his prayer would not be unanswered. The

edifice recalled to me a similar phenomenon I had once looked upon, — the famous Caffè Pedrocchi at Padua. It was the same thing in Italy and America: a rich man builds himself a mausoleum, and calls it a place of entertainment. The fragrance of innumerable libations and the smoke of incense-breathing cigars and pipes shall ascend day and night through the arches of his funereal monument. What are the poor dips which flare and flicker on the crowns of spikes that stand at the corners of St. Genevieve's filigree-cased sarcophagus to this perpetual offering of sacrifice?

Ten o'clock in the evening was approaching. The telegraph office would presently close, and as yet there were no tidings from Hagerstown. Let us step over and see for ourselves. A message! A message!

Captain H. still here leaves seven to-morrow for Harrisburg Penna Is doing well

Mrs H K——.

A note from Dr. Cuyler to the same effect came soon afterwards to the hotel.

We shall sleep well to-night; but let us sit awhile with nubiferous, or, if we may coin a word, nepheligenous accompaniment, such as shall gently narcotize the overwearied brain and fold its convolutions for slumber like the leaves of a lily at nightfall. For now the over-tense nerves are all unstraining themselves, and a buzz, like that which comes over one who stops after being long jolted upon an uneasy pavement, makes the whole frame alive with a luxurious languid sense of all its inmost fibres. Our cheerfulness ran over, and the mild, pensive clerk

was so magnetized by it that he came and sat down with us. He presently confided to me, with infinite *naïveté* and ingenuousness, that, judging from my personal appearance, he should not have thought me the writer that he in his generosity reckoned me to be. His conception, so far as I could reach it, involved a huge, uplifted forehead, embossed with protuberant organs of the intellectual faculties, such as all writers are supposed to possess in abounding measure. While I fell short of his ideal in this respect, he was pleased to say that he found me by no means the remote and inaccessible personage he had imagined, and that I had nothing of the dandy about me, which last compliment I had a modest consciousness of most abundantly deserving.

Sweet slumbers brought us to the morning of Thursday. The train from Hagerstown was due at 11.15 A.M. We took another ride behind the codling, who showed us the sights of yesterday over again. Being in a gracious mood of mind, I enlarged on the varying aspects of the town pumps and other striking objects which we had once inspected, as seen by the different lights of evening and morning. After this, we visited the schoolhouse hospital. A fine young fellow, whose arm had been shattered, was just falling into the spasms of lockjaw. The beads of sweat stood large and round on his flushed and contracted features. He was under the effect of opiates, — why not (if his case was desperate, as it seemed to be considered) stop his sufferings with chloroform? It was suggested that it might *shorten life*. "What then?" I said. "Are a dozen additional spasms worth living for?"

The time approached for the train to arrive from Hagerstown, and we went to the station. I was struck, while waiting there, with what seemed to me a great want of care for the safety of the people standing round. Just after my companion and myself had stepped off the track, I noticed a car coming quietly along at a walk, as one may say, without engine, without visible conductor, without any person heralding its approach, so silently, so insidiously, that I could not help thinking how very near it came to flattening out me and my match-box worse than the Ravel pantomimist and his snuff-box were flattened out in the play. The train was late, — fifteen minutes, half an hour late, — and I began to get nervous, lest something had happened. While I was looking for it, out started a freight train, as if on purpose to meet the cars I was expecting, for a grand smash-up. I shivered at the thought, and asked an employee of the road, with whom I had formed an acquaintance a few minutes old, why there should not be a collision of the expected train with this which was just going out. He smiled an official smile, and answered that they arranged to prevent that, or words to that effect.

Twenty-four hours had not passed from that moment when a collision *did* occur, just out of the city, where I feared it, by which at least eleven persons were killed, and from forty to sixty more were maimed and crippled!

To-day there was the delay spoken of, but nothing worse. The expected train came in so quietly that I was almost startled to see it on the track. Let us walk calmly through the cars, and look around us.

In the first car, on the fourth seat to the right, I saw

my Captain; there saw I him, even my firstborn whom I had sought through many cities.

"How are you, Boy?"

"How are you, Dad?"

Such are the proprieties of life, as they are observed among us Anglo-Saxons of the nineteenth century, decently disguising those natural impulses that made Joseph, the Prime Minister of Egypt, weep aloud so that the Egyptians and the house of Pharaoh heard, — nay, which had once overcome his shaggy old uncle Esau so entirely that he fell on his brother's neck and cried like a baby in the presence of all the women. But the hidden cisterns of the soul may be filling fast with sweet tears, while the windows through which it looks are undimmed by a drop or a film of moisture.

These are times in which we cannot live solely for selfish joys or griefs. I had not let fall the hand I held, when a sad, calm voice addressed me by name. I fear that at the moment I was too much absorbed in my own feelings; for certainly at any other time I should have yielded myself without stint to the sympathy which this meeting might well call forth.

"You remember my son, Cortland Saunders, whom I brought to see you once in Boston?"

"I do remember him well."

"He was killed on Monday, at Shepherdstown. I am carrying his body back with me on this train. He was my only child. If you could come to my house, — I can hardly call it my home now, — it would be a pleasure to me."

This young man, belonging in Philadelphia, was the

author of a "New System of Latin Paradigms," a work showing extraordinary scholarship and capacity. It was this book which first made me acquainted with him, and I kept him in my memory, for there was genius in the youth. Some time afterwards he came to me with a modest request to be introduced to President Felton, and one or two others, who would aid him in a course of independent study he was proposing to himself. I was most happy to smooth the way for him, and he came repeatedly after this to see me and express his satisfaction in the opportunities for study he enjoyed at Cambridge. He was a dark, still, slender person, always with a trance-like remoteness, a mystic dreaminess of manner, such as I never saw in any other youth. Whether he heard with difficulty, or whether his mind reacted slowly on an alien thought, I could not say; but his answer would often be behind time, and then a vague, sweet smile, or a few words spoken under his breath, as if he had been trained in sick men's chambers. For such a young man, seemingly destined for the inner life of contemplation, to be a soldier seemed almost unnatural. Yet he spoke to me of his intention to offer himself to his country, and his blood must now be reckoned among the precious sacrifices which will make her soil sacred forever. Had he lived, I doubt not that he would have redeemed the rare promise of his earlier years. He has done better, for he has died that unborn generations may attain the hopes held out to our nation and to mankind.

So, then, I had been within ten miles of the place where my wounded soldier was lying, and then calmly turned my back upon him to come once more round by

a journey of three or four hundred miles to the same region I had left! No mysterious attraction warned me that the heart warm with the same blood as mine was throbbing so near my own. I thought of that lovely, tender passage where Gabriel glides unconsciously by Evangeline upon the great river. Ah, me! if that railroad crash had been a few hours earlier, we two should never have met again, after coming so close to each other!

The source of my repeated disappointments was soon made clear enough. The Captain had gone to Hagerstown, intending to take the cars at once for Philadelphia, as his three friends actually did, and as I took it for granted he certainly would. But as he walked languidly along, some ladies saw him across the street, and seeing, were moved with pity, and pitying, spoke such soft words that he was tempted to accept their invitation and rest awhile beneath their hospitable roof. The mansion was old, as the dwellings of gentle-folks should be; the ladies were some of them young, and all were full of kindness; there were gentle cares, and unasked luxuries, and pleasant talk, and music sprinklings from the piano, with a sweet voice to keep them company, — and all this after the swamps of the Chickahominy, the mud and flies of Harrison's Landing, the dragging marches, the desperate battles, the fretting wound, the jolting ambulance, the log house, and the rickety milk cart! Thanks, uncounted thanks, to the angelic ladies whose charming attentions detained him from Saturday to Thursday, to his great advantage and my infinite bewilderment! As for his wound, how could it do other-

wise than well under such hands? The bullet had gone smoothly through, dodging everything but a few nervous branches, which would come right in time and leave him as well as ever.

At ten that evening we were in Philadelphia, the Captain at the house of the friends so often referred to, and I the guest of Charley, my kind companion. The Quaker element gives an irresistible attraction to these benignant Philadelphia households. Many things reminded me that I was no longer in the land of the Pilgrims. On the table were *Kool Slaa* and *Schmeer Kase*, but the good grandmother who dispensed with such quiet, simple grace these and more familiar delicacies was literally ignorant of *Baked Beans*, and asked if it was the Lima bean which was employed in that marvelous dish of animalized leguminous farina!

Charley was pleased with my comparing the face of the small Ethiop known to his household as "Tines" to a huckleberry with features. He also approved my parallel between a certain German blonde young maiden whom we passed in the street and the "Morris White" peach. But he was so good-humored at times, that, if one scratched a lucifer, he accepted it as an illumination.

A day in Philadelphia left a very agreeable impression of the outside of that great city, which has endeared itself so much of late to all the country by its most noble and generous care of our soldiers. Measured by its sovereign hotel, the Continental, it would stand at the head of our economic civilization. It provides for the comforts and conveniences, and many of the elegances of life, more

satisfactorily than any American city, perhaps than any other city anywhere. Many of its characteristics are accounted for to some extent by its geographical position. It is the great neutral centre of the Continent, where the fiery enthusiasms of the South and the keen fanaticisms of the North meet at their outer limits, and result in a compound which neither turns litmus red nor turmeric brown. It lives largely on its traditions, of which, leaving out Franklin and Independence Hall, the most imposing must be considered its famous water-works. In my younger days I visited Fairmount, and it was with a pious reverence that I renewed my pilgrimage to that perennial fountain. Its watery ventricles were throbbing with the same systole and diastole as when, the blood of twenty years bounding in my own heart, I looked upon their giant mechanism. But in the place of "Pratt's Garden" was an open park, and the old house where Robert Morris held his court in a former generation was changing to a public restaurant. A suspension bridge cobwebbed itself across the Schuylkill where that audacious arch used to leap the river at a single bound, — an arch of greater span, as they loved to tell us, than was ever before constructed. The Upper Ferry Bridge was to the Schuylkill what the Colossus was to the harbor of Rhodes. It had an air of dash about it, which went far towards redeeming the dead level of respectable average which flattens the physiognomy of the rectangular city. Philadelphia will never be herself again until another Robert Mills and another Lewis Wernwag have shaped her a new palladium. She must leap the Schuylkill again, or old men will sadly shake their heads, like the Jews at the

sight of the second temple, remembering the glories of that which it replaced.

There are times when Ethiopian minstrelsy can amuse, if it does not charm, a weary soul, and such a vacant hour there was on this same Friday evening. The "opera house" was spacious and admirably ventilated. As I was listening to the merriment of the sooty buffoons, I happened to cast my eyes up to the ceiling, and through an open semicircular window a bright solitary star looked me calmly in the eyes. It was a strange intrusion of the vast eternities beckoning from the infinite spaces. I called the attention of one of my neighbors to it, but "Bones" was irresistibly droll, and Arcturus, or Aldebaran, or whatever the blazing luminary may have been, with all his revolving worlds, sailed uncared-for down the firmament.

On Saturday morning we took up our line of march for New York. Mr. Felton, President of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad, had already called upon me, with a benevolent and sagacious look on his face which implied that he knew how to do me a service and meant to do it. Sure enough, when we got to the depot, we found a couch spread for the Captain, and both of us were passed on to New York with no visits, but those of civility, from the conductor. The best thing I saw on the route was a *rustic fence*, near Elizabethtown, I think, but I am not quite sure, There was more genius in it than in any structure of the kind I have ever seen, — each length being of a special pattern, ramified, reticulated, contorted, as the limbs of the trees had grown. I trust some friend will photograph or stereograph this

fence for me, to go with the view of the spires of Frederick, already referred to, as mementoes of my journey.

I had come to feeling that I knew most of the respectably dressed people whom I met in the cars, and had been in contact with them at some time or other. Three or four ladies and gentlemen were near us, forming a group by themselves. Presently one addressed me by name, and on inquiry I found him to be the gentleman who was with me in the pulpit as orator on the occasion of another Phi Beta Kappa poem, one delivered at New Haven. The party were very courteous and friendly, and contributed in various ways to our comfort.

It sometimes seems to me as if there were only about a thousand people in the world, who keep going round and round behind the scenes and then before them, like the "army" in a beggarly stage show. Suppose that I should really wish, some time or other, to get away from this everlasting circle of revolving supernumeraries, where should I buy a ticket the like of which was not in some of their pockets, or find a seat to which some one of them was not a neighbor.

A little less than a year before, after the Ball's Bluff accident, the Captain, then the lieutenant, and myself had reposed for a night on our homeward journey at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where we were lodged on the ground floor, and fared sumptuously. We were not so peculiarly fortunate this time, the house being really very full. Farther from the flowers and nearer to the stars, — to reach the neighborhood of which last the *per ardua* of three or four flights of stairs was formidable for any mortal, wounded or well. The "vertical rail-

way" settled that for us, however. It is a giant corkscrew forever pulling a mammoth cork, which, by some divine judgment, is no sooner drawn than it is replaced in its position. This ascending and descending stopper is hollow, carpeted, with cushioned seats, and is watched over by two condemned souls, called conductors, one of whom is said to be named Ixion, and the other Sisyphus.

I love New York, because, as in Paris, everybody that lives in it feels that it is his property, — at least, as much as it is anybody's. My Broadway, in particular, I love almost as I used to love my Boulevards. I went, therefore, with peculiar interest, on the day that we rested at our grand hotel, to visit some new pleasure-grounds the citizens had been arranging for us, and which I had not yet seen. The Central Park is an expanse of wild country, well crumpled so as to form ridges which will give views and hollows that will hold water. The hips and elbows and other bones of Nature stick out here and there in the shape of rocks which give character to the scenery, and an unchangeable, unpurchasable look to a landscape that without them would have been in danger of being fattened by art and money out of all its native features. The roads were fine, the sheets of water beautiful, the bridges handsome, the swans elegant in their deportment, the grass green and as short as a fast horse's winter coat. I could not learn whether it was kept so by clipping or singeing. I was delighted with my new property, — but it cost me four dollars to get there, so far was it beyond the Pillars of Hercules of the fashionable quarter. What it

will be by and by depends on circumstances; but at present it is as much central to New York as Brookline is central to Boston. The question is not between Mr. Olmsted's admirably arranged, but remote pleasure-ground and our Common, with its batrachian pool, but between his *Ex*centric Park and our finest suburban scenery, between its artificial reservoirs and the broad natural sheet of Jamaica Pond. I say this not invidiously, but in justice to the beauties which surround our own metropolis. To compare the situations of any dwellings in either of the great cities with those which look upon the Common, the Public Garden, the waters of the Back Bay, would be to take an unfair advantage of Fifth Avenue and Walnut Street. St. Botolph's daughter dresses in plainer clothes than her more stately sisters, but she wears an emerald on her right hand and a diamond on her left that Cybele herself need not be ashamed of.

On Monday morning, the twenty-ninth of September, we took the cars for *home*. Vacant lots, with Irish and pigs; vegetable gardens; straggling houses; the high bridge; villages, not enchanting; then Stamford: then Norwalk. Here, on the sixth of May, 1853, I passed close on the heels of the great disaster. But that my lids were heavy on that morning, my readers would probably have had no further trouble with me. Two of my friends saw the car in which they rode break in the middle and leave them hanging over the abyss. From Norwalk to Boston, that day's journey of two hundred miles was a long funeral procession.

Bridgeport, waiting for Iranistan to rise from its ashes with all its phœnix-egg domes, — bubbles of wealth that

broke, ready to be blown again, iridescent as ever, which is pleasant, for the world likes cheerful Mr. Barnum's success; New Haven, girt with flat marshes that look like monstrous billiard tables, with haycocks lying about for balls, — romantic with West Rock and its legends, — cursed with a detestable depot, whose niggardly arrangements crowd the track so murderously close to the wall that the *peine forte et dure* must be the frequent penalty of an innocent walk on its platform, — with its neat carriages, metropolitan hotels, precious old college dormitories, its vistas of elms and its disheveled weeping willows; Hartford, substantial, well-bridged, many-steepled city, — every conical spire an extinguisher of some nineteenth century heresy; so onward, by and across the broad, shallow Connecticut, — dull red road and dark river woven in like warp and woof by the shuttle of the darting engine; then Springfield, the wide-meadowed, well-feeding, horse-loving, hot-summered, giant-treed town, city among villages, village among cities; Worcester, with its Dædalian labyrinth of crossing railroad bars, where the snorting Minotaurs, breathing fire and smoke and hot vapors, are stabled in their dens; Framingham, fair cup-bearer, leaf-cinctured Hebe of the deep-bosomed Queen sitting by the seaside on the throne of the Six Nations. And now I begin to know the road, not by towns, but by single dwellings; not by miles, but by rods. The poles of the great magnet that draws in all the iron tracks through the grooves of all the mountains must be near at hand, for here are crossings, and sudden stops, and screams of alarmed engines heard all around. The tall granite obelisk comes into view far away on the left,

its beveled capstone sharp against the sky; the lofty chimneys of Charlestown and East Cambridge flaunt their smoky banners up in the thin air; and now one fair bosom of the three-hilled city, with its dome-crowned summit, reveals itself, as when many-breasted Ephesian Artemis appeared with half-open *chlamys* before her worshipers.

Fling open the window blinds of the chamber that looks out on the waters and towards the western sun! Let the joyous light shine in upon the pictures that hang upon its walls and the shelves thick set with the names of poets and philosophers and sacred teachers, in whose pages our boys learn that life is noble only when it is held cheap by the side of honor and of duty. Lay him on his own bed, and let him sleep off his aches and weariness. So comes down another night over this household, unbroken by any messenger of evil tidings, — a night of peaceful rest and grateful thoughts; for this our son and brother was dead and is alive again, and was lost and is found.

BRIAN OF MUNSTER, THE BOY CHIEFTAIN

(AFTERWARD BRIAN BORU, KING OF IRELAND)

[A.D. 948]

By E. S. Brooks

INTO that picturesque and legend-filled section of Ireland now known as the County Clare, where over rocks and boulders the Shannon, "noblest of Irish rivers," rushes down past Killaloe and Castle Connell to Limerick and the sea, there rode one fair summer morning, many, many years ago, a young Irish lad. The skirt of his party-colored *lenn*, or kilt, was richly embroidered and fringed with gold; his *inar*, or jacket, close fitting and silver trimmed, was open at the throat, displaying the embroidered *lenn* and the *torc*, or twisted collar of gold about his sturdy neck, while a purple scarf held the jacket at the waist. A gleaming, golden brooch secured the long plaid *brat*, or shawl, that dropped from his left shoulder; broad bracelets encircled his bare and curiously tattooed arms, and from an odd-looking golden spiral at the back of his head his thick and dark red hair fell in flowing ringlets upon his broad shoulders. Rawhide shoes covered his feet, and his bronze shield and short war axe hung conveniently from his saddle of skins. A strong guard of pikemen and gallowglasses, or heavy

armed footmen, followed at his pony's heels, and seemed an escort worthy a king's son.

A strong-limbed, cleanly-built lad of fifteen was this sturdy young horseman, who now rode down to the Athna Borumma, or Ford of the Tribute, just above the rapids of the Shannon, near the town of Killaloe. And as he reined in his pony, he turned and bade his herald, Cogoran, sound the trumpet blast that should announce to the Clan of Cas the return, from his years of fosterage, of the young *flaith*, or chieftain, Brian, the son of Kennedy, king of Thomond.

But ere the strong-lunged Cogoran could wind his horn, the hearts of all the company grew numb with fear as across the water the low, clear strains of a warning song sounded from the haunted graystone, — the mystic rock of Carrick-lee, that overhung the tumbling rapids:—

"Never yet for fear of foe,
By the ford of Killaloe,
Stooped the crests of heroes free —
Sons of Cas by Carrick-lee.

"Falls the arm that smites the foe,
By the ford of Killaloe;
Chilled the heart that boundeth free,
By the rock of Carrick-lee.

"He who knows not fear of foe,
Fears the ford of Killaloe;
Fears the voice that chants his dree,
From the rock of Carrick-lee."

Young Brian was full of the superstition of his day — superstition that even yet lives amid the simple peasantry of Ireland, and peoples rocks, and woods, and streams

with good and evil spirits, fairies, sprites, and banshees; and no real, native Irish lad could fail to tremble before the mysterious song. Sorely troubled, he turned to Cogoran inquiringly, and that faithful retainer said in a rather shaky voice: —

"'T is your warning song, O noble young chief! 't is the voice of the banshee of our clan — *A-oib-hinn*, the wraith of Carrick-lee."

Just then from behind the haunted gray rock a fair young girl appeared, tripping lightly across the large stepping-stones that furnished the only means of crossing the ford of Killaloe.

"See — see!" said Cogoran, grasping his young lord's arm; "she comes for thee. 'T is thy doom, O Master — the fiend of Carrick-lee!"

"So fair a fiend should bring me naught of grief," said young Brian, stoutly enough, though it must be confessed his heart beat fast and loud. "O Spirit of the Waters!" he exclaimed; "O banshee of Clan Cas! why thus early in his life dost thou come to summon the son of Kennedy the king?"

The young girl turned startled eyes upon the group of armed and warlike men, and grasping the skirt of her white and purple *lenn*, turned as if to flee, — when Cogoran, with a loud laugh, cried out: —

"Now, fool and double fool am I, — fit brother to Sitric the blind, the black king of Dublin! Why, 't is no banshee, O noble young chief, 't is but thy foster sister, Eimer, the daughter of Conor, Eimer the golden haired!"

"Nay, is it so? St. Senanus be praised!" said Brian,

greatly relieved. "Cross to us, maiden; cross to us," he said. "Fear nothing; 't is but Brian, thy foster brother, returning to his father's home."

The girl swiftly crossed the ford and bowed her golden head in a vassal's welcome to the young lord.

"Welcome home, O brother," she said. "Even now, my lord, thy father awaits the sound of thy horn as he sits in the great seat beneath his kingly shield. And I —"

"And thou, maiden," said Brian, gayly, "thou must needs lurk behind the haunted rock of Carrick-lee, to freeze the heart of young Brian at his home-coming, with thy banshee song."

Eimer of the golden hair laughed a ringing laugh. "Say'st thou so, brother?" she said. "Does the 'Scourge of the Danes' shrink thus at a maiden's voice?"

"Who calls me the 'Scourge of the Danes'?" asked Brian.

"So across the border do they say that the maidens of King Callaghan's court call the boy Brian, the son of Kennedy," the girl made answer.

"Who faces the Danes, my sister, faces no tender foe," said Brian, "and the court of the king of Cashel is no ladies' hall in these hard striking times. But wind thy horn, Cogoran, and cross we the ford to greet the king, my father."

Loud and clear the herald's call rose above the rush of the rapids, and as the boy and his followers crossed the ford, the gates of the palace, or *dun*, of King Kennedy of Thomond were flung open, and the band of welcomers, headed by Mahon, Brian's eldest brother, rode out to greet the lad.

BRIAN OF MUNSTER

Nine hundred years ago the tribe of Cas was one of the most powerful of the many Irish clans. The whole of Thomond, or North Munster, was under their sway, and from them, say the old records, "it was never lawful to levy rent, or tribute, or pledge, or hostage, or fostership fees," so strong and free were they. When the clans of Munster gathered for battle, it was the right of the Clan of Cas to lead in the attack, and to guard the rear when returning from any invasion. It gave kings to the throne of Munster, and valiant leaders in warfare with the Danes, who, in the tenth century, poured their hosts into Ireland, conquering and destroying. In the year 948, in which our sketch opens, the head of this powerful clan was Cennedigh, or Kennedy, king of Thomond. His son Brian had, in accordance with an old Irish custom, passed his boyhood in "fosterage" at the court of Callaghan, king of Cashel, in East Munster. Brought up amid war-like scenes, where battles with the Danish invaders were of frequent occurrence, young Brian had now, at fifteen, completed the years of his fostership, and was a lad of strong and dauntless courage, cool and clear-headed, and a firm foe of Ireland's scourge -- the fierce "Dub-Gaile," or "Black Gentiles," as the Danes were called.

The feast of welcome was over. The bards had sung their heroic songs to the accompaniment of the *cruot*, or harp; the fool had played his pranks, and the juggler his tricks, and the chief bard, who was expected to be familiar with "more than seven times fifty stories, great and small," had given the best from his list; and as they sat thus in the *cuirmtech*, or great hall, of the long, low-roofed house of hewn oak that scarcely rose above the

stout earthen ramparts that defended it, swift messengers came bearing news of a great gathering of Danes for the ravaging of Munster, and the especial plundering of the Clan of Cas.

"Thou hast come in right fitting time, O son!" said Kennedy the king. "Here is need of strong arms and stout hearts. How say ye, noble lords and worthy chieftains? Dare we face in fight this, so great a host?"

But as chiefs and counselors were discussing the king's question, advising fight or flight as they deemed wisest, young Brian sprung into the assembly, war axe in hand.

"What, fathers of Clan Cas," he cried, all aflame with excitement, "will ye stoop to parley with hard-hearted pirates — ye, who never brooked injustice or tyranny from any king of all the kings of Erin — ye, who never yielded even the leveret of a hare in tribute to Leinsterman or Dane? 'T is for the Clan of Cas to demand tribute, — not to pay it! Summon our vassals to war. Place me, O King, my father, here at the Ford of the Tribute and bid me make test of the lessons of my fostership. Know ye not how the boy champion, Cuchullin of Ulster, held the ford for five long days against all the hosts of Connaught? What boy hath done, boy may do. Death can come but once!"

The lad's impetuous words fired the whole assembly, the gillies and retainers caught up the cry, and, with the wild enthusiasm that has marked the quick-hearted Irishman from Brian's day to this, "they all," so says the record, "kissed the ground and gave a terrible shout." Beacon fires blazed from cairn and hilltop, and from

"the four points" — from north and south and east and west, came the men of Thomond rallying around their chieftains on the banks of Shannon.

With terrible ferocity the Danish hosts fell upon Ireland. From Dublin to Cork the coast swarmed with their war ships and the land echoed the tramp of their swordmen. Across the fair fields of Meath and Tipperary, "the smooth-plained grassy land of Erinn," from Shannon to the sea, the kings and chieftains of Ireland gathered to withstand the shock of the invaders. Their chief blow was struck at "Broccan's Brake" in the County Meath, and "on that field," says the old Irish record, "fell the kings and chieftains, the heirs to the crown, and the royal princes of Erinn." There fell Kennedy the king and two of his stalwart sons. But at the Ford of the Tribute, Brian, the boy chieftain, kept his post and hurled back again and again the Danes of Limerick as they swarmed up the valley of the Shannon to support their countrymen on the plains of Meath.

The haunted gray-stone of Carrick-lee, from which Brian had heard the song of the supposed banshee, rose sharp and bold above the rushing waters; and against it and around it Brian and his followers stood at bay, battling against the Danish hosts. "Ill luck was it for the foreigner," says the record, "when that youth was born — Brian, the son of Kennedy." In the very midst of the stubborn fight at the ford, and around from a jutting point of the rock of Carrick-lee, a light shallop came speeding down the rapids. In the prow stood a female figure, all in white, from the gleaming golden *lann*, or crescent, that held her flowing veil, to the hem

of her gracefully falling *lenn*, or robe. And above the din of the strife a clear voice sang: —

> "First to face the foreign foe,
> First to strike the battle blow;
> Last to turn from triumph back,
> Last to leave the battle's wrack;
> Clan of Cas shall victors be
> When they fight at Carrick-lee."

It was, of course, only the brave young Eimer of the golden hair bringing fresh arms in her shallop to Brian and his fighting-men: but as the sun, bursting through the clouds, flashed full upon the shining war axe which she held aloft, the superstitious Danes saw in the floating figure the "White Lady of the Rapids," the banshee, *A-oib-hinn*, the fairy guardian of the Clan of Cas. Believing, therefore, that they could not prevail against her powerful aid, they turned and fled in dismay from the flowing river and the haunted rock.

But fast upon young Brian's victory came the tearful news of the battle of Broccan's Brake and the defeat of the Irish kings. Of all the brave lad's family, only his eldest brother Mahon escaped from that fatal field; and now he reigned in place of Kennedy, his father, as king of Thomond. But the victorious Danes overran all Southern Ireland, and the brothers Mahon and Brian found that they could not successfully face in open field the hosts of their invaders. So these two "stout, able, valiant pillars," these two "fierce, lacerating, magnificent heroes," as the brothers are called in the curious and wordy old Irish record, left their mud-walled fortress palace by the Shannon, and with "all their people

and all their chattels" went deep into the forests of Cratloe and the rocky fastnesses of the County Clare; and there they lived the life of robber chieftains, harassing and plundering the Danes of Limerick and their recreant Irish allies, and guarding against frequent surprise and attack. But so hazardous and unsettled a life was terribly exhausting, and "at length each party of them became tired of the other," and finally King Mahon made peace with the Danes of Limerick.

But "Brian the brave" would make no truce with a hated foe. "Tell my brother," he said, when messengers brought him word of Mahon's treaty, "that Brian, the son of Kennedy, knows no peace with foreign invaders. Though all others yield and are silent, yet will I never!"

And with this defiance the boy chieftain and "the young champions of the tribe of Cas" went deeper into the woods and fastnesses of the County Clare, and for months kept up a fierce guerrilla warfare. The Danish tyrants knew neither peace nor rest from his swift and sudden attacks. Much booty of "satins and silken cloths, both scarlet and green, pleasing jewels and saddles beautiful and foreign," did they lose to this active young chieftain, and much tribute of cows and hogs and other possessions did he force from them. So dauntless an outlaw did he become that this name struck terror from Galway Bay to the banks of Shannon, and from Lough Derg to the Burren of Clare. "When he inflicted not evil on the foreigners in the day," the quaint old record asserts, "he was sure to do it in the next night; and when he did it not in the night, he was sure to do it in the following day."

To many an adventurous boy the free outlaw life of this daring lad of nine centuries ago may seem alluring. But "life in the greenwood" had little romance for such old-time outlaws as Brian Boru and Robin Hood and their imitators. To them it was stern reality, and meant constant struggle and vigilance. They were outcasts and Ishmaels — "their hands against every man and every man's hand against them," — and though the pleasant summer weather brought many sunshiny days and star-lit nights, the cold, damp, and dismal days took all the poetry out of this roving life, and sodden forests and relentless foes brought dreary and disheartening hours. Trust me, boys, this so-called "free and jolly life of the bold outlaw," which so many story papers picture, whether it be with Brian Boru in distant Ireland, nine hundred years ago, or in Sherwood Forest with Robin Hood, or with some "Buck-eye Jim" on our own Montana hillsides to-day, is not "what it is cracked up to be." Its attractiveness is found solely in those untruthful tales that give you only the little that seems to be sweet, but say nothing of the much that is so very, very harsh and bitter. Month by month the boy chieftain strove against fearful odds, day by day he saw his brave band grow less and less, dying under the unpitying swords of the Danes and the hardships of this wandering life, until of all the high-spirited and valiant comrades that had followed him into the hills of Clare only fifteen remained.

One chill April day, as Brian sat alone before the gloomy cave that had given him a winter shelter in the depths of the forests of Clare, his quick ear, well trained

in woodcraft, caught the sound of a light step in the thicket. Snatching his ever-ready spear, he stood on guard and demanded, —

"Who is there?"

No answer followed his summons. But as he waited and listened, he heard the notes of a song, low and gentle, as if for his ear alone: —

"Chieftain of the stainless shield,
Prince who brooks no tribute fee;
Ne'er shall he to pagan yield
Who prevailed at Carrick-lee.
Rouse thee, arm thee, hark and heed,
Erin's strength in Erin's need."

"'T is the banshee," was the youth's first thought. "The guardian of our clan urgeth me to speedier action." And then he called aloud: "Who sings of triumph to Brian the heavy-hearted?"

"Be no longer Brian the heavy-hearted; be, as thou ever art, Brian the brave!" came the reply; and through the parting thicket appeared, not the dreaded vision of *A-oib-hinn*, the banshee, but the fair young face of his foster sister, Eimer of the golden hair.

"Better days await thee, Brian, my brother," she said; "Mahon the king bids thee meet him at Holy Isle. None dared bring his message for fear of the death-dealing Danes who have circled thee with their earth lines. But what dare not I do for so gallant a foster brother?"

With the courtesy that marked the men of even those savage times, the boy chieftain knelt and kissed the hem of the daring little maiden's purple robe.

"And what wishes my brother, the king, O Eimer of

the golden hair?" he said. "Knows he not that Brian has sworn never to bend his neck to the foreigner?"

"That does he know right well," replied the girl. "But his only words to me were: 'Bid Brian my brother take heart and keep this tryst with me, and the sons of Kennedy may still stand, unfettered, kings of Erin.'"

So Brian kept the tryst; and where, near the southern shores of Lough Derg, the Holy Isle still lies all strewn with the ruins of the seven churches that gave it this name, the outlawed young chieftain met the king. Braving the dangers of Danish capture and death, he had come unattended to meet his brother.

"Where, O Brian, are thy followers?" King Mahon inquired.

"Save the fifteen faithful men that remain to me in the caves of Uim-Bloit," said the lad, "the bones of my followers rest on many a field from the mountains of Connaught to the gates of Limerick; for their chieftain, O my brother, maketh no truce with the foe."

"Thou art but a boy, O Brian, and like a boy thou dost talk," said the king, reprovingly. "Thy pride doth make thee imprudent. For what hast thou gained, since, spite of all, thy followers lie dead!"

"Gained!" exclaimed the young chieftain, impetuously, as he faced Mahon the king: "I have gained the right to be called true son of the Clan of Cas — of ancestors who would brook no insult, who would pay no tribute fee to invaders, who would give no hostage; and as to my trusty liegemen who have fallen — is it not the inheritance of the Clan of Cas to die for their honor and their homes?" demanded Brian. "So surely it is no honor in

valorous men, my brother, to abandon without battle or conflict their father's inheritance to Danes and traitorous kings!"

The unyielding courage of the lad roused the elder brother to action, and secretly, but swiftly, he gathered the chiefs of the clan for counsel in the *dun* of King Mahon by the ford of Killaloe. "Freedom for Erin and death to the Danes!" cried they — "as the voice of one man," says the record. Again the warning beacons flamed from cairn and hilltop. In the shadow of the "Rock of Cashel," the royal sunburst, the banner of the ancient kings, was flung to the breeze, and clansmen and vassals and allies rallied beneath its folds to strike one mighty blow for the redemption of Ireland.

In the county of Tipperary, in the midst of what is called "the golden valley," this remarkable "Rock of Cashel" looms up three hundred feet above the surrounding plain, its top, even now, crowned with the ruins of what were in Brian's day palace and chapel, turret and battlement and ancient tower. Beneath the rough archway of the triple ramparts at the foot of the rock, and up the sharp ascent, there rode one day the herald of Ivar, the Danish king of Limerick. Through the gateway of the palace he passed, and striding into the audience hall, spoke thus to Mahon the king: —

"Hear, now, O king! Ivar, the son of Sitric, king of Limerick and sole overlord of Munster, doth summon thee, his vassal, to give up to him this fortress of Cashel, to disperse thy followers, to send to him at Limerick, bounden with chains, the body of Brian the outlaw, and to render unto him tribute and hostage."

King Mahon glanced proudly out to where upon the ramparts fluttered the flag of Ireland.

"Say to Ivar, the son of Sitric," he said, "that Mahon, king of Thomond, spurns his summons, and will pay no tribute for his own inheritance."

"And say thou, too," cried his impetuous younger brother, "that Brian, the son of Kennedy, and all the men of the Clan of Cas prefer destruction and death rather than submit to the tyranny of pirates and the overlordship of foreigners and Danes!"

"Hear then, Mahon, king of Thomond; hear thou and all thy clan, the words of Ivar, the son of Sitric," came the stern warning of the Danish herald. "Thus says the king: I will gather against thee a greater muster and hosting, and I will so ravage and destroy the Clan of Cas that there shall not be left of ye one man to guide a horse's head across a ford, an abbot or a venerable person within the four corners of Munster who shall not be utterly destroyed or brought under subjection to me, Ivar the king!"

"Tell thy master," said Mahon the king, unmoved by this terrible threat, "that the Clan of Cas defy his boastful words, and will show in battle which are lords of Erin."

"And tell thy master," said his brother, "that Brian the outlaw will come to Limerick not bound with chains, but to bind them."

The Danish power was strong and terrible, but the action of the two valiant brothers was swift and their example was inspiriting. Clansmen and vassals flocked to their standard, and a great and warlike host gathered in old Cashel. Brian led them to battle, and near a wil-

low forest, close to the present town of Tipperary, the opposing forces met in a battle that lasted "from sunrise to midday." And the sunburst banner of the ancient kings streamed victorious over a conquered field, and the hosts of the Danes were routed. From Tipperary to Limerick, Brian pursued the flying enemy; and capturing Limerick, took therefrom great stores of booty and many prisoners; and the queer old Irish record thus briefly tells the terrible story of young Brian's vengeance —a story that fittingly shows us the cruel customs of those savage days of old, days now fortunately gone forever: "The fort and the good town he reduced to a cloud of smoke and to red fire afterward. The whole of the captives were collected on the hills of Saingel, and every one that was fit for war was killed, and every one that was fit for a slave was enslaved."

And from the day of Limerick's downfall the star of Ireland brightened, as in battle after battle, Brian Boru,[1] the wise and valiant young chieftain, was hailed as victor and deliverer from sea to sea.

But now he is a lad no longer, and the story of the boy chieftain gives place to the record of the valiant soldier and the able king. For upon the death of his brother Mahon, in the year 976, Brian became king of Thomond, of Munster, and Cashel. Then, uniting the rival clans and tribes under his sovereign rule, he was crowned at Tara, in the year 1000, "Ard-righ," or "High King of Erinn." The reign of this great king of Ireland was peaceful and prosperous. He built churches, fostered learning, made bridges and causeways, and constructed

[1] *Boru* or *Borumha*, the tribute; therefore "Brian of the Tribute."

a road around the coast of the whole kingdom. In his palace at Kincora, near the old *dun* of his father, King Kennedy, by the ford of Killaloe, he "dispensed a royal hospitality, administered a rigid and impartial justice, and so continued in prosperity for the rest of his reign, having been at his death thirty-eight years King of Munster and fifteen years Sovereign of all Ireland."

So the boy chieftain came to be king of Ireland, and the story of his death is as full of interest and glory as the record of his boyish deeds. For Brian grew to be an old, old man, and the Danes and some of the restless Irishmen whom he had brought under his sway revolted against his rule. So the "grand old king of ninety years" led his armies out from the tree-shaded ramparts of royal Kincora, and meeting the enemy on the plains of Dublin, fought on Friday, April 23, 1014, near the little fishing station of Clontarf, the "last and most terrible struggle of Northman and Gael, of Pagan and Christian, on Irish soil." It was a bloody day for Ireland; but though the aged king and four of his six sons, with eleven thousand of his followers, were slain on that fatal field, the Danes were utterly routed, and the battle of Clontarf freed Ireland forever from their invasions and tyrannies.

"Remember the glories of Brian the brave,
Though the days of the hero are o'er;
Though lost to Mononia and cold in the grave,
He returns to Kincora no more!
That star of the field, which so often has poured
Its beam on the battle, is set;
But enough of its glory remains on each sword
To light us to victory yet!"

So sings Thomas Moore in one of his inspiring "Irish Melodies;" and when hereafter you hear or read of Brian Boru, remember him not only as Ireland's greatest king, but also as the dauntless lad who held the ford at Killaloe, and preferred the privations of an outlaw's life to a disgraceful peace; and who, dying an old, old man, still kept his love of country undiminished, and sealed with his blood the liberty of his native land, declaring, as the poet Moore puts it in his glowing verse:—

"No, Freedom! whose smiles we shall never resign,
Go tell our invaders, the Danes,
That 't is sweeter to bleed for an age at thy shrines
Than to sleep but a moment in chains!"

Kincora, the royal home of Brian the king, is now so lost in ruins that travelers cannot tell the throne room from the cow house; Cashel's high rock is deserted and dismantled; and on the hill of Tara the palace of the ancient Irish kings is but a grass-grown mound. But, though palaces crumble and nations decay, the remembrance of truth and valor and glowing patriotism lives on forever, and to the boys and girls of this more favored time the stories of noble lives and glorious deeds come as a priceless legacy, bidding them be stout-hearted in the face of danger and strong-souled in spite of temptation. So to every lover of daring deeds and loyal lives time cannot dim the shining record of the great king of Ireland, Brian Boru — Brian of Munster, the Boy Chieftain.

AN UNWILLING REBEL

By J. Payn

[The circumstances to which this letter relates belong to the year 1450, and are connected with the memorable insurrection of Jack Cade.]

TO MY RYGHT HONURABYLL MAISTER, JOHN PASTON, — Ryght honurabyll and my ryght enterly bylovyd maister, I recomaunde me un to yow, with al maner of due reverence, in the moste louly wyse as we ought to do, evermor desyryng to here of your worshipfull state, prosperite, and welfar; the which I beseke God of his aboundant grace encrece and mayntene to his moste plesaunce, and to your hartis dssyre.

Pleasyth it your gode and gracios maistershipp tendyrly to consedir the grete losses and hurts that your por peticioner haeth, and haeth jhad evyr seth the comons of Kent come to the Blakheth, and that is at xv. yer passed, whereas my maister Syr John Fastolf, Knyght, that is youre testator, commandyt your beseecher to take a man, and ij. of the beste orsse that wer in his stabyll, with hym to ryde to the comens of Kent, to gete the articles that they come for. And so I dyd; and al so sone as I come to the Blakheth, the capteyn [Jack Cade] made the comens to take me. And for the savacion of my maisters horse, I made my fellowe to ryde a wey with the ij. horses; and I was brought forth with befor

the capteyn of Kent. And the capteyn demaundit me what was my cause of comyng thedyr, and why that I made my fellowe to stele a wey with he horse. And I seyd that I come thedyr to chere with my wyves brethren, and other that were my alys and gossippes of myn that were present there. And than was there oone there, and seid to the capteyn that I was one of Syr John Fastolfes men, and the ij. horse were Syr John Fastolfes; and then the capteyn lete cry treson upon me thorought all the felde, and brought me at iiij. partes of the feld with a harrawd of the Duke of Exetter before me in the dukes cote of armes, makyng iiij. *Oyes* at iiij. partes of the feld; proclaymyng opynly by the seid harrawd that I was sent thedyr for to espy theyr pusaunce, and theyr abyllyments of werr, fro the grettyst traytor that was in Yngelond or in Fraunce, as the seyd capteyn made proclaymacion at that tyme, fro oone Syr John Fastolf, Knyght, the whech mynnysshed all the garrisons of Normaundy, and Manns, and Mayn, the whech was the cause of the lesyng of all the Kyngs tytyll and ryght of an herytaunce that he had by yonde see. And morovyr he seid that the seid Sir John Fastolf had furnysshed his plase with the old sawdyors of Normaundy and abyllyments of werr, to destroy the comens of Kent whan that they come to Southewerk; and therefor he seyd playnly that I shulde lese my hede.

And so furthewith I was taken, and led to the capteyns tent, and j. ax and j. blok was brought forth to have smetyn of myn hede; and than my maister Ponyngs, your brodyr, with other of my frendes, come and lettyd the capteyn, and seyd pleynly that there shulde dye a C.

or ij. [*a hundred or two*], that in case be that I dyed; and so by that meane my lyf was savyd at that tyme. And than I was sworen to the capteyn, and to the comens, that I shulde go to Southewerk, and aray me in the best wyse that I coude, and come ageyn to hem to helpe hem; and so I gote th' articles, and brought hem to my maister, and that cost me more emongs the comens that day than xxvij*s*.

Wherupon I come to my maister Fastolf, and brought hym th' articles, and enformed hym of all the mater, and counseyled hym to put a wey all his abyllyments of werr and the olde sawdiors; and so he dyd, and went hymself to the Tour, and all his meyny with hym but Betts and j. [*i.e.* one] Mathew Brayn; and had not I ben, the comens wolde have brennyd his plase and all his tennuryes, wher thorough it coste me of my noune propr godes at that tyme more than vj. merks in mate and drynke; and nought withstondyng the capteyn that same tyme lete take me atte Whyte Harte in Suthewerk, and there comandyt Lovelase to dispoyle me oute of myn aray, and so he dyd. And there he toke a fyn gowne of muster dewyllers[1] furryd with fyn bevers, and j. peyr of Bregandyrns[2] kevert with blew fellewet [*velvet*] and gylt naile, with leg-harneyse, the vallew of the gown and the bregardyns viij*li*.

Item, the capteyn sent certeyn of his meyny to my

[1] "A kind of mixed grey woollen cloth, which continued in use to Elizabeth's reign." — Halliwell.

[2] A brigandine was a coat of leather or quilted linen, with small iron plates sewed on. — See Grose's *Antient Armour*. The back and breast of this coat were sometimes made separately, and called a pair. — Meyrick.

chamber in your rents, and there breke up my chest, and toke awey j. obligacion of myn that was due unto me of xxxvj*li.* by a prest of Poules, and j. nother obligacion of j. knyght of x*li.*, and my purse with v. ryngs of golde, and xvij*s.* vj*d.* of golde and sylver; and j. herneyse [*harness*] complete of the touche of Milleyn;[1] and j. gowne of fyn perse[2] blewe furryd with martens; and ij. gounes, one furryd with bogey,[3] and j. nother lyned with fryse;[4] and ther wolde have smetyn of myn hede, whan that they had dyspoyled me atte White Hart. And there my Maister Ponyngs and my frends savyd me, and so I was put up tyll at nyght that the batayle was at London Brygge; and than atte nyght the capteyn put me oute into the batayle atte Brygge, and there I was woundyt, and hurt nere hand to deth; and there I was vj. oures in the batayle, and myght nevyr come oute therof; and iiij. tymes before that tyme I was caryd abought thorought Kent and Sousex, and ther they wolde have smetyn of my hede.

And in Kent there as my wyfe dwellyd, they toke awey all oure godes mevabyll that we had, and there wolde have hongyd my wyfe and v. of my chyldren, and lefte her no more gode but her kyrtyll and her smook. And a none aftyr that hurlyng, the Bysshop Roffe apechyd me to the Quene, and so I was arestyd by the Quenes commaundment in to the Marchalsy, and there was in rygt grete durasse, and fere of myn lyf, and was thretenyd to

[1] Milan was famous for its manufacture of arms and armour.

[2] "Skye or bluish grey. There was a kind of cloth so called." — Halliwell.

[3] Budge fur.

[4] "Frieze. A coarse narrow cloth, formerly much in use." — Halliwell.

have ben hongyd, drawen, and quarteryd; and so wold have made me to have pechyd my Maister Fastolf of treson. And by cause that I wolde not, they had me up to Westminster, and there wolde have sent me to the gole house at Wyndsor: but my wyves and j. coseyn of myn noune that were yomen of the Croune, they went to the Kyng, and got grase and j. chartyr of pardon.

Per le vostre,

J. Payn.

THE ESCAPE OF CHARLES II (1651)

By Richard Whiteing

CHARLES had landed in Scotland to attempt to reconquer the throne of the Stuarts, and had been doomed to witness the ruin of all his hopes at the disastrous battle of Worcester. He had displayed great courage on that occasion, but he had been compelled to take to flight, with many of his bravest and most distinguished officers. The following narrative, extracted from a fuller account in the Pepys MS., is in his own words: —

"After that the battle was so absolutely lost as to be beyond hope of recovery, I began to think of the best way of saving myself, and the first thought that came into my head was, that, if I could possibly, I would get to London as soon, if not sooner, than the news of our defeat could get thither; and it being near dark I talked with some, especially with my Lord Rochester, who was then Wilmot, about their opinions which would be the best way for me to escape, it being impossible, as I thought, to get back to Scotland. I found them mightily distracted, and their opinions different, of the possibility of getting to Scotland; but not one agreeing with mine for going to London, saving my Lord Wilmot; and the truth is, I did not impart my design of going to London to any but my Lord Wilmot. But we had such

a number of beaten men with us of the horse that I strove, as soon as it was dark, to get from them; and though I could not get them to stand by me against the enemy, I could not get rid of them now I had a mind to it. So we — that is, my Lord Duke of Buckingham, Lauderdale, Derby, Wilmot, Tom Blague, Duke Darcy, and several others of my servants — went along northwards towards Scotland; and at last we got about sixty that were gentlemen and officers, and slipped away out of the high road that goes to Lancashire, and kept on the right hand, letting all the beaten men go along the great road; and ourselves not knowing very well which way to go, for it was then too late for us to get to London on horseback, riding directly for it; nor could we do it, because there were many people of quality with us that I could not get rid of.

"So we rode through a town short of Wolverhampton, betwixt that and Worcester, and went through, there lying a troop of the enemies there that night. We rode very quietly through the town, they having nobody to watch, nor they suspecting us more than we did them, which I learnt afterwards from a country fellow.

"We went that night about twenty miles, to a place called White Lady's, hard by Tong Castle, by the advice of Mr. Giffard, where we stopped and got some little refreshment of bread and cheese, such as we could get, it being just beginning to be day. This White Lady's was a private house, that Mr. Giffard, who was a Staffordshire man, had told me belonged to honest people that lived thereabouts.

"And just as we came thither there came in a country

fellow, that told us there were three thousand of our horse just hard by Tong Castle, upon the heath, all in disorder, under David Leslie and some other of the general officers; upon which there were some of the people of quality that were with me, who were very earnest that I should go to him and endeavor to go into Scotland, which I thought was absolutely impossible, knowing very well they would all rise upon us, and that men who had deserted me when they were in good order would never stand to me when they had been beaten.

"This made me take the resolution of putting myself into a disguise, and endeavoring to get afoot to London in a country fellow's habit, with a pair of ordinary gray cloth breeches, a leathern doublet, and a green jerkin, which I took in the house of White Lady's. I also cut my hair very short, and hid my clothes, that nobody might see that anybody had been stripping themselves; I acquainting none with my resolution of going to London but my Lord Wilmot, they all desiring me not to acquaint them with what I intended to do, because they knew not what they might be forced to confess; on which consideration they with one voice begged of me not to tell them what I intended to do.

"So all the persons of quality and officers who were with me — except my Lord Wilmot, with whom a place was agreed upon for our meeting in London if we escaped, and who endeavored to go on horseback, in regard, as I think, of his being too big to go on foot — were resolved to go and join with the three thousand disordered horse, thinking to get away with them to

Scotland. But, as I did before believe, they were all routed by a single troop of horse; which shows that my opinion was not wrong in not sticking to men who had run away.

"As soon as I was disguised I took with me a country fellow, whose name was Richard Penderell, whom Mr. Giffard had undertaken to answer for to be an honest man. He was a Roman Catholic, and I chose to trust them, because I knew they had hiding-places for priests, that I thought I might make use of in case of need.

"I was no sooner gone out of the house with this country fellow (being the next morning after the battle, and then broad day), but as I was in a great wood, I sat myself at the edge of the wood, near the highway that was there, the better to see who came after us, and whether they made any search after the runaways; and I immediately saw a troop of horse coming by, which I conceived to be the same troop that beat our three thousand horse; but it did not look like a troop of the army's, but of the militia, for the fellow before it did not look at all like a soldier.

"In this wood I stayed all night, without meat or drink, and by great good fortune it rained all the time, which hindered them, as I believe, from coming into the wood to search for men that might be fled thither; and one thing is remarkable enough, that those with whom I have since spoken, of them that joined with the horse upon the heath, did say that it rained little or nothing with them all the day, but only in the wood where I was — thus contributing to my safety.

"As I was in the wood I talked with the fellow about

getting towards London, and asking many questions about what gentlemen he knew. I did not find he knew any man of quality in the way towards London. And the truth is, my mind changed as I lay in the wood, and I resolved on another way of making my escape; which was, to get over the Severn into Wales, and so to get either to Swansea or some other of the sea towns that I knew had commerce with France, to the end I might get over that way, as being a way that I thought none would suspect my taking; besides that I remembered several honest gentlemen that were of my acquaintance in Wales.

"So that night as soon as it was dark, Richard Penderell and I took our journey on foot towards the Severn, intending to pass over a ferry halfway between Bridgenorth and Shrewsbury. But as we were going in the night, we came by a mill, where I heard some people talking (memorandum that I had got some bread and cheese the night before at one of the Penderells' houses, I not going in), and as we conceived it was about twelve or one o'clock at night, and the country fellow desired me not to answer if anybody should ask me any question, because I had not the accent of the country.

"Just as we came to the mill, we could see the miller, as I believed, sitting at the mill door, he being in white clothes, it being a very dark night. He called out, 'Who goes there?' Upon which Richard Penderell answered, 'Neighbors going home,' or some such like words; whereupon the miller cried out, 'If you be neighbors, stand, or I will knock you down.' Upon which we believing there was company in the house, the fellow bade me follow him close, and he run to a gate that went up a dirty lane,

up a hill; and opening the gate the miller cried out, 'Rogues, rogues!' And thereupon some men came out of the mill after us, which I believed were soldiers. So we fell a-running both of us, up the lane as long as we could run, it being very deep and very dirty, till at last I bade him leap over a hedge, and lie still to hear if anybody followed us, which we did, and continued lying upon the ground about half an hour, when hearing nobody come, we continued our way on to the village upon the Severn, where the fellow told me there was an honest gentleman, one Mr. Woolfe, that lived in that town, where I might be with great safety, for that he had hiding-holes for priests. But I would not go in, till I knew a little of his mind whether he would receive so dangerous a guest as me, and therefore stayed in a field, under a hedge, by a great tree. Commanding him not to say it was I, but only to ask Mr. Woolfe whether he would receive an English gentleman, a person of quality, to hide him the next day, till we could travel again by night — for I durst not go but by night.

"Mr. Woolfe, when the country fellow told him it was one that had escaped from the battle of Worcester, said that, for his part, it was so dangerous a thing to harbor anybody that was known, that he would not venture his neck for any man, unless it were the king himself. Upon which Richard Penderell, very indiscreetly, and without my leave, told him it was I. Upon which Mr. Woolfe replied, he should be very ready to venture all he had in the world to secure me. Upon which Richard Penderell came and told me what he had done, at which I was a little troubled; but there was then no remedy, the day

being just coming in, and I must either venture that or run some greater danger. So I came into the house by a back way, where I found Mr. Woolfe, an old gentleman, who told me he was very sorry to see me there, because there were two companies of the militia sort at that time in arms in the town, and kept a guard at the ferry to examine everybody that came that way; and that he durst not put me into any of the hiding-holes of his house because they had been discovered, and consequently if any search should be made, they would certainly repair to these holes, and that therefore I had no other way of security but to go into his barn, and there lie behind his corn and hay. So after he had given us some cold meat that was ready, we, without making any bustle in the house, went and lay in the barn all the next day, when towards evening his son, who had been prisoner at Shrewsbury, an honest man, was released, and came home to his father's house. And as soon as ever it began to be a little darkish, Mr. Woolfe and his son brought us meat into the barn; and then we discoursed with them whether we might safely get over the Severn into Wales, which they advised me by no means to adventure upon, because of the strict guards that were kept all along the Severn where any passage could be found, for preventing anybody escaping that way into Wales.

"Upon this I took resolution that night to go the very same way back again to Penderell's house, where I knew I should hear some news what was become of my Lord Wilmot, and resolved again upon going for London.

"So we set out as soon as it was dark, but we came by

the mill again; we had no mind to be questioned a second time there, and therefore asking Richard Penderell whether he could swim or no, and how deep the river was; he told me it was a scurvy river, not easy to be passed in all places, and that he could not swim. So I told him, the river being but a little one, I would undertake to help him over. Upon which we went over some closes by the river-side, and I entering the river first to see if I could myself go over, who knew how to swim, found it was but a little above my middle; and thereupon taking Richard Penderell by the hand, I helped him over. Which being done, we went on our way to one of Penderell's brothers (his house not being far from White Lady's), who had been guide to my Lord Wilmot, and we believed might by that time be come back again, for my Lord Wilmot intended to go to London upon his own horse. When I came to this house I inquired where my Lord Wilmot was, it being now towards morning, and having traveled these two nights on foot.

"Penderell's brother told me he had conducted him to a very honest gentleman's house, one Mr. Pitchcroft [Whitgrave], not far from Wolverhampton, a Roman Catholic. I asked him what news. He told me that there was one Major Careless in the house; that was that countryman whom, I knowing, he having been a major in our army, and made his escape thither, a Roman Catholic also, I sent for him into the room where I was, and consulted him what we should do the next day. He told me that it would be very dangerous for me to stay in that house or go into the wood — there being a great wood hard by Boscobel; that he knew but one way how

to pass the next day, and that was to get up into a great oak, in a pretty plain place, where we might see round about us, for the enemy would certainly search at the wood for people that had made their escape.

"Of which proposition of his, I approving, we (that is to say, Careless and I) went, and carried up some victuals for the whole day, viz., bread, cheese, small beer, and nothing else, and got up into a great oak, that had been topped some three or four years before, and being grown out again very bushy and thick, could not be seen through, and here we stayed all the day. I having in the meantime sent Penderell's brother to Mr. Pitchcroft's, to know whether my Lord Wilmot was there or no; and had word brought me by him at night that my lord was there; that there was a very secure hiding-hole in Mr. Pitchcroft's house, and that he desired me to come thither to him.

"Memorandum. — That, while we were in this tree we saw soldiers going up and down in the thicket of the wood, searching for persons escaped; we saw them now and then peeping out of the wood.

"That night Richard Penderell and I went to Mr. Pitchcroft's, about six or seven miles off, when I found the gentleman of the house, and an old grandmother of his, and Father Hurlston, who had then the care, as governor, of bringing up two young gentlemen, who, I think, were Sir John Preston and his brother, they being boys. Here I spoke with my Lord Wilmot, and sent him away to Colonel Lane's, about five or six miles off, to see what means could be found for my escaping towards London; who told my lord, after some con-

sultation thereon, that he had a sister that had a very fair pretence of going hard by Bristol, to a cousin of hers, that was married to one Mr. Norton, who lived two or three miles towards Bristol, or Somersetshire side, and she might carry me there as her man, and from Bristol I might find shipping to get out of England."

After various adventures, some of them attended with great danger, they arrived safely at the house of Mr. Norton, the king passing as the servant of Mrs. Lane. The next day while he was dining with the servants, one of them gave so accurate a description of the battle of Worcester, that Charles took him to be a soldier of Cromwell. He turned out, however, to have been a soldier of the royal army, and one of the regiment of guards. "I asked him what kind of man the king was, and he gave me an exact description of the clothes I wore at the battle, and of the horse I rode, adding that the king was at least three inches taller than I. I left the place hastily, being much alarmed to find that the man had been one of my own soldiers." Charles learned soon after that Pope, the butler, had recognized him, and having previously heard that the man was honest, and incapable of treason, he thought it best to confide in him, and accordingly mentioned his real name and rank. Pope at once put himself under his orders, and was of the greatest service to him.

Just at the very moment when the king was setting out for the house of one of his partisans, Mrs. Norton was taken with the pains of labor, and as she was cousin to Mrs. Lane, whose servant Charles pretended to be, that lady found it difficult to invent a pretext for quit-

THE KING PASSING AS THE SERVANT OF MRS. LANE

the king and his suite joined Lord Wilmot outside the city, but the master of the ship they had hired, yielding to the fears of his wife, refused to fulfill his engagement with them; Charles then once more took the Trent road.

Another vessel which had been procured at Southampton had been seized by the authorities for the transport of troops, and certain mysterious rumors which began to circulate in the neighborhood, made it dangerous for the king to stay any longer with Colonel Wyndham, at Salisbury; however, he found an asylum where he remained for five days, during which Colonel Gunter hired a boat at New Shoreham, and Charles set out in haste for Brighton. While he was at supper here, with his attendants and with Tattershall, the owner of the boat, the latter fixed his eyes upon the king, and took occasion after the meal to draw one of the royal attendants aside, and complain of his having been deceived. "The gentleman in the gray dress was the king; he knew him well, having been with him in 1648, when he was Prince of Wales, and commanded the royal fleet." This information was promptly conveyed to Charles, who thought it the more prudent course to keep his companions drinking with him all night, in order to make sure of their holding no conversation that he did not overhear.

Just before their departure, and while he was alone in his room, Tattershall came in, and kissing his hand, which was resting on the back of a chair, said, "I suppose if I live I shall be a lord, and my wife will be a lady." Charles laughed, to show that he understood him, and joined the company in the other room. At four in the

morning of the 16th of October they set out for Shoreham. When Charles and Wilmot, his sole companion, had entered the vessel, Tattershall fell upon his knees and swore to the king that whatever might be the consequence he would land him safe and sound on the coast of France.

The boat made for the Isle of Wight, that being its ordinary course; but towards six o'clock in the evening, Charles, having previously arranged the matter with Tattershall, addressed the crew. He told them that his companion and himself were merchants, who were running away from their creditors, and asked them to join him in begging the captain to take them to France, backing his entreaties, at the same time, with a present of twenty shillings for drink. Tattershall raised a great many objections; but at last, with apparent repugnance, he turned the vessel's head towards France. At daybreak they sighted the city of Fécamp. At the same time they discovered a suspicious looking sail, which they took for an Ostend pirate. Without waiting to test the truth of their suspicions, the two fugitives took to the ship's boat and arrived safely in port.

CHARLES OF SWEDEN, THE BOY CONQUEROR

(KNOWN AS KING CHARLES XII OF SWEDEN)

1699

By E. S. Brooks

IN an old, old palace on the rocky height of the *Slottsbacke*, or Palace Hill, in the northern quarter of the beautiful city of Stockholm, the capital of Sweden, there lived, just two hundred years ago, a bright young prince. His father was a stern and daring warrior-king, — a man who had been a fighter from his earliest boyhood; who at fourteen had been present in four pitched battles with the Danes; and who, while yet scarce twelve years old, had charged the Danish line at the head of his guards and shot down the stout Danish colonel, who could not resist the spry young warrior; his mother was a sweet-faced Danish princess, a loving and gentle lady, who scarce ever heard a kind word from her stern-faced husband, and whose whole life was bound up in her precious little prince.

And this little Carolus, Karl, or Charles dearly loved his tender mother. From her he learned lessons of truth and nobleness that even through all his stormy and wandering life never forsook him. Often while he had swung gently to and fro in his quaint, carved, and uncomfort-

able looking cradle, had she crooned above him the old saga-songs that told of valor and dauntless courage and all the stern virtues that made up the heroes of those same old saga-songs. Many a time she had trotted the little fellow on her knee to the music of the ancient nursery rhyme that has a place in all lands and languages, from the steppes of Siberia to the homes of New York and San Francisco: —

"Ride along, ride a cock-horse,
His mane is dapple-gray;
Ride along, ride a cock-horse,
Little boy, ride away.
Where shall the little boy ride to?
To the king's court to woo" —

and so forth, and so forth, and so forth — in different phrases but with the same idea, as many and many a girl and boy can remember. And she had told him over and over again the saga-stories and fairy tales that every Scandinavian boy and girl, from prince to peasant, knows so well, — of Frithiof and Ingeborg, and the good King Rene; and about the Stone Giant and his wife Guru; and how the bishop's cattle were turned into mice; and about the dwarfs, and trolls, and nixies, and beautiful mermaids and stromkarls. And she told him also many a story of brave and daring deeds, of noble and knightly lives, and how his ancestors, from the great Gustavus, and, before, from the still greater Gustavus Vasa, had been kings of Sweden, and had made the name of that northern land a power in all the courts of Europe.

Little Prince Charles was as brave as he was gentle and jolly, and as hardy as he was brave. At five years

old he killed his first fox; at seven he could manage his horse like a young centaur; and at twelve he had his first successful bear hunt. He was as obstinate as he was hardy; he steadily refused to learn Latin or French — the languages of the court — until he heard that the kings of Denmark and Poland understood them, and then he speedily mastered them.

His lady mother's death, when he was scarce twelve years old, was a great sadness, and nearly caused his own death, but, recovering his health, he accompanied his father on hunting parties and military expeditions, and daily grew stronger and hardier than ever.

In April, 1697, when the prince was not yet fifteen, King Charles the Eleventh, his stern-faced father, suddenly died, and the boy king succeeded to the throne as absolute lord of "Sweden and Finland, of Livonia, Carelia, Ingria, Wismar, Wibourg, the islands of Rugen and Oesel, of Pomerania, and the duchies of Bremen and Verdun," — one of the finest possessions to which a young king ever succeeded, and representing what is now Sweden, Western Russia, and a large part of Northern Germany.

A certain amount of restraint is best for us all. As the just restraints of the law are best for men and women, so the proper restraints of home are best for boys and girls. A lad from whom all restraining influences are suddenly withdrawn, — who can have his own way unmolested, — stands in the greatest danger of wrecking his life. The temptations of power have been the cause of very much of the world's sadness and misery. And this temptation came to this boy king of Sweden, called

in his fifteenth year to supreme sway over a large realm of loyal subjects. Freed from the severity of his stern father's discipline, he found himself responsible to no one, — absolutely his own master. And he did what too many of us, I fear, would have done in his position, — he determined to have a jolly good time, come what might; and he had it — in his way.

He and his brother-in-law, the wild young duke of Holstein, turned the town upside down. They snapped cherry pits at the king's gray-bearded councilors, and smashed in the windows of the staid and scandalized burghers of Stockholm. They played ball with the table dishes, and broke all the benches in the palace chapel. They coursed hares through the council chambers of the Parliament House, and ran furious races until they had ruined several fine horses. They beheaded sheep in the palace till the floors ran with blood, and then pelted the passers-by with sheep's heads. They spent the money in the royal treasury like water, and played so many heedless and ruthless boy tricks that the period of these months of folly was known, long after, as the "Gottorp Fury," because the harum-scarum young brother-in-law, who was the ringleader in all these scrapes, was duke of Holstein-Gottorp.

But at last, even the people — serfs of this boy autocrat though they were — began to murmur, and when one Sunday morning three clergymen preached from the text, "Woe to thee, O land, when thy king is a child," the young sovereign remembered the counsels of his good mother and recalled the glories of his ancestors, saw how foolish and dangerous was all this reckless sport, turned

over a new leaf, became thoughtful and care-taking, and began his career of conquest with the best victory of all, the conquest of himself!

But though he curbed his tendency to profitless and hurtful "skylarking," he had far too much of the Berserker of his ancestors — those rough old vikings who "despised mail and helmet and went into battle unharnessed" — to become altogether gentle in manners or occupation. He hated his fair skin, and sought in every way to tan and roughen it, and to harden himself by exposure and neglect of personal comfort. Many a night was passed by the boy on the bare floor, and for three nights in the cold Swedish December he slept in the hayloft of the palace stables, without undressing and with but a scanty covering.

So he grew to be a lad of seventeen, sturdy, strong, and hardy, and at the date of our story, in the year 1699, the greater part of his time was given up to military exercises and field sports, with but little attention to debates in council or to the cares of state.

Among his chief enjoyments were the sham fights on land and water. Many a hard-fought battle was waged between the boys and young men who made up his guards and crews, and who would be divided into two or more opposing parties, as the plan of battle required. This was rough and dangerous sport, and was attended often with really serious results. But the participants were stout and sturdy northern lads, used to hardships and trained to physical endurance. They thought no more of these encounters than do the boys of to-day of the crush of football and the hard hitting of the base-

ball field, and blows were given and taken with equal good nature and unconcern.

One raw day in the early fall of 1699, sturdy young Arvid Horn, a stout, blue-eyed Stockholm boy, stripped to the waist, and with a gleam of fun in his eyes, stood upright in his little boat as it bobbed on the crest of the choppy Maelar waves. He hailed the king's yacht.

"Hollo, in the boat there! Stand for your lives!" he shouted, and leveled his long squirt-gun full at the helmsman.

Swish! came the well-directed stream of water plump against the helmsman's face. Again and again it flew, until dripping and sore he dropped the tiller and dashed down the companion way calling loudly for help.

Help came speedily, and as the crew of the king's yacht manned the rail and leveled at their single assailant the squirt guns, which were the principal weapons of warfare used in these "make-believe" naval engagements, the fun grew fast and furious; but none had so sure an aim or so strong an arm to send an unerring and staggering stream as young Arvid Horn. One by one he drove them back, while as his boat drifted still nearer the yacht he made ready to spring to the forechains and board his prize. But even before he could steady himself for the jump, another tall and fair-haired Stockholm lad, darting out from the high cabin, rallied the defeated crew and bade them man the pumps at once. A clumsy looking fire engine stood amidships, and the crew leaped to its pumps as directed, while the newcomer, catching up a line of hose, sprang to the rail and

sent a powerful stream of water straight against the solitary rover.

"Repel boarders!" he cried, laughingly, and the sudden stream from the fire engine's nozzle sent young Arvid Horn staggering back into his boat.

But he rallied quickly, and with well-charged squirt-gun attacked the new defender of the yacht. The big nozzle, however, was more than a match for the lesser squirt-gun, and the small boat speedily began to fill under the constant deluge of water from the engine.

"Yield thee, yield thee, Arvid Horn; yield thee to our unconquerable nozzle," came the summons from the yacht; "yield thee, or I will drown you out like a rat in a cheese press!"

"Arvid Horn yields to no one," the plucky boy in the boat made answer, and with a parting shot and a laughing "Farväl," he leaped from the sinking boat into the dancing Maelar water. Striking boldly out, he swam twice round the boat in sheer bravado, defying the enemy; now ducking to escape the pursuing stream, or now, while floating on his back, sending a return shot with telling force against the men at the pump — for he still clung to his trusty squirt-gun.

The fair-faced lad in the yacht looked at the swimmer in evident admiration.

"Is it, then, hard to swim, Arvid Horn?" he inquired.

"Not if one is fearless," called back the floating boy.

"How, fearless?" exclaimed the lad on the yacht, hastily. "Do you perhaps think that I am afraid?"

"I said not so," replied young Arvid, coolly sending a full charge from his squirt-gun straight up in air.

"No; but you mean it! Good faith, you mean it, then!" said the lad, and flinging off wig, cocked hat, and long coat only, without an instant's hesitation he, too, leaped into the Maelar lake.

There is nothing so cooling to courage or reckless enthusiasm as cold water — if one cannot swim. The boy plunged and floundered, and, weighty with his boots and his clothing, soon sank from sight. As he came spluttering to the surface again, "Help, help, Arvid," he called despairingly; "I am drowning!"

Arvid, who had swum away from his friend, thinking that he would follow after, heard the cry and caught a still louder one from the yacht, "The king! the king is sinking!"

A few strokes brought him near to the over-confident diver, and clutching him by his shirt collar, he kept the lad's head above water until, after a long and laborious swim, he brought his kingly burden safe to land — for the fair-haired and reckless young knight of the nozzle was none other than his gracious majesty, Charles the Twelfth of Sweden.

"Truly it is one thing to be brave and another to be skillful," said the king, as he stood soaked and dripping on the shore. "But for you, friend Arvid, I had almost gone."

"You are very wet, sire, and may take cold," said Arvid, "let us hasten at once to yonder house for warmth and dry clothes."

"Not so, Arvid; I do not fear the water — on land," said the king. "I am no such milksop as to need to dry off before a kitchen fire. See, this is the better way;" and

catching up a stout hazel stick, he bade Arvid stand on his guard. Nothing loth, Arvid Horn accepted the kingly challenge, and picking up a similar hazel stick, he rapped King Charles' weapon smartly, and the two boys went at each other "hammer and tongs" in a lively bout at "singlestick."

They were soon thoroughly warmed up by this vigorous exercise, and forgot their recent bath and the king's danger. It was a drawn battle, however, and, as they paused for breath, King Charles said, "Trust that to drive away cold and ague, Arvid. Faith, 't is a rare good sport."

"Could it be done on horseback, think you?" queried Arvid, always on the lookout for sensation.

"And why not? 'T is well thought," said the king. "Let us straight to the palace yard and try it for ourselves."

But ere they reached the palace the idea had developed into still greater proportions.

The king's guards were summoned, and divided into two parties. Their horses were unsaddled, and, riding "bareback" and armed with nothing but hazel sticks, the two forces were pitted against each other in a great cavalry duel of "singlestick."

King Charles commanded one side, and young Arvid Horn the other. At it they went, now one side and now the other having the advantage, the two leaders fighting with especial vigor.

Arvid pressed the king closely, and both lads were full of the excitement of the fray when Charles, careless of his aim and with his customary recklessness, brought his hazel stick with a terrible thwack upon poor Arvid's

face. Now, Arvid Horn had a boil on his cheek, and if any of my boy readers know what a tender piece of property a boil is, they will know that King Charles' hazel stick was not a welcome poultice.

With a cry of pain Arvid fell fainting from his horse, and the cavalry battle at "singlestick" came to a sudden stop. But the heat and the pain brought on so fierce a fever that the lad was soon as near to death's door as his friend King Charles had been in the sea fight of the squirt-guns.

The king was deeply concerned during young Arvid's illness, and when the lad at last recovered, he made him a present of two thousand thalers, laughingly promising to repeat the prescription whenever Arvid was again wounded at "singlestick." He was greatly pleased to have his friend with him once more, and, when Arvid was strong enough to join in his vigorous sports again, one of the first things he proposed was a great bear hunt up among the snow-filled forests that skirted the Maelar Lake.

A day's ride from Stockholm, the hunting lodge of the kings of Sweden lay upon the heavily drifted hill slopes just beyond the lake shore, and through the forests and marshes two hundred years ago the big brown bear of Northern Europe, the noble elk, the now almost extinct auroch, or bison, and the great gray wolf roamed in fierce and savage strength, affording exciting and dangerous sport for daring hunters.

And among these hunters none excelled young Charles of Sweden. Reckless in the face of danger, and brave as he was reckless, he was ever on the alert for any novelty

in the manner of hunting that should make the sport even more dangerous and exciting. So young Arvid Horn was not surprised when the king said to him, —

"I have a new way for hunting the bear, Arvid, and a rarely good one, too."

"Of that I 'll be bound, sire," young Arvid responded; "but — how may it be?"

"You shall know anon," King Charles replied; "but this much will I say: I do hold it but a coward's part to fight the poor brute with firearms. Give the fellow a chance for his life, say I, and a fair fight in open field — and then let the best man win."

Here was a new idea. Not hunt the bear with musket, carbine, or wheel-lock? What then — did King Charles reckon to have a wrestling bout or a turn at "single-stick" with the *Jarl* Bruin? So wondered Arvid Horn, but he said nothing, waiting the king's own pleasure, as became a shrewd young courtier.

And soon enough he learned the boy hunter's new manner of bear-hunting, when, on the very day of their arrival at the Maelar lodge, they tracked a big brown bear beneath the great pines and spruces of the almost boundless forest, armed only with strong wooden pitch-forks. Arvid was not at all anxious for this fighting at close quarters, but when he saw King Charles boldly advance upon the growling bear, when he saw the great brute rise on his hind legs and threaten to hug Sweden's monarch to death, he would have sprung forward to aid his king. But a huntsman near at hand held him back.

"Wait," said the man; "let the 'little father' play his part."

And even as he spoke Arvid saw the king walk deliberately up to the towering bear, and, with a quick thrust of his long-handled fork, catch the brute's neck between the pointed wooden prongs, and with a mighty shove, force the bear backward in the snow.

Then, answering his cry of "Hollo, all!" the huntsmen sprang to his side, flung a stout net over the struggling bear, and held it thus, a floundering prisoner, while the intrepid king coolly cut its throat with his sharp hunting knife.

Arvid learned to do this too in time, but it required some extra courage even for his steady young head and hand.

One day when each of the lads had thus transfixed and killed his bear, and as, in high spirits, they were returning to the hunting lodge, a courser man dashed hurriedly across their path, recognized the king, and reining in his horse, dismounted hastily, saluted, and handed the king a packet.

"From the council, sire," he said.

Up to this day the young king had taken but little interest in the affairs of state, save as he directed the review or drill, leaving the matters of treaty and of state policy to his trusted councilors. He received the courser man's despatch with evident unconcern, and read it carelessly. But his face changed as he read it a second time; first clouding darkly, and then lighting up with the gleam of a new determination and purpose.

"What says Count Piper?" he exclaimed half aloud; "Holstein laid waste by Denmark, Gottorp Castle taken, and the duke a fugitive? And my council dares to tem-

per and negotiate? *Ack; so!* Arvid Horn, we must be in Stockholm ere nightfall."

"But, sire, how can you?" exclaimed Arvid. "The roads are heavy with snow, and no horse could stand the strain or hope to make the city ere morning."

"No horse!" cried King Charles; "then three shall do it. Hasten; bid Hord the equerry harness the triple team to the strongest sledge, and be you ready to ride with me in a half-hour's time. For we shall be in Stockholm by nightfall."

And ere the half-hour was up they were off. Careless of roadway, straight for Stockholm they headed, the triple team of plunging Ukraine horses, driven abreast by the old equerry Hord, dashing down the slopes and across the Maelar ice, narrowly escaping collision, overturn, and death. With many a plunge and many a ducking, straight on they rode, and ere the Stockholm clocks had struck the hour of six, the city gates were passed, and the spent and foaming steeds dashed panting into the great yard of the Parliament House.

The council was still in session, and the grave old councilors started to their feet in amazement at this sudden apparition of the boy king, soiled and bespattered from head to foot, standing there in their midst.

"Gentlemen," he said, with earnestness and determination in his voice, "your despatch tells me of unfriendly acts on the part of the king of Denmark against our brother and ally of Holstein-Gottorp. I am resolved never to begin an unjust war, but never to finish an unjust one save with the destruction of mine enemies. My resolution is fixed. I will march and attack the first one

who shall declare war; and when I shall have conquered him, I hope to strike terror into the rest."

These were ringing, and, seemingly, reckless words for a boy of seventeen, and we do not wonder that, as the record states, "the old councilors, astonished at this declaration, looked at each other without daring to answer." The speech seemed all the more reckless when they considered, as we may here, the coalition against which the boy king spoke so confidently.

At that time — in the year 1699 — the three neighbors of this young Swedish monarch were three kings of powerful northern nations, — Frederick the Fourth, King of Denmark; Augustus, called the Strong, King of Poland and Elector of Saxony; and Peter, afterward known as the Great, Czar of Russia. Tempted by the large possessions of young King Charles, and thinking to take advantage of his youth, his inexperience, and his presumed indifference, these three monarchs concocted a fine scheme by which Sweden was to be overrun, conquered, and divided among the three members of this new copartnership of kings, from each of whom, or from their predecessors, this boy king's ancestors had wrested many a fair domain and wealthy city.

But these three kings — as has many and many another plotter in history before and since — reckoned without their host. They did not know the mettle that was in this grandnephew of the great Gustavus.

Once aroused to action, he was ready to move before even his would-be conquerors, in those slow-going days, imagined he had thought of resistance. Money and men were raised, the alliance of England and Holland were

secretly obtained, a council of defense was appointed to govern Sweden during the absence of the king, and on the twenty-third of April, 1700, two months before his eighteenth birthday, King Charles bade his grandmother and his sisters good-by and left Stockholm forever.

Even as he left the news came that another member in this firm of hostile kings, Augustus of Saxony and Poland, had invaded Sweden's tributary province of Livonia, on the Gulf of Finland. Not to be drawn aside from his first object, the punishment of Denmark, Charles simply said, "We will make King Augustus go back the way he came," and hurried on to join his army in Southern Sweden.

By the third of August, 1700, King Charles had grown tired of waiting for his reserves and new recruits, and so, with scarce six thousand men, he sailed away from Malmo — clear down at the most southerly point of Sweden — across the Sound, and steered for the Danish coast, not twenty-five miles away.

Young Arvid Horn, still the king's fast friend, and now one of his aids, following his leader, leaped into the first of the small barges or rowboats that were to take the troops from the frigate to the Danish shore. His young general and king, impatient at the slowness of the clumsy barges, while yet three hundred yards from shore, stood upright in the stern, drew his sword, and exclaimed, "I am wearied with this pace. All you who are for Denmark, follow me!" And then, sword in hand, he sprang over into the sea.

Arvid Horn quickly followed his royal friend. The

next moment generals and ministers, ambassadors and belaced officials, with the troops that filled the boats, were wading waist-deep through the shallow water of the Sound, struggling toward the Danish shore, and fully as enthusiastic as their hasty young leader and king.

The Danish musket balls fell thick around them as the Danish troops sought from their trenches to repel the invaders.

"What strange whizzing noise is this in the air?" asked the young king, now for the first time in action.

"'T is the noise of the musket balls they fire upon you," was the reply.

"*Ack*, say you so," said Charles; "good, good; from this time forward that shall be my music."

In the face of this "music" the shore was gained, the trenches were carried by fierce assault, and King Charles' first battle was won. Two days later, Copenhagen submitted to its young conqueror, and King Frederick, of Denmark, hastened to the defense of his capital, only to find it in the possession of the enemy, and to sign a humiliating treaty of peace.

The boy conqueror's first campaign was over, and, as his biographer says, he had "at the age of eighteen begun and finished a war in less than six weeks." Accepting nothing for himself from this conquest, he spared the land from which his dearly remembered mother had come, from the horrors of war and pillage, which, in those days, were not only allowable but expected.

King Augustus, of Poland, seeing the short work made of his ally, the king of Denmark, by this boy king, whom

they had all regarded with so much contempt, deemed discretion to be the better part of valor, and, as the lad had prophesied, withdrew from Livonia, "going back by the way he came." Then the young conqueror, flushed with his successes, turned his army against his third and greatest enemy, Czar Peter, of Russia, who, with over eighty thousand men, was besieging the Swedish town of Narva.

A quaint old German looking town, situated a few miles from the shores of the Gulf of Finland, in what is now the Baltic provinces of Russia, and near to the site of the Czar's later capital of St. Petersburg, the stout-walled town of Narva was the chief defense of Sweden on its eastern borders, and a stronghold which the Russian monarch especially coveted for his own. Young Arvid Horn's uncle, the Count Horn, was in command of the Swedish forces in the town, which, with a thousand men, he held for the young king, his master, against all the host of the Czar Peter.

The boy who had conquered Denmark in less than six weeks, and forced a humiliating peace from Poland, was not the lad to consider for a moment the question of risk or of outnumbering forces. In the middle of November, when all that cold Northern land is locked in ice and snow, he flung out the eagle-flag of Sweden to the Baltic blasts, and crossed to the instant relief of Narva, with an army of barely twenty thousand men. Landing at Pernau with but a portion of his troops, he pushed straight on, and with scarce eight thousand men, hurried forward to meet the enemy. With a courage as daring as his valor was headlong he surprised and routed first one

and then another advance detachment of the Russian force, and soon twenty-five thousand demoralized and defeated men were retreating before him, into the Russian camp. In less than two days all the Russian outposts were carried, and on the noon of the thirtieth of November, 1700, the boy from Sweden appeared with his eight thousand victory-flushed though wearied troops before the fortified camp of his enemy, and, without a moment's hesitation, ordered instant battle.

"Sire," said one of his chief officers, the General Stenbock, "do you comprehend the greatness of our danger? The Muscovites outnumber us ten to one."

"What! then," said the intrepid young king, "do you imagine that with my eight thousand brave Swedes I shall not be able to march over the bodies of eighty thousand Muscovites?" And then at the signal of two fusees and the watchword, "With the help of God," he ordered his cannon to open on the Russian trenches, and through a furious snowstorm charged straight upon the enemy.

Again valor and enthusiasm triumphed. The Russian line broke before the impetuosity of the Swedes, and, as one chronicler says, "ran about like a herd of cattle;" the bridge across the river broke under the weight of fugitives, panic followed, and when night fell the great Russian army of eighty thousand men surrendered as prisoners of war to a boy of eighteen with but eight thousand tired soldiers at his back.

So the boy conqueror entered upon his career of victory. Space does not permit to detail his battles and his conquests: how he placed a new king on the throne of

Poland, kept Denmark in submission, held the hosts of Russia at bay, humbled Austria, and made his name, ere yet he was twenty, at once a wonder and a terror in all the courts of Europe; how, at last, his ambition getting the better of his discretion, he thought to be a modern Alexander, to make Europe Protestant, subdue Rome, and carry his conquering eagles into Egypt and Turkey and Persia; how, by unwise measures and foolhardy endeavors, he lost all the fruits of his hundred victories and his nine years of conquest in the terrible defeat by the Russians at Pultowa, which sent him an exile into Turkey, kept him there a prisoner of state for over five years; and how, finally, when once again at the head of Swedish troops, instead of defending his own homeland of Sweden, he invaded Norway in the depth of winter, and was killed, when but thirty-six, by a cannon-shot from the enemy's batteries at Frederickshall on the eleventh of December, 1718.

Charles the Twelfth of Sweden was one of the most remarkable of the world's historic boys. Elevated to a throne founded on despotic power and victorious memories, at an age when most lads regard themselves as the especial salt of the earth, he found himself launched at once into a war with three powerful nations, only to become in turn the conqueror of each. A singularly good boy, so far as the customary temptations of power and high station are concerned, — temperate, simple, and virtuous in tastes, dress, and habits, — he was, as one of his biographers has remarked, "the only one among kings who had lived without a single frailty."

But this valorous boy, who had first bridled his own spirit and then conquered the northern world, "reared," as has been said, "under a father cold and stern, defectively educated, taught from childhood to value nothing but military glory," could not withstand the temptation of success. An ambition to be somebody and to do something is always a laudable one in boy or girl, until it supplants and overgrows the sweet, true, and manly boy and girl nature, and makes us regardless of the comfort or the welfare of others. A desire to excel the great conquerors of old, joined to an obstinacy as strong as his courage, caused young Charles of Sweden to miss the golden opportunity, and instead of seeking to rule his own country wisely, sent him abroad a homeless wanderer on a career of conquest, as romantic as it was first glorious, and at the last disastrous.

In the northern quarter of the beautiful city of Stockholm, surrounded by palaces and gardens, theatres, statues, and fountains, stands Molin's striking statue of the boy conqueror, Charles the Twelfth of Sweden. Guarded at the base by captured mortars, the outstretched hand and unsheathed sword seem to tell of conquests to be won and victories to be achieved. But to the boy and girl of this age of peace and good fellowship, when wars are averted rather than sought, and wise statesmanship looks rather to the healing than to the opening of the world's wounds, one cannot but feel how much grander, nobler, and more helpful would have been the life of this young "Lion of the North," as his Turkish captors called him, had it been devoted to deeds of gentleness and charity rather than of blood and sorrow, and

how much more enduring might have been his fame and his memory if he had been the lover and helper of his uncultivated and civilization-needing people, rather than the valorous, ambitious, headstrong, and obstinate Boy Conqueror of two centuries ago.

THE HEROINE OF THE FARNE ISLANDS

By Rosa Nouchette Carey

GRACE HORSLEY DARLING was born November 24th, 1815, at Bamborough, on the Northumberland coast. She was the seventh child of her parents. Her grandfather, Robert Darling, had settled as keeper of the coal light on the Brownsman, the outermost of the Farne Islands. William Darling succeeded his father in that situation, but in 1826 he was transferred to the lighthouse on the Longstone, another of the same group of islands. At the time of their removal to Longstone, Grace was about eleven years old.

There is a description of these islands in a short memoir of Grace Darling by Elizabeth Starling that is worthy of being quoted in full. "The Farne Islands, twenty-five in number at low tide, though situated at no great distance from the Northumberland coast, are desolate in an uncommon degree, and through the channels between the smaller Farne Islands the sea rushes with great force." Mr. Howitt, speaking of his visit to Longstone, says, "It was, like the rest of these desolate isles, all of dark whinstone, cracked in every direction, and worn with the action of winds, waves, and tempests, since the world began. Over the greater part of it was not a blade of grass nor a grain of earth; it was hard and iron-like

stone, crusted round all the coast as far as high-water mark with limpet and still smaller shells. We ascended wrinkled hills of black stone, and descended into worn and dismal dells of the same, into some of which, where the tide got entrance, it came pouring and roaring in raging whiteness, and churning the loose fragments of whinstone into round pebbles, and piling them up in deep crevices, with seaweed, like great round ropes, and heaps of fucus. Over our heads screamed hundreds of hovering birds, the gull mingling its hideous laughter most wildly."

And speaking of the time when St. Cuthbert dwelt there, Baine, in his history of Durham, says, "Farne certainly afforded an excellent place for retirement and meditation. Here the prayer or repose of the hermit would be interrupted by the screaming of the waterfowl or the roaring of the wind or waves; not unfrequently, perhaps, would be heard the thrilling cry of distress from a ship breaking to pieces on the iron shore of the lonely island."

Such was the grim environment of Grace Darling's childhood, — the scream of the sea fowl and thunder of the surf breaking on the shore had mingled with her cradle song. Among the desolate rocks the children had made their playground, with shells and seaweed for toys. William Darling was known as a steady, intelligent, trustworthy man, and peculiarly fitted for his onerous post. That of the Longstone Lighthouse was a very dangerous one, and only men of tried endurance and strong sense of duty were appointed to it.

Few people realize the intense responsibility, as well as

monotony, of the life of a lighthouse-keeper. The first rule given them is to light the lamps every evening at sunsetting, and keep them constantly burning bright and clear till sunrising. This entails long weary night watches, for he must not sleep or leave the room until his comrade relieves him; whatever happens, the light must burn brightly till morning.

In winter the life of a lighthouse-keeper and family is strangely isolated. For weeks at a time they see no visitors nor receive supplies; it is necessary for them to keep abundant stores of food; and, as lighthouses are now provided with libraries, they are not without amusement.

The Darling family seemed a very happy and united one. The children were all educated in a respectable manner. Some of the daughters went out in the world or married; but Grace, who was remarkable for her retiring disposition, remained at Longstone with her parents, assisting her mother in household tasks. Now and then there were happy reunions, when the brothers and sisters came back to the rocky island home to spend a joyous Christmas. Then the lighthouse fires burnt cheerily, and the parents looked proudly at the bright young faces gathered round the hearth.

Grace Darling had reached her twenty-second year when the incident occurred which made her name famous. She is said to have been about middle size, of fair complexion, and very comely, gentle in aspect, and with an expression of great mildness and benevolence. William Howitt the poet, who visited her after she had become celebrated, found her the realization of his

idea of Jeanie Deans, the simple heroine in the "Heart of Mid-Lothian." She had the sweetest smile, he said, that he had ever seen in a person of her station and appearance. "You see," he says, "that she is a thoroughly good creature, and that under her modest exterior lies a spirit capable of the most exalted devotion, a devotion so entire, that daring is not so much a quality of her nature, as that the most perfect sympathy with suffering or endangered humanity swallows up and annihilates everything like fear or self-consideration, — puts out, in fact, every sentiment but itself."

On September 5th, 1838, the Forfarshire steamer, a vessel of three hundred tons burden, under the command of Mr. John Humble, sailed from Hull on her voyage to Dundee with a valuable cargo of bale goods and sheet iron.

There were about twenty-two cabin and nineteen steerage passengers, Captain Humble and his wife, ten seamen, four firemen, two engineers, two coal trimmers, and two stewards, — sixty-three persons. The ship was almost a new one, for she was only two years old, but her boilers were in bad repair. They had been examined at Hull, and a small leak had been detected and closed up. This occasioned a little anxiety in the minds of the passengers, and one of the steerage passengers, Mrs. Dawson, was heard to say that if her husband came down to the vessel in time she should return with him.

The vessel sailed about half past six in the evening, and passing through the Fairway between the Farne Islands and the land, entered Berwick Bay about eight. The wind blew strong from the north, and the leak

increased so rapidly that the firemen could not keep the fires burning. About ten the Forfarshire bore off St. Abb's Head, the storm still raging. We read, "The engines soon after became utterly useless, and the engineman reported that they would not work. There being great danger of drifting ashore, the sails were hoisted fore and aft, and the vessel got about, in order to get her before the wind and keep her off the land. No attempt was made to anchor. The vessel soon became unmanageable, and, the tide setting strong to the south, she proceeded in that direction. It rained heavily during the whole time, and the fog was so dense that it became impossible to tell the situation of the vessel. At length breakers were discovered close to leeward, and the Farne Light, which about the same period became visible, left no doubt as to the imminent peril of all on board."

Between three and four the vessel struck with her bows foremost on the rocks, and some of the crew, intent on self-preservation, lowered the larboard-quarter boat down, and left the ship. An awful scene of panic ensued.

"Very soon after the first shock a powerful wave struck the vessel on the quarter, and raising her off the rocks, allowed her immediately after to fall violently down upon them, the sharp edge striking her about midships. She was by this fairly broken into two pieces, and the after part, containing the cabin with many passengers, was instantly carried off through a tremendous current called the Piper Gut. . . . The captain and his wife were among those who perished."

There were now only nine unfortunate creatures left on the wreck, — four passengers and five of the crew. Amongst the former was Mrs. Dawson, the steerage passenger who had wished to leave the vessel. Her husband had not come in time. She was amongst the few who were in the forepart of the vessel. She had her two children with her, a boy and girl, aged eight and eleven. She held them firmly to the last; but when relief came the children lay stiffened corpses in her arms. It is impossible to describe their sufferings; they were half frozen by the cold, and heavy seas washed over them, tearing off their clothing, while the hideous clamor of the wind and waves drowned their shrieks of agony. At the Longstone Lighthouse there was only William Darling and his wife and daughter. The dwellers in lighthouses are used to storms, but on the night of the 5th such a tremendous wind arose, and such a deluge of rain fell, that they felt unusual anxiety. If the account of this night be reliable we are informed that Grace found it impossible to sleep. Towards morning she dozed, and then woke with a piercing cry for help in her ears. She roused her father at once, but though through the mist William Darling's glass showed him dim figures clinging to the wreck, he shrank from the idea of tempting the raging abyss of water. It was at Grace's solicitation that the boat was launched. The brave girl seized an oar and sprang into it, and her father soon followed.

"It is worthy of being noticed that Grace never had occasion to assist in the boat previous to the wreck of the Forfarshire, others of the family being at hand.

"In estimating the danger," the narrator continues,

"which the heroic adventurers encountered, there is one circumstance which ought not to be forgotten. Had it not been ebb tide, the boat could not have passed between the islands; and Darling and his daughter knew that the tide would be flowing on their return, when their united strength would have been utterly insufficient to pull the boat back to the lighthouse island; so that, had they not got the assistance of the survivors in rowing back again, they themselves would have been compelled to remain on the rock beside the wreck until the tide ebbed again."

Contemporary evidence is always valuable; and in the accounts that have reached us of Grace Darling's heroic act, there is nothing exaggerated or overstrained, — it was, as we have already quoted, only "the self-devotion of genius manifesting itself in action."

It does not need a vivid imagination to picture that scene: the frail boat toiling over the billows, the slight girl bending over her oar, passionate pity and compassion for the poor sufferers nerving her weak arm with superhuman strength. Who knows what silent prayer went up to heaven as she looked fearfully across the stormy waters, while the startled seabirds shrieked above her head, and the salt spray dashed in her face? "It could only have been by the exertion of muscular power, as well as determined courage, that the father and daughter carried the boat up to the rock," we are informed, in the same trustworthy account of the rescue; "and when there, a danger, greater even than that which they had encountered in approaching it, arose from the difficulty of steadying the boat, and preventing its being

destroyed on those sharp ridges by the ever-restless chafing and heaving of the billows."

By this time the unfortunate sufferers were nearly prostrate. Mrs. Dawson, with a mother's undying devotion, still held her dead children in her arms; the poor little creatures had been so buffeted and battered against the cruel rocks that they had not long survived.

A fireman named Donovan had lain on the rock for three hours in cruel suffering, lashed and beaten by the waves as they washed over him. But he had held firmly onto a strong spike nail; and though his hands were bleeding he would not let go.

The difficult task was accomplished, and great was the amazement of the survivors of the wreck when the boat approached the rock, and they saw one of their deliverers was a girl; tears streamed down the sailors' weather-beaten faces as they watched her straining efforts. "God bless her!" was probably the cry of their heart, "She must be one of God's angels, and not a mere woman." One by one the poor creatures were safely placed in the coble, but the return was even more perilous than the outward journey; but Longstone was reached at last, and the sufferers were housed in the hospitable lighthouse. Here, owing to the raging seas, they were obliged to remain from Friday morning until Sunday. Grace gave up her bed to poor Mrs. Dawson, whose mental and bodily sufferings were intense, and contented herself with lying on a table; and the boat's crew that came off to their relief from Sunderland, and who were also detained by stress of weather, slept on the floor round the fire.

GRACE DARLING'S HEROIC DEED WAS SOON NOISED ABROAD

Grace Darling's heroic deed was soon noised abroad, and the Longstone Lighthouse became the centre of attraction to thousands. Many people visited the wreck, which consisted of the forecastle, part of the engine, paddle-wheels, anchor, cable, foremast, and rigging. Search was made for the missing bodies, but with little success; and the cargo, which was extremely valuable, could not be recovered. A public subscription was soon set on foot, and Grace was presented with the splendid gift of £700. The Royal Humane Society also forwarded a vote of thanks to her, and the president presented her with a silver teapot, and money flowed in from other sources. At Newcastle the amount of £280 10*s.* 3*d.* was subscribed. Grace received £160, and her father £58, and £35 was presented to the North Sunderland boatmen. A most gratifying note was received by the editor of the "Sun" from the hero of Navarino.

Sir, — As I do not know where to send the enclosed subscription for Grace Darling, I shall feel obliged by your forwarding it to the committee. I earnestly hope that the amount collected may be commensurate with the extraordinary deserts of that heroic girl, whose conduct in such a perilous and almost hopeless undertaking does honour to humanity.

I remain, etc.,

E. Codrington.

The Royal National Institution for the Preservation of Life from Shipwreck voted the silver medal to William Darling and his daughter, and subscribed £10 to

the Darling fund. The directors of the Glasgow Humane Society also sent their honorary medal to Grace. It bore the following inscription: —

"Presented by the Glasgow Humane Society to Miss Grace Horsley Darling, in admiration of her dauntless and heroic conduct in saving (along with her father) the lives of nine persons from the wreck of the Forfarshire steamer, 7th September, 1838."

The Duke of Northumberland also took a great interest in Grace Darling; he not only gave a handsome subscription to the testimonial, but took care of the money collected, and advised her how to invest it.

Of course Grace's portrait was taken, and sold with astonishing rapidity; indeed, the simple heroine excited such a furore that actually the manager of a theatre conceived the idea of having the occurrence represented on the stage, and offered her £800 for merely sitting in a boat that every one might see her. But Grace Darling's self-respect would not allow her to become a spectacle for curious eyes.

"She was glad to have saved lives at the risk of her own," she affirmed, "and would most willingly do it again if opportunity should occur; but she could not feel that she had done anything great, and certainly she did not wish for the praise that had been bestowed on her. As for going to the theatre to receive the plaudits of a curious crowd, that was the last thing she desired."

As the days passed on Grace became still more famous. The Duchess of Northumberland sent for her to Alnwick Castle, and though she did not see the queen, Her Majesty was well acquainted with the deed.

Hero-worship is sometimes ludicrous as well as inconvenient, as an amusing extract from a paper informs us. "Grace Darling's name is now as well known throughout the island as Queen Anne's; and to tell the people of the decease of the one is about as necessary as to warn them of the living glory of the other. . . . All feel individual gratitude to Grace Darling, and not a stranger that talks of her but knows her intimately. But, as we have said, the expression of this feeling of love and reverence is assuming an awkward character. It has taken, it appears, the shape, or shapes, of infinite demands upon her generosity in a minor way, . . . just one ringlet, one apiece for upwards of ten thousand applicants scattered over various parts of the kingdom, but all linked together by a common sentiment. The last report is (we quote the newspapers) that Grace is nearly bald; that lock after lock has gone, each finding its way into ring, brooch, or locket, until 'The Darling of life's crew' discovers, like Cæsar, that a laurel crown may be worn for use as well as ornament, may hide as well as adorn."

William Howitt gives an interesting account of his visit to Longstone and his interview with Grace Darling.

"When I went she was not visible, and I was afraid I should not see her, as her father said she very much disliked meeting strangers that she thought came to stare at her; but when the old man and I had had a little conversation he went up to her room, and soon came down with a smile, saying she would be with us soon. So when we had been up to the top lighthouse and had seen its machinery, had taken a good look-out at the distant shore, and Darling had pointed out the spot of the wreck,

and the way they took to bring the people off, we went down and found Grace sitting at her sewing, very neatly but very simply dressed in a plain sort of striped print gown, with her watch-seal just seen at her side, and her hair neatly braided, — just, in fact, as such girls are dressed, only not quite so smart as they often are. She rose very modestly, and with a pleasant smile said, 'How do you do, sir?' Her figure is by no means striking — quite the contrary; but her face is full of sense, modesty, and genuine goodness; and that is just the character she bears. Her prudence delights one. We are charmed that she should so well have supported the brilliancy of her humane deed. It is confirmative of the notion that such actions must spring from genuine heart and mind."

The "Sunderland Herald" of November 22d also contained a very pleasant article on the Darlings. After describing Grace much as William Howitt had done, it went on: "There is excellent accommodation to be met with at Longstone lighthouse, although it stands alone, upon a barren rock, five miles from the mainland. The tower is very ingeniously constructed, and contains a well-furnished sitting-room, in which is a capital collection of popular works, and three or four comfortable bedrooms. These, with an abundance of good, wholesome, homely fare, together with the very cheerful service of Grace and her parents, render a visit to the Farne Islands a treat of no ordinary description. Grace was taught to read and write by her father, together with seven of her brothers and sisters, and their schoolroom was the lantern of the lighthouse. William Darling, the father of Grace, is only in his fifty-fourth year, though he looks

much older. His face reminds me of the late Thomas Stothard, R. A., the painter of 'The Canterbury Pilgrimage,' and his person of the venerable Earl Grey. He reads much, and is most passionately fond of natural history.

"Mrs. Darling is a hale, comely old lady, bordering on threescore, and may be found engaged three parts of the day at her spinning-wheel. It is true she assisted to make ready the boat at daybreak on the morning of the melancholy wreck of the Forfarshire; but her heart failed her when her husband and child pushed off, and as the waves receded from the rock on which she stood trembling with tears, she exclaimed, 'Oh, Grace, if your father is lost, I 'll blame a' you for this morning's work.'"

It is interesting to know that the boat which carried Grace Darling and her father that eventful day is probably still in existence. It was, we believe, exhibited at the Exhibition of 1862, and again at the Naval and Fisheries Exhibition. It came into possession of her brother, Mr. George Darling, who afterwards sold it to Major Joicy, of Stocksfield-on-Tyne. Some planks taken out of it for repairs have been preserved as great treasures, and snuff boxes and other articles made from them.

It is painful to reflect that this beloved heroine was destined to an early death, for she was only six-and-twenty when consumption carried her off. Grace had never been particularly robust; she was slight of frame, and had not a strong build. Her health appearing delicate towards the end of 1841, she was by medical advice removed from Longstone Lighthouse to Bam-

borough, and placed under the care of a doctor, Mr. Fender. Finding herself no better, Grace begged to be removed to Wooler for change of air. "Wooler is a small market town in Northumberland, eighteen miles northwest of Alnwick, and is situated on the borders of the county. The scenery is delightful, for it is in the midst of a country varied with sunny hills and picturesque glens, which belong principally to the Cheviot range, the Humbleton, Hedgehope, and Beamish-head hills." But the pure, bracing atmosphere gave the invalid no relief, and it was evident that she was slowly fading.

At the request of her father she met him at Alnwick with a view of accompanying him to Newcastle for further medical advice. The Duchess of Northumberland, hearing of her arrival at Alnwick, procured for her a comfortable lodging in an airy part of the town, and sent her own physician. But all care and skill failed to arrest the fatal disease. Her father grew anxious that she should be with her own people; she was therefore removed to her sister's house at Bamborough, where she arrived only ten days before her death. On the day Grace left Alnwick, the duchess, with a single attendant, went to the lodging for the purpose of bidding her farewell, which she did with the most unaffected kindness. Grace bore her suffering with patience and resignation. Her eldest sister, Thomasin, nursed her devotedly; but though human love could soothe her last moments, it could not prolong her life.

Throughout her trying illness she was never heard to murmur or utter a complaint. "Shortly before her

death," we are informed, "she expressed a wish to see as many of her relations as the peculiar nature of their employments would admit, and, with surprising fortitude and self-command, she delivered to each one of them some token of remembrance. This done, she calmly awaited the approach of death; and finally, on October 20th, 1842, resigned her spirit without a murmur." The funeral took place at Bamborough, and was very numerously attended.

Two worthy memorials of Grace Darling have been erected — one in Bamborough churchyard, and the other in St. Cuthbert's Chapel, on the Farne Island. The former contains a recumbent figure of Grace Darling, and the other, which was put up on September 9th, 1844, bears this inscription: —

TO THE MEMORY OF

GRACE HORSLEY DARLING,

A NATIVE OF BAMBOROUGH, AND AN INHABITANT OF THESE ISLANDS,

WHO DIED OCTOBER 20TH, 1842,

AGED 26 YEARS.

But her best memorial is in the countless hearts that still love and cherish her, and to whom the name of Grace Darling, the noble heroine of the Farne Islands, is and always will be a sweet and sacred memory of a woman's pity and a woman's heroism.

THE LION AND THE MISSIONARY

By David Livingstone

RETURNING toward Kuruman, I selected the beautiful valley of Mabotsa (latitude 25° 14′ south, longitude 26° 30′ ?) as the site of a missionary station, and thither I removed in 1843. Here an occurrence took place concerning which I have frequently been questioned in England, and which, but for the importunities of friends, I meant to have kept in store to tell my children when in my dotage. The Bakátla of the village Mabotsa were much troubled by lions, which leaped into the cattle pens by night and destroyed their cows. They even attacked the herds in open day. This was so unusual an occurrence that the people believed that they were bewitched, — "given," as they said, "into the power of the lions by a neighboring tribe." They went once to attack the animals, but, being rather a cowardly people compared to Bechuanas in general on such occasions, they returned without killing any.

It is well known that if one of a troop of lions is killed, the others take the hint and leave that part of the country. So, the next time the herds were attacked, I went with the people, in order to encourage them to rid themselves of the annoyance by destroying one of the marauders. We found the lions on a small hill about a quarter of a mile in length, and covered with trees. A

circle of men was formed round it, and they gradually closed up, ascending pretty near to each other. Being down below on the plain with a native schoolmaster, named Mebálwe, a most excellent man, I saw one of the lions sitting on a piece of rock within the now closed circle of men. Mebálwe fired at him before I could, and the ball struck the rock on which the animal was sitting. He bit at the spot struck, as a dog does at a stick or stone thrown at him; then leaping away, broke through the opening circle and escaped unhurt. The men were afraid to attack him, perhaps on account of their belief in witchcraft. When the circle was re-formed, we saw two other lions in it; but we were afraid to fire lest we should strike the men, and they allowed the beasts to burst through also. If the Bakátla had acted according to the custom of the country, they would have speared the lions in their attempt to get out. Seeing we could not get them to kill one of the lions, we bent our footsteps toward the village; in going round the end of the hill, however, I saw one of the beasts sitting on a piece of rock as before, but this time he had a little bush in front. Being about thirty yards off, I took a good aim at his body through the bush, and fired both barrels into it. The men then called out, "He is shot, he is shot!" Others cried, "He has been shot by another man too; let us go to him!" I did not see any one else shoot at him, but I saw the lion's tail erected in anger behind the bush, and turning to the people, said, "Stop a little, till I load again." When in the act of ramming down the bullets, I heard a shout. Starting, and looking half round, I saw the lion just in the act of springing upon me.

I was upon a little height; he caught my shoulder as he sprang, and we both came to the ground below together. Growling horribly close to my ear, he shook me as a terrier dog does a rat. The shock produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake of the cat. It caused a sort of dreaminess, in which there was no sense of pain nor feeling of terror, though I was quite conscious of all that was happening. It was like what patients partially under the influence of chloroform describe, who see all the operation, but feel not the knife. This singular condition was not the result of any mental process. The shake annihilated fear, and allowed no sense of horror in looking round at the beast. This peculiar state is probably produced in all animals killed by the carnivora; and if so, is a merciful provision by our benevolent Creator for lessening the pain of death. Turning round to relieve myself of the weight, as he had one paw on the back of my head, I saw his eyes directed to Mebálwe, who was trying to shoot him at a distance of ten or fifteen yards. His gun, a flint one, missed fire in both barrels; the lion immediately left me, and, attacking Mebálwe, bit his thigh. Another man, whose life I had saved before, after he had been tossed by a buffalo, attempted to spear the lion while he was biting Mebálwe. He left Mebálwe and caught this man by the shoulder, but at that moment the bullets he had received took effect, and he fell down dead. The whole was the work of a few moments, and must have been his paroxysms of dying rage. In order to take out the charm from him, the Bakátla on the following day made a huge bonfire

HE CAUGHT MY SHOULDER AS HE SPRANG

over the carcass, which was declared to be that of the largest lion they had ever seen. Besides crunching the bone into splinters, he left eleven teeth wounds on the upper part of my arm.

A wound from this animal's tooth resembles a gunshot wound; it is generally followed by a great deal of sloughing and discharge, and pains are felt in the part periodically ever afterward. I had on a tartan jacket on the occasion, and I believe that it wiped off all the virus from the teeth that pierced the flesh, for my two companions in this affray have both suffered from the peculiar pains, while I have escaped with only the inconvenience of a false joint in my limb. The man whose shoulder was wounded showed me his wound actually burst forth afresh on the same month of the following year. This curious point deserves the attention of inquirers.

IMPRISONMENT OF ADONIRAM JUDSON IN BURMAH

By Erwin M. House

IT was in the year 1810 that some young men of Andover, Mass., hearing of the degraded condition of the people of India and Burmah, determined to offer themselves as missionaries for life to that country. Among them was Adoniram Judson, aged twenty-two years. With his wife, he sailed from Salem, Mass., for Calcutta, India, February 19, 1812, and from there for Rangoon, Burmah, where he arrived July, 1813. He at once set himself to work studying the language of the country. As soon as he was able to read and write Burmese he prepared a tract containing the doctrines of the Christian religion. Of this he made several copies and loaned them around to the people, requesting them to read and circulate them. Some did as desired, while others tore the tracts up before the missionary's eyes, and informed him that they had plenty of religions without any of his new kind.

In 1819 the first zayat was opened for preaching and religious instruction. A zayat is a large and beautiful house, found in every village, where strangers and travelers can rest. It is very much like a hotel, only it has but one or two large rooms. In June a man came to Mr. Judson expressing sorrow on account of his sins, and de-

siring baptism. After some conversation with him the missionary became convinced of his sincerity and baptized him. In November two others were baptized, making three converts in seven years' toil. But these three, in embracing the Christian faith, became the occasion of a great excitement and persecution. The priests were specially enraged, and by their influence obtained an order from the government to stop zayat and all other preaching. In the summer of 1820 Mr. Judson baptized seven additional converts, though it was at the peril of their lives.

Towards the close of 1821, Rev. Jonathan Price and wife were added to the mission. Mr. Price was a physician as well as a preacher, and as soon as the Burman king learned this he sent for him to come and live at Ava, which had become the seat of government. Accordingly, accompanied by Mr. Judson, Dr. Price went up the Irrawaddy River, and presented himself at the court of the Burman monarch. Several persons, among them the king, at once recognized Mr. Judson, and entered into conversation with him about his new religion, his success in converting the Burmese, and kindred topics.

For several months the doctor and Mr. Judson remained at Ava, the former being very successful in his practice, and both by their kind conduct winning the regards of all with whom they came in contact. In fact so strongly was the king prepossessed in favor of the missionaries that he insisted on their making Ava their permanent home. With this they were pleased, and both began immediately to arrange their affairs to this end; but scarcely had they begun when the news spread like

wildfire all over the country that war had been declared between Great Britain and Burmah. May 23 a messenger announced to the missionaries the capture of Rangoon by the English, which filled them at first with joy and then with fear. Besides the missionaries there were three young English merchants at Ava, named Gouger, Laird, and Rogers. These were arrested as spies and put in confinement, and Dr. Price and Mr. Judson were fearing the same fate, though more than once assured by the king's brother that they should not be disturbed. At length word came for the missionaries to appear before a court of inquiry. They were rigidly questioned, the great point being to know whether they had not been in correspondence with the government of England in regard to the state of Burmah. To this both the doctor and Mr. Judson replied that they had written letters only to friends in America, never once having had any correspondence either with English officers or the Bengal government. After their examination they were not put into confinement, but were permitted to go to their own houses.

Just before dinner, June 8, 1824, a gang of men rushed into Mr. Judson's house. One of them was an officer with a black book in his hand, and another of the twelve accompanying him was a man of spotted face, an executioner with a small hard cord in his hands.

"Where is the teacher?" called out the officer.

"Here I am," calmly replied Mr. Judson.

"You are called by the king," exclaimed the officer.

These are the words always used on occasion of making a criminal arrest. Scarcely had they been uttered

ere the man of spotted face had thrown Mr. Judson on the floor, and began tying him with the cord, the instrument of torture. Mrs. Judson caught him by the arm and said, "Stay, I will give you money;" whereupon the officer vociferated, "Take her too, — she is a foreigner." Mr. Judson, too, begged, with an imploring look, that they would not bind him till he could see the king himself.

The gang went on to the court-house, where the officers of the law were in waiting, one of whom read the sentence of the king commanding Mr. Judson to be cast into what was termed the death prison.

The death prison was constructed of boards, and was considerably stronger than an ordinary Burmese dwelling-house. There were no windows, nor other means of admitting the air, except by such cracks as always exist in a simple board house, and only one small door. The ground served as a floor, and prisoners were continually dying from disease, making the atmosphere very unhealthy and dangerous. The supply of food was so irregular that, when it came, the maddened way in which it was devoured not infrequently resulted in death.

Into such a prison was Mr. Judson thrust. His wife was at home alone, excepting for four small Burmese girls who had been living with her. She went into an inner room and tried to pray, but the Burmese officers without kept her in fear of her life the whole night. Some of them threatened to tear her house down and put the cord on her and carry her off; others yelled out that they had fire, and would burn her and the house up together.

Morning came, however, and she found neither herself nor the little girls injured.

Moung Ing calling, Mrs. Judson requested him to go and ascertain the situation of her husband, and to give him food, if living. He soon came back with the news that Dr. Price and Mr. Judson and all of the white prisoners were alive, but that each of them had on three pairs of iron fetters, and that all were fastened to a long pole to keep them from moving. This pole was passed between the legs, and was fastened at each end; so that the men, nine in number, were compelled to lie in a row upon the floor, without a mattress, or so much as a block or piece of wood for a pillow. One leg rested on the upper side of the long bamboo pole, and with all its weight of iron shackles pressed upon the leg below, producing, even after partial numbness had taken place, an agony almost beyond endurance.

Mrs. Judson wrote a letter to one of the king's sisters, with whom she was on intimate terms, beseeching her to interfere in behalf of the missionaries; but the letter was sent back, with the message that nothing could be done. On the third day she wrote and sent a letter to the governor of the city, who had the entire direction of prison affairs, requesting permission to visit him with a present. The governor was pleased, and told her to come, at the same time informing the guards that they must offer her no indignity or resistance. On reaching the governor's house she was received pleasantly, but was informed that the prisoners could not be set free, though possibly their situation might be rendered more comfortable. "Go to my head officer at the prison," said the governor, —

"maybe he will do something for you." She went, but her first glance told her that the tiger-cat would probably do nothing.

"What shall I do," said she to the chief jailer, "to obtain some mitigation of the sufferings of the two teachers?"

"Give me," was the reply, "two hundred ticals (about $200), two pieces of fine cloth, and two pieces of handkerchiefs."

Mrs. Judson had her pocket full of gold and silver, but she had no cloth or handkerchiefs either with her or at home. She drew out the money, and begged that he would take it, and not insist on articles which were not in her possession. The hardened monster frowned at first and refused, but in a few moments concluded to take the money and relieve the teachers.

Mrs. Judson then procured an order from the governor for her admittance into the prison, and started to see her husband. The order, however, failed to admit her. She was only permitted to see Mr. Judson at the door, and while conversing with him there the iron-hearted jailers gruffly told her to leave. She showed the order from the governor, and entreated them piteously to let her go in; but they told her, with greater roughness than ever, to leave instantly or they would drag her away.

Shortly afterwards the property of Mr. Gouger, amounting to fifty thousand rupees, or nearly $25,000, was confiscated. Next the officers entered the dwelling of Mrs. Judson, and informed her they were going to serve her in the same way. "Where is your gold and silver?" said the royal treasurer, after having looked

around very considerably in vain for money; "and where are your jewels?"

The officers carried the money and other things to the king, saying, "Judson is a true teacher; we found nothing in his house but what belongs to priests. In addition to this money there are an immense number of books, medicines, trunks full of clothes, etc., of which we have only taken a list. Shall we take them or let them remain?"

"Let them remain," said the king, "and put this property by itself, for it shall be restored to Mr. Judson again if he be found innocent." This was an allusion to the idea of his being a spy.

Mrs. Judson prepared a petition to the queen, who was once her warm friend, asking her to intercede for the release of her husband and Dr. Price; but the queen sent word back, "The teachers will not die; let them remain as they are." This went like a thunderbolt to her heart, and for ten long days she endeavored to obtain admittance to the prison to tell Mr. Judson the sad news. She then wrote a letter, and managed to secure a poor Burmese laborer, her friend, to carry it secretly to her husband. The plan succeeded, and in this way several letters were passed back and forth. At last the letter-carrier was found out and whipped nigh unto death, and then placed in the stocks and kept there several days. Mrs. Judson was also fined ten dollars for the alleged misdemeanor, and threats were made to her that the prisoners would suffer additionally.

One afternoon at the close of the seventh month a change came. A crowd of natives rushed into the prison

yard, and while some seized the white prisoners, already burdened with three pairs of fetters, and put on two pairs more, others tore down the little bamboo house which Mrs. Judson had built, and snatched up and carried off all the pillows and mattresses. Mr. Judson and Dr. Price, as well as the seven others, were stripped nearly naked and hurried into the inner prison, then thrown on the floor and the bamboo pole run between their legs. The cause of this was the receipt of the news at Ava of the complete rout and destruction by the English of the Burman army under Bandoola, the greatest war captain the king had.

Here were more than one hundred wretched men writhing and groaning and rattling their chains, and struggling to obtain a little pure air and some relief from the fever and heat of the dark room. At nightfall one of the jailers whispered that all the white prisoners were to be executed at three o'clock that night. They waited in suspense till the gray morning light shone through the board cracks, when the head jailer came in, and in answer to their questions whether they were to be executed, chucking them under the chin, he said, "Oh, no, I can't spare my beloved children yet." As he finished speaking he kicked the bamboo pole so violently that all the chains rattled, and the five rows of fetters dashed together, pinching sharply the flesh they caught between them.

After Mr. Judson had been about a month in the inner prison he was attacked with a slow fever, which threatened to terminate his life. His wife, on learning his illness, was greatly distressed, and begged permission of

the jailers to rebuild the bamboo house in the prison enclosure; but it was all in vain.

Something like a year before the war broke out the king had received from a foreign friend the present of a noble lion. The king thought a great deal of his present, as also did all the members of his court. But now it was noised around that the English carried a lion upon their standard, and that the real reason of the failure in war of Bandoola was because of the lion kept by the king. No one, however, dared to speak out boldly against the lion, except a brutal fellow who was brother to the king's wife, and who owed all his position and influence to the subtle tricks and sly intriguings of his sister. He said two or three times in the hearing of the king, "If that old lion was only out of the way, they could soon kill off the English army."

And now began a new and terrible scene of misery. The missionaries had seen men and boys beaten and smothered and starved, and then dragged out by the heels and fed to the dogs. But to see a lion, that could not comprehend the meaning of such cruelty, was something for which the missionaries were not prepared.

Day after day the poor beast writhed with the pangs of hunger, parched with thirst, and bruised and bleeding from his fearful struggles to escape from the cage. "His roarings," said Mr. Judson, "seemed to shake the prison to its foundations, and sent a thrill of indescribable terror to our hearts." The head jailer said it was the British lion struggling against the conquering Burmahs, though at times his face betrayed marks of uneasiness and fear. Now and then a woman, who could not bear

to hear the poor animal howl and roar so, would steal in, in the nightfall, and throw some crumbs of food to him through the cage bars. Instead, however, of appeasing his hunger, his ravings were only made the wilder by so small an amount. At last, however, he died, and his skeleton was dragged out of the cage and buried with more honor than is customarily shown in the case of human beings.

By long importunity Mrs. Judson succeeded in obtaining the permission of the governor to take her husband out of the prison into the empty lion's cage. He was very weak from the fever, and could scarcely crawl to his new quarters; and when in the cage neither he nor Mrs. Judson could stand up in it, so low was its top.

One morning, while Mrs. Judson was sitting in the cage with her husband, just after he was through eating the breakfast she had brought, a messenger came in haste to inform her that she was wanted at the governor's. She started up in fear and hurried tremblingly to his house. At first sight of his face, which was all smiles, her fear left her, and when he stated to her that his watch was out of order, and that he wished it examined and fixed, she very pleasantly replied that she would do the best she could, and sitting down she began the work.

For some two hours she was in the governor's company, he being very talkative and agreeable. She then started home, but on her way was met by one of her former female servants, who told her that the prisoners, her husband among the rest, had all been carried off. Instantly Mrs. Judson saw through the governor's deception, and became almost wild with grief. She ran into

one of the principal streets, and a long distance down it, hoping to catch some glimpse of her husband, but in vain. She asked every one she met what had become of the white prisoners, but no one could answer her. At length she met an old woman, who informed her that they had been marched off towards "the little river," and that they were afterwards to be taken to Amarapoora. She thereupon ran to the little river, but could see nothing of them. She then hurried to the place where criminals were executed, but found nothing of them there. Lastly, she returned to the governor's house, and inquired of him, who at first pretended to be surprised at their having disappeared, but in the end said he supposed they had gone to Amarapoora.

Next morning Mrs. Judson packed two trunks with some of the most valuable articles in her house, and had them and the medicine chest deposited at the governor's; the rest of the things she left in charge of two faithful servants. By sunrise she and her little company, consisting of her babe, three months old, named Maria, two little Burman girls, and a Bengalese cook, who was the only help, were on their way. They proceeded five miles in a covered boat, and then secured a cart for the two remaining miles. The day was dreadfully hot and dusty, and Mrs. Judson and her babe nearly perished before reaching Amarapoora.

What was her astonishment on arriving at the courtyard to learn that the prisoners were not there, but that two hours previously they had been sent to a prison four miles distant! The cartman who brought her to Amarapoora refused to go farther, saying that his bullocks

were tired, and that it was too hot and dusty. With her babe in her arms, and the sun pouring down its blistering rays, she walked all over the town hunting a new cartman. Succeeding at last, the journey was resumed, and just at dusk they came in sight of Oung-pen-la, where the prison was located. The prison itself was an old and shattered building, without a roof; eight or ten Burmese laborers were at work making a roof of leaves; and underneath a projection outside of the prison sat the nine chained white prisoners, almost dead with suffering and fatigue. Mr. Judson, especially, was very much exhausted, having not yet recovered from his attack of fever. Nothing escaped her lips; but his first words were "Why have you come? I hoped you would not follow, for you cannot live here." It was now dark. Mrs. Judson and all the rest were very hungry. But she had no tea or bread, nothing even of which they could make a meal. She begged of one of the jailers the privilege of putting up a little bamboo hut near the prison; but he said it was not customary, and refused the request. Seeing, however, the weak state of the babe, and the mother's exhausted strength, he took them to his own house of two small rooms, and told her she might have the smaller one. It was partly filled with grain, and was damp and filthy; but the hour being late, and this her only chance for the night, she went in. Borrowing some lukewarm water of the jailer's wife, she drank it instead of tea, and then threw herself on a mat to sleep.

Early next morning Mr. Judson gave his wife an account of the brutal treatment he received when taken from the prison at Ava. While she was at the governor's

he was roughly dragged out, and all his clothes stripped off except his shirt and pantaloons. Every other prisoner was served in the same way. Then round the waist of each a stout rope was wound, and thus fixed, barefooted and bareheaded, walking in pairs, an officer in advance of the company on horseback, and a slave holding to each pair by a cord, the wretched men marched along, none of them knew whither. It was in May, the hottest month of the year in Burmah, and about eleven o'clock, A.M. They had proceeded scarcely half a mile when Mr. Judson's feet blistered, and so great was his agony that he cried out to be thrown into the river. There were yet eight miles to walk, and the way was over sand and gravel that felt like hot coals to their naked feet. The skin peeled almost wholly off, but the unfeeling drivers plied them with their whips, caring nothing if they killed them even before reaching Amarapoora.

Previous to starting Mr. Judson had tasted no breakfast, and from the effects of his fever was unable to endure fatigue like the rest. When about halfway the company stopped to drink, and he asked the officer who took the lead if he could not let him ride awhile on horseback; but a scowl of vengeance was all the reply he received. He then asked the man to whom he was tied, Captain Laird, if he might not take hold of his shoulder and rest himself some, to which the captain kindly assented. But they had proceeded in this way only a little over a mile when the captain's strength failed. Just at this time a Bengalese servant in the employ of Mr. Gouger came up, and seeing Mr. Judson's failing condition, gave him his shoulder, and carried him nearly all

the remainder of the journey. He also tore his turban in two, which was made of cloth, and giving half to Mr. Gouger and half to Mr. Judson, they bound up their bleeding feet with the pieces. The captain, seeing the deplorable condition of his prisoners, concluded to stay one night at Amarapoora, though originally he had determined to reach Oung-pen-la before stopping. An old shed was found, and under it they were driven to spend the night. The wife of the lamine-woon, or chief officer, had her heart moved when she saw the wretched condition of the "white men," and immediately ordered some fruit, sugar, and tamarinds for their supper. In the morning she further manifested the benevolence of her heart by cooking some rice, which, poor though it was, was eaten with grateful hearts. Carts were then brought, drawn by oxen, and the prisoners placed in them, they being unable to walk.

After a restless night with her babe Mrs. Judson arose, and, leaving the child with the older one of the girls, started in search of food. She returned, after a long march, unsuccessful. One of the prisoners, however, a friend of Dr. Price, had brought some cold rice and a vegetable curry, or stew, from Amarapoora, and another one some tea. Here, also, began great personal troubles with Mrs. Judson. She had not a single article of convenience, not even a chair or stool. The very morning of her arrival little Mary Haseltine, the older of the two Burman girls, was taken down with smallpox in the natural way. Her husband was also prostrated with a fresh attack of fever. She could obtain no help or medicine. Her babe cried piteously and almost con-

stantly, and she had to keep her nearly every moment in her arms. First she would have to look after Mary Haseltine and then after her husband, and all the time after the babe, except when asleep. Then it would lie for an hour or so on a bamboo mat by the side of its father.

Gradually Mr. Judson grew better. At first the prisoners were chained two and two, but as soon as the prison keepers found other chains they separated the men, fastening on them but one pair. The great exertion which Mrs. Judson had made brought on a bowel disease, to which foreigners are subject in India, and which almost always terminates in a few days with death. She had no medicine with which to check it, nor was any nearer than Ava. She became so weak that she could scarcely go once a day to see her chained husband; but in this low state she set out for Ava, where her medicine chest was deposited. She reached the governor's house in safety, and for two or three days the disease was at a stand. Suddenly it came on again, and so violently that she saw death staring her in the face. Her only wish now was to get back to Oung-pen-la and die beside her husband and babe. There was no one to give her medicine, but with great effort she crawled to the medicine chest, and, taking out a vial of laudanum, swallowed two drops. She did this at the end of every two hours for a day, and then crawled down, being too weak to walk, and got into a boat bound for Amarapoora.

During this sickness Mrs. Judson's babe, Maria, suffered the most. She could not nurse her, nor could the father be of any help. By long persuasion and the

offer of presents, she prevailed on the jailer to allow her husband to go out into town with the child in his arms, to beg the privilege of having it nursed by mothers who had small children. Through the night Mr. Judson was chained in the prison yard, and the poor child lay all night on the matting in a corner of Mrs. Judson's room, and yet she was unable even to drag herself to it. Once in a while the jailers would allow Mr. Judson to visit her, and then again their iron hearts would not suffer him to go for a week or more. In almost all cases it became necessary to pay money for the privilege of a visit.

At the end of eighteen months' imprisonment an order came for the release of Mr. Judson. With a joyful heart Mrs. Judson prepared to leave Oung-pen-la; but what was her disappointment on being informed by the chief jailer that she was not mentioned in the order of release, and therefore could not go. She told him that she was not a prisoner, never had been, and that, therefore, an order for her release was unnecessary and absurd. But the avaricious wretches could not thus be satisfied. They forbade, on penalty of execution, any villager to let her a cart and oxen.

Mr. Judson was then taken out of prison to the house of the jailer, and there, after a long altercation and various threats and promises, he obtained permission for Mrs. Judson to leave also. Only within a few days she had received a liberal supply of provisions from Ava, and all this had to be surrendered to the jailers for their own use.

At noon they left, Mr. Judson being in charge of the chief jailer, and Mrs. Judson and her servant and

children in a boat which she hired. Both reached Ava before dark; but while Mrs. Judson found her way to her own house, Mr. Judson was locked up in prison.

Early next morning Mrs. Judson went to look after her husband. She was almost disheartened to find him locked up again, and still with his chains on; but the governor of the city informed her that he was only imprisoned for a short time, and that as soon as certain affairs were settled he was to go to the Burmese camp as interpreter. "He shall come to-morrow on his way to Maloun, where the army is encamped, and see you awhile," said the governor.

With great anxiety Mrs. Judson waited to see if the governor's words were true. They so turned out. Her husband spent an hour or two with her, and was then crowded into a little boat for Maloun. He was three days on the river, and, having no bed and being exposed to the night dews, was attacked again with fever, which very nearly put an end to his life.

Scarcely had her husband left before Mrs. Judson, whose health had never recovered from the sickness suffered at Oung-pen-la, began rapidly to fail. A dreadful Indian disease, called the spotted fever, attacked her. She knew that in the majority of cases the disease terminated fatally. Her distress in regard to her babe, Maria, was great, but the very day she was prostrated a Burmese nurse offered her services. This was all the more remarkable for the fact that she had repeatedly on previous occasions tried hard, yet in vain, to obtain a nurse.

About this time Mr. Judson was returned from the

Burmese camp to Ava. He passed immediately in front of his own house as he proceeded to the governor's house. He had not seen his wife or child for six weeks, and he begged earnestly and imploringly that he might go in the door, which was open, if only for five minutes; but his keepers were deaf to his appeals, and dragged him on to the courtyard. There, under a decaying shed, he lay chained for the night. Quite early in the morning the governor sent for him, and remarked to him that he would go his security for the government and let him have his liberty.

More swiftly than the feet of a deer he ran to his house; the door was open, and without being seen by any one he entered. The first object which met his eye was a fat, half-naked Burmese woman, squatting in the ashes beside a pan of fire, and holding a puny babe on her lap, all covered with dirt, and which he did not for a moment think was his own. He hurried into an adjoining room; and across the foot of a bed, as if she had fallen there, was a woman whom he had as much difficulty in recognizing as his child. Her face was ghastly pale, the features shriveled and pinched, and the hair entirely shaved from the head, which was now covered with a coarse cotton cap. The room itself wore an air of the most abject wretchedness.

An attempt was subsequently made to have Mr. Judson sent back to the prison at Oung-pen-la. His wife, accidentally hearing of this while yet confined to her room, was so seriously affected that her nurse ran out of the house and declared she was dead. Referring to the circumstance, Mrs. Judson, in a letter to her brother,

used these words: "If ever I felt the value and efficacy of prayer I did at this time. I could not rise from my couch; I could make no effort to secure my husband; I could only plead with that great and powerful Being who has said, 'Call upon me in the day of trouble, and *I will hear*, and thou shalt glorify me!' and who made me at this time feel so powerfully this promise that I became quite composed, feeling assured that my prayers would be answered."

The English army were approaching constantly nearer and nearer to Ava, and the Burmese were thrown into great consternation. They saw, from the ease with which their forces were vanquished, that unless peace was speedily made their city would fall into the hands of the foreign army. Mr. Judson and Dr. Price were consulted daily, as also were two English officers in captivity there. After almost endless negotiations, and the payment of a large sum of money to the king by Sir Archibald Campbell, the commander of the English forces, Mr. and Mrs. Judson were allowed to leave Ava for the English camp at Amherst, thirty miles from Maulmain.

It was on a cool moonlight night in March that the little party, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Judson, their babe, and Abby and Mary Haseltine, set sail down the river Irrawaddy for the British camp. For the first time for a year and a half they were free from the oppressive rule of Burmese. That they were happy need not be said. Mr. Judson, in referring to the matter, wrote these words: "My wife was by my side, my baby in my arms, and we all free. No one but ourselves could understand the feeling of our hearts. It needs a twenty-one months'

qualification; and I can never regret my twenty-one months of misery when I recall that one delicious thrill, experienced that March moonlight night, as we floated down the Irrawaddy. I think I have had a better appreciation of what heaven may be ever since."

Not long afterwards a treaty of peace was concluded and signed by both the English and Burmese, and a public proclamation made of the cessation of hostilities. Mr. and Mrs. Judson went to Yandabo, remained there two weeks, then left for Rangoon, where they arrived after an absence of two years and three months.

A QUIET WALK WITH STANLEY IN AFRICA

By Henry Morton Stanley

THE herdkeeper who attended the goats and donkeys soon after our arrival in camp drove the animals to water, and in order to obtain it they traveled through a tunnel in the brake, caused by elephants and rhinoceroses. They had barely entered the dark cavernous passage, when a black-spotted leopard sprang, and fastened its fangs in the neck of one of the donkeys, causing it, from the pain, to bray hideously. Its companions set up such a frightful chorus, and so lashed their heels in the air at the feline marauder, as to cause the leopard to bound away through the brake, as if in sheer dismay at the noisy cries which the attack had provoked. The donkey's neck exhibited some frightful wounds, but the animal was not dangerously hurt.

Thinking that possibly I might meet with an adventure with a lion or a leopard in that dark belt of tall trees, under whose impenetrable shade grew the dense thicket that formed such admirable coverts for the carnivorous species, I took a stroll along the awesome place with the gunbearer, Kalulu, carrying an extra gun and a further supply of ammunition. We crept cautiously along, looking keenly into the deep, dark dens, the entrances of which were revealed to us, as we journeyed, expectant

every moment to behold the reputed monarch of the brake and thicket bound forward to meet us, and I took a special delight in picturing, in my imagination, the splendor and majesty of the wrathful brute, as he might stand before me. I peered closely into every dark opening, hoping to see the deadly glitter of the great angry eyes, and the glowering menacing front of the lion as he would regard me. But, alas! after an hour's search for adventure, I had encountered nothing, and I accordingly waxed courageous, and crept into one of these leafy, thorny caverns, and found myself shortly standing under a canopy of foliage that was held above my head fully a hundred feet by the shapely and towering stems of the royal mvule. Who can imagine the position? A smooth lawn-like glade; a dense and awful growth of impenetrable jungle around us, those stately natural pillars — a glorious phalanx of royal trees, bearing at such sublime heights vivid green masses of foliage, through which no single sun-ray penetrated, while at our feet babbled the primeval brook, over smooth pebbles, in soft tones befitting the sacred quiet of the scene! Who could have desecrated this solemn, holy harmony of nature? But just as I was thinking it impossible that any man could be tempted to disturb the serene solitude of the place, I saw a monkey perched high on a branch over my head, contemplating, with something of an awe-struck look, the strange intruders beneath. Well, I could not help it, I laughed, — laughed loud and long, until I was hushed by the chaos of cries and strange noises which seemed to respond to my laughing. A troop of monkeys, hidden in the leafy depths above, had been rudely awakened, and,

startled by the noise I made, were hurrying away from the scene with a dreadful clamor of cries and shrieks.

Emerging again into the broad sunlight, I strolled farther in search of something to shoot. Presently, I saw, feeding quietly in the forest which bounded the valley of the Mtambu on the left, a huge, reddish-colored wild boar, armed with most horrid tusks. Leaving Kalulu crouched down behind a tree, and my solar helmet behind another close by — that I might more safely stalk the animal — I advanced towards him some forty yards, and after taking a deliberate aim, fired at his fore shoulder. As if nothing had hurt him whatever, the animal made a furious bound, and then stood with his bristles erected, and tufted tail, curved over the back, — a most formidable brute in appearance. While he was thus listening, and searching the neighborhood with his keen small eyes, I planted another shot in his chest, which ploughed its way through his body. Instead of falling, however, as I expected he would, he charged furiously in the direction the bullet had come, and as he rushed past me, another ball was fired, which went right through him; but still he kept on, until, within six or seven yards from the trees behind which Kalulu was crouching down on one side, and the helmet was resting behind another, he suddenly halted, and then dropped. But as I was about to advance on him with my knife to cut his throat, he suddenly started up; his eyes had caught sight of the little boy Kalulu, and were then, almost immediately afterwards, attracted by the sight of the snowy helmet. These strange objects on either side of him proved too much for the boar, for, with a terrific grunt, he darted on

A HUGE, REDDISH-COLORED WILD BOAR

one side into a thick brake, from which it was impossible to oust him, and as it was now getting late, and the camp was about three miles away, I was reluctantly obliged to return without the meat.

On our way to camp we were accompanied by a large animal which persistently followed us on our left. It was too dark to see plainly, but a large form was visible, if not very clearly defined. It must have been a lion, unless it was the ghost of the dead boar.

That night, about 11 P.M., we were startled by the roar of a lion, in close proximity to the camp. Soon it was joined by another, and another still, and the novelty of the thing kept me awake. I peered through the gate of the camp, and endeavored to sight a rifle, — my little Winchester, in the accuracy of which I had perfect confidence; but, alas for the cartridges, they might have been as well filled with sawdust for all the benefit I derived from them. Disgusted with the miserable ammunition, I left the lions alone, and turned in, with their roar as a lullaby.

DR. KANE TO THE RESCUE

By Elisha Kent Kane

EVERYTHING looked promising, and we were only waiting for intelligence that our advance party had deposited its provisions in safety to begin our transit of the bay. Except a few sledge lashings and some trifling accoutrements to finish, all was ready.

We were at work cheerfully, sewing away at the skins of some moccasins by the blaze of our lamps, when, toward midnight, we heard the noise of steps above, and the next minute Sontag, Ohlsen, and Petersen came down into the cabin. Their manner startled me even more than their unexpected appearance on board. They were swollen and haggard, and hardly able to speak.

Their story was a fearful one. They had left their companions in the ice, risking their own lives to bring us the news: Brooks, Wilson, and Pierre were all lying frozen and disabled. Where? They could not tell, — somewhere in among the hummocks to the north and east; it was drifting heavily round them when they parted. Irish Tom had stayed by to feed and care for the others; but the chances were sorely against them. It was in vain to question them further. They had evidently traveled a great distance, for they were sinking with fatigue and hunger, and could hardly be rallied enough to tell us the direction in which they had come.

My first impulse was to move on the instant with an unencumbered party: a rescue, to be effective or even hopeful, could not be too prompt. What pressed on my mind most was, where the sufferers were to be looked for among the drifts. Ohlsen seemed to have his faculties rather more at command than his associates, and I thought that he might assist us as a guide; but he was sinking with exhaustion, and if he went with us we must carry him.

There was not a moment to be lost. While some were still busy with the newcomers and getting ready a hasty meal, others were rigging out the "Little Willie" with a buffalo cover, a small tent, and a package of pemmican; and, as soon as we could hurry through our arrangements, Ohlsen was strapped on in a fur bag, his legs wrapped in dogskins and eiderdown, and we were off upon the ice. Our party consisted of nine men and myself. We carried only the clothes on our backs. The thermometer stood at — 46°, seventy-eight degrees below the freezing point.

A well-known peculiar tower of ice, called by the men the "Pinnacly Berg," served as our first landmark; other icebergs of colossal size, which stretched in long beaded lines across the bay, helped to guide us afterward; and it was not until we had traveled for sixteen hours that we began to lose our way.

We knew that our lost companions must be somewhere in the area before us, within a radius of forty miles. Mr. Ohlsen, who had been for fifty hours without rest, fell asleep as soon as we began to move, and awoke now with unequivocal signs of mental disturbance. It

became evident that he had lost the bearing of the icebergs, which in form and color endlessly repeated themselves; and the uniformity of the vast field of snow utterly forbade the hope of local landmarks.

Pushing ahead of the party, and clambering over some rugged ice piles, I came to a long level floe, which I thought might probably have attracted the eyes of weary men in circumstances like our own. It was a light conjecture; but it was enough to turn the scale, for there was no other to balance it. I gave orders to abandon the sledge, and disperse in search of footmarks. We raised our tent, placed our pemmican in *cache*, except a small allowance for each man to carry on his person; and poor Ohlsen, now just able to keep his legs, was liberated from his bag. The thermometer had fallen by this time to — 49.3°, and the wind was setting in sharply from the northwest. It was out of the question to halt,—it required brisk exercise to keep us from freezing. I could not even melt ice for water; and, at these temperatures, any resort to snow for the purpose of allaying thirst was followed by bloody lips and tongue: it burnt like caustic.

It was indispensable, then, that we should move on, looking out for traces as we went. Yet when the men were ordered to spread themselves, so as to multiply the chances, though they all obeyed heartily, some painful impress of solitary danger, or perhaps it may have been the varying configuration of the ice field, kept them closing up continually into a single group. The strange manner in which some of us were affected I now attribute as much to shattered nerves as to the direct

influence of the cold. Men like McGary and Bonsall, who had stood out our severest marches, were seized with trembling fits and short breath; and, in spite of all my efforts to keep up an example of sound bearing, I fainted twice on the snow.

We had been nearly eighteen hours out without water or food, when a new hope cheered us. I think it was Hans, our Esquimaux hunter, who thought he saw a broad sledge-track. The drift had nearly effaced it, and we were some of us doubtful at first whether it was not one of those accidental rifts which the gales make in the surface snow. But, as we traced it on to the deep snow among the hummocks, we were led to footsteps; and, following these with religious care, we at last came in sight of a small American flag fluttering from a hummock, and lower down a little Masonic banner hanging from a tent pole hardly above the drift. It was the camp of our disabled comrades: we reached it after an unbroken march of twenty-one hours.

The little tent was nearly covered. I was not among the first to come up; but, when I reached the tent curtain, the men were standing in silent file on each side of it. With more kindness and delicacy of feeling than is often supposed to belong to sailors, but which is almost characteristic, they intimated their wish that I should go in alone. As I crawled in, and, coming upon the darkness, heard before me the burst of welcome gladness that came from the four poor fellows stretched on their backs, and then for the first time the cheer outside, my weakness and my gratitude together almost overcame me. "They had expected me: they were sure I would come!"

We were now fifteen souls; the thermometer seventy-five degrees below the freezing point; and our sole accommodation a tent barely able to contain eight persons: more than half our party were obliged to keep from freezing by walking outside while the others slept. We could not halt long. Each of us took a turn of two hours' sleep; and we prepared for our homeward march.

We took with us nothing but the tent, furs to protect the rescued party, and food for a journey of fifty hours. Everything else was abandoned. Two large buffalo bags, each made of four skins, were doubled up, so as to form a sort of sack, lined on each side by fur, closed at the bottom but open at the top. This was laid on the sledge; the tent, smoothly folded, serving as a floor. The sick, with their limbs sewed up carefully in reindeer skins, were placed upon the bed of buffalo robes, in a half-reclining posture; other skins and blanket bags were thrown above them; and the whole litter was lashed together so as to allow but a single opening opposite the mouth for breathing.

This necessary work cost us a great deal of time and effort; but it was essential to the lives of the sufferers. It took us no less than four hours to strip and refresh them, and then to embale them in the manner I have described. Few of us escaped without frost-bitten fingers: the thermometer was at 55.6° below zero, and a slight wind added to the severity of the cold.

It was completed at last, however; all hands stood round; and, after repeating a short prayer, we set out on our retreat. It was fortunate indeed that we were not inexperienced in sledging over the ice. A great part of

our track lay among a succession of hummocks; some of them extending in long lines, fifteen and twenty feet high, and so uniformly steep that we had to turn them by a considerable deviation from our direct course; others that we forced our way through, far above our heads in height, lying in parallel ridges, with the space between too narrow for the sledge to be lowered into it safely, and yet not wide enough for the runners to cross without the aid of ropes to stay them. These spaces too were generally choked with light snow, hiding the openings between the ice fragments. They were fearful traps to disengage a limb from, for every man knew that a fracture or a sprain even would cost him his life. Besides all this, the sledge was top-heavy with its load: the maimed men could not bear to be lashed down tight enough to secure them against falling off. Notwithstanding our caution in rejecting every superfluous burden, the weight, including bags and tent, was eleven hundred pounds.

And yet our march for the first six hours was very cheering. We made by vigorous pulls and lifts nearly a mile an hour, and reached the new floes before we were absolutely weary. Our sledge sustained the trial admirably. Ohlsen, restored by hope, walked steadily at the leading belt of the sledge lines; and I began to feel certain of reaching our halfway station of the day before, where we had left our tent. But we were still nine miles from it, when, almost without premonition, we all became aware of an alarming failure of our energies.

I was of course familiar with the benumbed and almost lethargic sensation of extreme cold; and once, when exposed for some hours in the midwinter of Baffin's Bay,

I had experienced symptoms which I compared to the diffused paralysis of the electro-galvanic shock. But I had treated the *sleepy comfort* of freezing as something like the embellishment of romance. I had evidence now to the contrary.

Bonsall and Morton, two of our stoutest men, came to me, begging permission to sleep, — "they were not cold; the wind did not enter them now; a little sleep was all they wanted." Presently Hans was found nearly stiff under a drift; and Thomas, bolt upright, had his eyes closed, and could hardly articulate. At last, John Blake threw himself on the snow and refused to rise. They did not complain of feeling cold; but it was in vain that I wrestled, boxed, ran, argued, jeered, or reprimanded: an immediate halt could not be avoided.

We pitched our tent with much difficulty. Our hands were too powerless to strike a fire: we were obliged to do without water or food. Even the spirits (whisky) had frozen at the men's feet, under all the coverings. We put Bonsall, Ohlsen, Thomas, and Hans, with the other sick men, well inside the tent, and crowded in as many others as we could. Then, leaving the party in charge of Mr. McGary, with orders to come on after four hours' rest, I pushed ahead with William Godfrey, who volunteered to be my companion. My aim was to reach the halfway tent, and thaw some ice and pemmican before the others arrived.

The floe was of level ice, and the walking excellent. I cannot tell how long it took us to make the nine miles; for we were in a strange sort of stupor, and had little apprehension of time. It was probably about four hours.

We kept ourselves awake by imposing on each other a continued articulation of words; they must have been incoherent enough. I recall these hours as among the most wretched I have ever gone through: we were neither of us in our right senses, and retained a very confused recollection of what preceded our arrival at the tent. We both of us, however, remember a bear, who walked leisurely before us and tore up as he went a jumper that Mr. McGary had improvidently thrown off the day before. He tore it into shreds and rolled it into a ball, but never offered to interfere with our progress. I remember this, and with it a confused sentiment that our tent and buffalo robes might probably share the same fate. Godfrey, with whom the memory of this day's work may atone for many faults of a later time, had a better eye than myself; and, looking some miles ahead, he could see that our tent was undergoing the same unceremonious treatment. I thought I saw it too, but we were so drunken with cold that we strode on steadily, and, for aught I know, without quickening our pace.

Probably our approach saved the contents of the tent; for when we reached it the tent was uninjured, though the bear had overturned it, tossing the buffalo robes and pemmican into the snow; we missed only a couple of blanket bags. What we recollect, however, and perhaps all we recollect, is that we had great difficulty in raising it. We crawled into our reindeer sleeping bags, without speaking, and for the next three hours slept on in a dreamy but intense slumber. When I awoke, my long beard was a mass of ice, frozen fast to the buffalo skin: Godfrey had to cut me out with his jackknife. Four

days after our escape, I found my woollen comfortable with a goodly share of my beard still adhering to it.

We were able to melt water and get some soup cooked before the rest of our party arrived: it took them but five hours to walk the nine miles. They were doing well, and considering the circumstances, in wonderful spirits. The day was most providentially windless, with a clear sun. All enjoyed the refreshment we had got ready; the crippled were repacked in their robes; and we sped briskly toward the hummock ridges which lay between us and the Pinnacly Berg.

The hummocks we had now to meet came properly under the designation of squeezed ice. A great chain of bergs stretching from northwest to southeast, moving with the tides, had compressed the surface floes; and, rearing them up on their edges, produced an area more like the volcanic pedragal of the basin of Mexico than anything else I can compare it to.

It required desperate efforts to work our way over it, — literally desperate, for our strength failed us anew, and we began to lose our self-control. We could not abstain any longer from eating snow: our mouths swelled, and some of us became speechless. Happily the day was warmed by a clear sunshine, and the thermometer rose to — 4° in the shade: otherwise we must have frozen.

Our halts multiplied, and we fell half-sleeping on the snow. I could not prevent it. Strange to say, it refreshed us. I ventured upon the experiment myself, making Riley wake me at the end of three minutes; and I felt so much benefited by it that I timed the men in the same way. They sat on the runners of the sledge, fell asleep

WE HAD STEERED A BEE LINE FOR THE BRIG

instantly, and were forced to wakefulness when their three moments were out.

By eight in the evening we emerged from the floes. The sight of the Pinnacly Berg revived us. Brandy, an invaluable resource in emergency, had already been served out in tablespoonful doses. We now took a longer rest, and a last but stouter dram, and reached the brig at 1 P.M., we believe without a halt.

I say *we believe*, and here perhaps is the most decided proof of our sufferings: we were quite delirious, and had ceased to entertain a sane apprehension of the circumstances about us. We moved on like men in a dream. Our footmarks seen afterward showed that we had steered a bee line for the brig. It must have been by a sort of instinct, for it left no impress on the memory. Bonsall was sent staggering ahead, and reached the brig, God knows how, for he had fallen repeatedly at the track lines, but he delivered with punctilious accuracy the messages I had sent by him to Dr. Hayes. I thought myself the soundest of all, for I went through all the formula of sanity, and can recall the muttering delirium of my comrades when we got back into the cabin of our brig. Yet I have been told since of some speeches, and some orders too, of mine which I should have remembered for their absurdity if my mind had retained its balance.

Petersen and Whipple came out to meet us about two miles from the brig. They brought my dog team, with the restoratives I had sent for by Bonsall. I do not remember their coming. Dr. Hayes entered with judicious energy upon the treatment our condition called for, administering morphine freely, after the usual frictions.

He reported none of our brain symptoms as serious, referring them properly to the class of those indications of exhausted power which yield to generous diet and rest. Mr. Ohlsen suffered some time from strabismus and blindness: two others underwent amputation of parts of the foot, without unpleasant consequences; and two died in spite of all our efforts. This rescue party had been out for seventy-two hours. We had halted in all eight hours, half of our number sleeping at a time. We traveled between eighty and ninety miles, most of the way dragging a heavy sledge. The mean temperature of the whole time, including the warmest hours of three days, was at − 41.2°. We had no water except at our two halts, and were at no time able to intermit vigorous exercise without freezing.

April 4, Tuesday. — Four days have passed, and I am again at my record of failures, sound but aching still in every joint. The rescued men are not out of danger, but their gratitude is very touching. Pray God that they may live!

THE RETURN OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE FROM ELBA, AND HIS RECEPTION AT GRENOBLE

By John S. C. Abbott

ON the morning of the twenty-sixth of February, the Princess Pauline gave a banquet to the officers of the army, to the distinguished strangers, and to the principal inhabitants of the island of Elba. Napoleon, with all his accustomed frankness and buoyancy, conversed with his guests. He chatted very familiarly for a long time with some English travelers, whom curiosity had drawn to Elba. The plans of the Emperor were, however, all locked up in his own heart, — revealed to no one. He entered into no conspiracy; but, with sublime self-confidence in the unaided might of his own genius, went forth to the conquest of a kingdom. At a late hour of the evening he retired from the brilliant saloons, taking with him General Bertrand and General Drouot. He then said to them privately, —

"We leave the island to-morrow. Let the vessels which are at anchor be seized to-night. Let the guard be embarked in the morning. No vessel whatever must be permitted to leave the port until we are at sea. Do not allow my intentions to be revealed to any one."

The two generals passed the remainder of the night in the execution of these orders. At sunrise in the morn-

ing, the officers and soldiers, one thousand in all, were embarked on board Napoleon's little brig, the Inconstant, and in three merchant vessels. They were so much accustomed to unquestioning obedience, that, without inquiry or hesitation, they yielded to these orders, though not knowing on what expedition they were bound.

At midday, the launch of the brig came to the shore, and conveyed the Emperor on board under a salute of cannon. The little fleet of one brig and three transports then weighed anchor. The sails were spread, and a propitious breeze swept them toward the coast of France. The sun shone brilliantly in the cloudless sky. The genial air of a beautiful spring day was peculiarly invigorating. The music of martial bands floated exultingly over the gentle swell of the sea. Napoleon's countenance beamed with confidence and joy. "The die is cast," he exclaimed, as he turned his eye from the vanishing mountains of Elba toward the unbroken horizon in the direction of the coasts of France. With this little band of faithful followers, barely enough, as Napoleon characteristically said, to save him, on his first landing, from being collared by the gendarmes, he was advancing to reclaim the throne of France, where the Bourbons were sustained by the bayonets of all the combined despotisms of Europe.

Such an enterprise, in its marvelousness, is unsurpassed by any other during his marvelous career. And yet there was nothing in it rash or inconsiderate. He was driven to it by inexorable circumstances. He could

no longer remain in safety at Elba. The Allies recognized no sanctity in their oaths. They had already violated their solemn treaty, and were meditating a piratic expedition for the seizure of his person. He could not flee in disguise, to be hunted a fugitive over the face of the earth. There was no resource open before him but boldly to throw himself into the arms of the people of France, who still loved him with deathless constancy. His resolve was honorable and noble. Napoleon, when the vessels were out of sight of land, stood upon the deck of his little brig, gathered around him the whole ship's company, four hundred in number, and said to them, —

"My friends! we are going to France — we are going to Paris."

It was the first announcement. The soldiers, with shouts of joy, responded, "*Vive la France! Vive l'Empereur!*" Their exultation was boundless. Anxious to appear on their native soil in neat and martial trim, they immediately dispersed throughout the vessel, to burnish their weapons and to repair their uniforms. Napoleon passed along among these groups of his devoted followers, and addressed them in sincere and friendly words, as a father smiles upon his children. Night came. The Emperor entered the cabin, and called for several amanuenses to sit down at the table, each to write a copy of the words he was about to dictate. Then, pacing the floor, with frequent gesticulation, and earnest and rapid utterance, he uttered the following glowing proclamation: —

TO THE ARMY

Soldiers! we have not been conquered. Two men from our own ranks have betrayed our laurels, their country, their sovereign, their benefactor. Shall those men who for twenty-five years have been traversing Europe to stir up our enemies against us — who have passed their lives in the ranks of foreign armies, cursing and assailing our beautiful France — shall they now pretend to enchain our Eagles — they, who have never been able to endure their fiery glance? Shall we suffer them to enjoy the fruits of our glorious toils, seize upon our honors and our estates, that they may but calumniate our glory? If their reign were to continue, all would be lost — even the memory of our exalted exploits. With what frantic rage do they misrepresent our deeds! They seek to poison that which the world admires. And if there now remain any defenders of our glory, they are only to be found among those enemies whom we have conquered on the field of battle.

Soldiers! in my exile I have heard your voice, and I have come to you through every obstacle and every peril. Your general, called to the throne by the choice of the people, and elevated on your shields, is restored to you. Come and join him. Cast away those colors which the nation has proscribed, and which, for five and twenty years, have served as a rallying-point to the enemies of France. Mount the tri-colored cockade which you wore at our glorious victories. We must forget that we have been masters of other nations, but let us never suffer them to interfere in our affairs. Who shall pretend to be

our master? who is able? Resume the Eagles you bore at Ulm, at Austerlitz, at Jena, at Eylau, at Wagram, at Friedland, at Tudela, at Eckmuhl, at Essling, at Smolensko, at Moscow, at Lutzen, at Wurtchen, at Montmirail. Think you that this handful of Frenchmen, now so arrogant, can endure their glance?

They may return whence they came. There, if they please, they may reign, as they now pretend that they have reigned during the last nineteen years. Your property, rank, glory, the property, rank, and glory of your children, have no greater enemy than those very princes imposed upon us by foreigners. They are the enemies of our glory; since the recital of so many heroic actions, which have rendered the French people illustrious, fighting against them to shake off their yoke, is their condemnation.

The veterans of the army of the Sambre and of the Meuse, of the Rhine, of Egypt, and of the Grand Army, are humiliated. Their honorable wounds are stigmatized. Their successes are crimes. These brave men will be rebels, if, as these enemies of the people pretend, legitimate sovereigns were among the foreign armies. The honors, rewards, partialities which these princes confer, are for those who have served against us and against our country.

Soldiers! rally beneath the standard of your chief. His existence is inseparable from yours. His rights are those of the people and of yourselves. His interest, honor, and glory centre but in you. Victory will advance with rapid strides. The eagle, with our national colors, shall fly from steeple to steeple, until it alights upon the

towers of Notre Dame. You may then exhibit your wounds with honor; you may boast of your exploits; you will be the liberators of your country.

In your old age, surrounded and respected by your fellow-citizens, they will listen with veneration to the recital of your noble deeds. You may proudly say, "I also was of that Grand Army, which twice entered the walls of Vienna, and those of Rome, Berlin, Madrid, and Moscow; which cleansed Paris from the pollution with which it was contaminated by treason and the presence of an enemy." Honor to those brave soldiers, the glory of their native France! Eternal shame to those guilty Frenchmen, of whatever rank, who for five and twenty years have fought in foreign armies to rend the bosom of their country!

NAPOLEON.

[Napoleon also dictated a second proclamation addressed to the people of France. In this he declared that, as he had been placed upon the throne by the choice of the people, he alone and not a prince "forcibly imposed" upon them, was their lawful ruler.]

Immediately, all who knew how to write among the sailors and the grenadiers of the Guard were called, and a hundred pens were busy transcribing these proclamations, that thousands of copies might be distributed at the moment of disembarkation. A feeble breeze tortured their impatience the next day, as they almost imperceptibly moved along over the mirrored surface of the sea. Toward evening a French brig of war, the Zephyr, hove in sight, and bore down upon the flotilla. Napo-

leon ordered all the grenadiers to conceal themselves below, that no suspicion might be excited. At six o'clock the brigs were within hailing distance. The commanders of the two vessels stood upon the decks with their speaking trumpets in their hands. After the exchange of a few words, the captain of the Zephyr inquired after the Emperor. Napoleon seized the trumpet from the hands of the commander of the Inconstant, and shouted over the waves, "He is marvelously well."

The earliest dawn of the next morning showed a seventy-four gun ship steering toward the flotilla. This, for an hour, caused much uneasiness, since it would be impossible to resist such an enemy. The ship, however, passed on its way, paying no heed to the little merchant vessels scattered over the deep, and not dreaming of the prize within its grasp. As the cloudlike sail faded away in the distant horizon, Napoleon assembled his generals around him and said, —

"Now, gentlemen, it is your turn to speak to your companions in glory. Come, Bertrand, take the pen, and write your own appeal to your brothers in arms."

The grand marshal excused himself as not being able to find expressions suited to the grandeur of the occasion.

"Very well, then," said Napoleon; "write, and I will speak for you all." He then, without a moment of hesitation, dictated the following address of the Guard to the Army.

"Soldiers! the drums are beating to arms. We are on the march. Come and join us. Join your Emperor and our Eagles. If these men, just now so arrogant, who

have always fled at the aspect of our weapons, dare to meet us, where can we find a nobler occasion to shed our blood, and to sing the hymn of victory?

"Soldiers of the seventh, eighth, and nineteenth military divisions, garrisons of Antibes, Toulon, and Marseilles, disbanded officers and veterans of our armies, you are summoned to the honor of setting the first example. March with us to win back the throne, the palladium of our rights. Let posterity proclaim that foreigners, seconded by traitors, having imposed a disgraceful yoke upon France, the brave arose, and the enemies of the people and of the army disappeared and sunk into oblivion!"

This address was also rapidly transcribed, that each soldier might have several copies to distribute to the French regiments. Toward evening, the blue hills of France emerged from the horizon, in the bright glow of the setting sun. The joy on board the little fleet was inexpressible. Hats and caps waved in the air, and shouts of exultation floated over the water.

"Let us display the tri-colored cockade," said the Emperor, "that the country may recognize us."

Immediately the cockade of Elba was tossed into the sea, and every soldier replaced upon his cap the tri-colored cockade, which he had preserved as a sacred relic. The excitement and joy were too intense to allow of any sleep. In the dim twilight of the next morning the fleet was gently wafted into the Gulf of Juan, where Napoleon had previously landed on his return from Egypt. It was the first of March. At five o'clock, the Emperor disembarked upon the lonely

beach near Cannes, and immediately established the bivouac for his Lilliputian army of invasion in an olive grove at a short distance from the shore. Pointing to the olive leaf, the symbol of peace, he said, "This is a lucky omen. It will be realized."

A few peasants, astonished by this sudden apparition, crept from their huts, and cautiously approached the encampment. One of these peasants had formerly served under Napoleon. Immediately recognizing his old general, he insisted upon being enrolled in his battalion. "Well, Bertrand," said the Emperor, turning to the grand marshal and smiling, "you see that we have a reënforcement already."

In the course of a few hours this escort of six hundred men, with two or three small pieces of cannon, were safely landed, and were refreshing themselves under the olive grove, preparatory to their strange campaign. They were about to march seven hundred miles, through a kingdom containing thirty millions of inhabitants, to capture the strongest capital in Europe. An army of nearly two hundred thousand men, under Bourbon leaders, were stationed in impregnable fortresses by the way; and the combined despots of Europe had two millions of bayonets still glistening in the hands of their soldiers, all of which were pledged to sustain the iniquitous sway of the Bourbon usurpers. Romance, in her wildest dreams, never conceived of such an enterprise before. Yet the adventure had been carefully considered, and profound wisdom guided every step. The millions of France loved Napoleon almost to adoration. He knew it; and he knew that he deserved it. Napoleon

was well aware that all the great elements of success were in his favor, and he had no misgivings.

He passed around among his "children," chatting and laughing familiarly with them. "I see from this spot," said he, "the fright I shall occasion the Bourbons, and the embarrassment of all those who have turned their backs against me." Then, as usual, forgetting all his own perils in solicitude for his friends, he added, "What will become of the patriots before my arrival at Paris? I tremble lest the Bourbon partisans should massacre them. Woe to those who injure them! They shall have no mercy."

It was not till eleven o'clock at night that this little band was enabled to commence its march. The moon shone brilliantly in the cloudless sky. The Poles of the Guard, unable to transport horses from Elba, had brought their saddles, and, taking them upon their backs, gayly marched along, bending beneath the weight of their cumbrous luggage. The Emperor purchased every horse he met, and thus, one by one, mounted his cavalry.

Avoiding the large towns, where the Bourbon authorities might be strong, he determined to follow the flank of the mountains. Advancing rapidly all night and most of the next day, they arrived in the evening at Grasse, about fifty miles from the coast. Here they encamped for the night. The news of the Emperor's landing spread rapidly, and excited everywhere joy and surprise. The peasants crowded to meet him, and implored permission to follow in his train. "I could easily," said Napoleon afterward, "have taken two

millions of these peasants with me to Paris." But he had no wish to triumph by physical force. The love of France was his all-conquering weapon. The next two days, the third and fourth, they advanced sixty miles to Digne. The next day they pressed on thirty miles further to Gap. The enthusiasm was now so general and so intense that Napoleon no longer needed even protection against the Bourbon police. The authorities of the legitimist usurpers were completely overwhelmed by the triumphant people.

Napoleon, in his eagerness, outstripping his Guard, arrived at the city of Gap with but six horsemen and forty grenadiers. There was such a universal burst of love and joy from the inhabitants of this city, as men, women, and children, with shouts and tears, gathered around their own Emperor, that the Bourbon authorities were compelled to fly.

"Citizens," said Napoleon, "I have been deeply penetrated by all the sentiments you have evinced for me. You are right in calling me your father, for I live only for the honor and the happiness of France. My return dissipates your disquietude. It guarantees the preservation of all property, of equality between all classes. These rights, which you have enjoyed for twenty-five years, and for which your forefathers have sighed so ardently, now form part of your existence."

Here the proclamations he had dictated at sea were printed. They spread with the rapidity of lightning. The whole population of the country was roused and inflamed, and multitudes which could not be counted were anxious to be enrolled as the Emperor's advance guard.

At two o'clock in the afternoon the Emperor resumed his march, accompanied by a vast concourse, filling the air with their acclamations. No language can describe the scene of enthusiasm. The inhabitants on the route, trembling for the safety of Napoleon, and fearing that the Bourbons might send troops to crush his feeble escort, prepared to sound the tocsin, and to raise a levy *en masse* to protect the sovereign of their choice. There were strong garrisons and formidable arrays of troops under Bourbon commanders which he must soon encounter. Napoleon, however, declined the service they tendered.

"Your sentiments," said he, "convince me that I have not been deceived. They are to me a certain guarantee of the inclinations of my soldiers. Those whom I meet will range themselves by my side. The more numerous they may be, the more will my success be assured. Remain tranquil, therefore, in your homes."

They were now approaching Grenoble. The commandant of the garrison there, General Marchand, marched with a force of six thousand men to oppose the Emperor. He posted his troops in a defile flanked by the mountains and a lake. It was in the morning of the 7th of March. The crisis which was to decide all had now arrived. Napoleon was equal to the emergency. Requesting his column to halt, he rode, at a gentle pace and almost alone, toward the hostile army. The peasants, who had assembled in vast numbers to witness this marvelous scene, greeted him with shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*"

Napoleon, without any hesitancy, rode calmly along upon a gentle trot, until he arrived within a hundred

paces of the glittering bayonets which formed an impassable wall before him. He then dismounted, handed the reins to one of the Poles who accompanied him, crossed his arms upon his breast, and advanced, unprotected and entirely alone, until he arrived within ten paces of the troops. There he stood, the mark for every gun. He was dressed in the simple costume which every Frenchman recognized, with the cocked hat, the gray overcoat, and the high military boots. The commanding officer ordered the soldiers to fire. They seemed to obey. Every musket was brought to the shoulder and aimed at his breast. Had there been one single man among those battalions willing to shoot the Emperor, he would have received from the Bourbons boundless rewards. The report of a single musket would then have settled the destinies of France.

Napoleon, without the change of a muscle of his features or the tremor of a nerve, continued to advance upon the muskets leveled at his heart. Then stopping, and uncovering his breast, he said, in those resounding tones which, having been once heard, never could be forgotten, —

"Soldiers, if there is one among you who would kill his Emperor, let him do it. Here I am."

For a moment there was silence as of the grave. Then the point of one musket fell, and another, and another. Tears began to gush into the eyes of these hardy veterans. One voice, tremulous with emotion, shouted, "*Vive l'Empereur!*" It was the signal for a universal burst, reechoed by soldiers and by peasantry in a continuous cataract of sound. The troops from Grenoble, the grenadiers

of the Guard, and the peasants, all rushed in a tumult of joy upon the Emperor, who opened his arms to receive them. In the confusion, the Bourbon commander put spurs to his horse and disappeared. When the transport was somewhat moderated, the Emperor, taking gently by the whiskers a veteran whose appearance attracted his attention, said to him, playfully, —

"How could you have the heart to aim your musket at the Little Corporal?"

The old man's eyes immediately filled with tears. Ringing his ramrod in the barrel of his musket to show it was unloaded, he said, "Judge whether I could have done thee much harm. All the rest are the same."

Napoleon then gathered the whole assembly of soldiers and peasants in a circle around him, and thus addressed them: —

"I have come with but a handful of brave men, because I rely upon the people and upon you. The throne of the Bourbons is illegitimate. It has not been raised by the voice of the nation. It is contrary to the national will because it is in direct opposition to the interests of the country, and only exists for the benefit of a small number of noble families. Ask of your fathers, interrogate these brave peasants, and you will learn from their lips the actual state of things. They are threatened with the renewal of the tithe system, of privileges, of feudal rights, and of all those abuses from which your victories had delivered them."

Napoleon now resumed his march, accompanied by a vast crowd of the inhabitants, increasing every moment, and thronging the roads. The battalions from Grenoble

ALL RUSHED IN A TUMULT OF JOY UPON THE EMPEROR

acted as the advance guard to the grenadiers from Elba. As he approached the city, he was met by a messenger, who said, —

"Sire, you will have no occasion for arms. Your riding-whip will be sufficient to scatter all resistance. The hearts of the soldiers are everywhere your own."

As Napoleon approached the city, one of the most important fortified places of France, the enthusiasm of the people exceeded all bounds. The tri-colored cockade was upon all hats. The tri-colored banner waved from the windows, and floated from the battlements and upon the spires of the city. Shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" filled the streets. The soldiers shared the enthusiasm, fraternized with the people, and promised them that they would not fire upon their brothers in arms. It was impossible for the Bourbon officers and magistrates to stem this torrent. In despair they fled, having locked the gates and concealed the keys.

At midnight, from the ramparts of Grenoble, were seen the torches of the multitude surrounding the Emperor, and advancing toward the city. Shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" rose from the approaching throng, and were echoed back from the walls of the fortress. The inhabitants, in their ardor, wrenched the gates from the hinges, and Napoleon entered the streets in the midst of illuminations and exultations such as earth has rarely witnessed. A countless crowd, almost delirious with joy, bore him to his quarters in an inn. Throughout the night continuous acclamations resounded beneath his windows. The people and the soldiers, almost delirious with joy, fraternized together till morning in banquets and em-

braces. "All is now settled," said Napoleon, "and we are at Paris." Shortly after Napoleon's arrival at the inn, an increased tumult called him upon the balcony. The inhabitants of Grenoble had come to offer him the gates of the city, since they could not present him with the keys.

THE ESCAPE OF LOUIS NAPOLEON FROM THE FORTRESS OF HAM

By F. T. Briffault

ESCAPE having been once decided on, the plan was to be settled; and the first thing to be done was sedulously to instill into the mind of the commandant the belief of an approaching amnesty, in order more effectually to conceal the prisoner's projects from his observation. It was easy to persuade him, after the information which the Prince had received from his friends in Paris, that the ministers had determined to proclaim a general amnesty towards the month of June, just before the elections, as sometimes happens. Several plans presented themselves to the Prince's mind, but he rejected them all, one after another, in order to adopt the simplest, which consisted in finding a pretext for introducing workmen into the prison, and to avail himself of the disguise of one of them to make his escape. Here accident marvelously contributed to promote his views, for at the very time in which he was thinking of finding a reason for persuading the commandant of the necessity of some repairs, the latter came to inform him that in compliance with his requests, the ministry had at length resolved to have the staircase and corridors of the building occupied by the Prince, Count Montholon, Dr. Conneau, and Charles Thélin put into complete repair. Dr. Conneau's

period of five years' imprisonment having expired, the two last were free in their actions, and could go into the town.

Although the conduct of the Prince during the five years of his captivity, which had now passed, was such as to disarm all suspicion of his attempting to escape, and in spite of the report of a general amnesty, generally spread and designedly circulated and cherished, the eager mind of the commandant and his own interest sufficed to lead him to entertain suspicions, and adopt precautions, which his subalterns regarded as useless and ridiculous.

Night invariably brought with it double guards, and ten o'clock no sooner struck than the commandant, who, as we have already said, usually came to spend the evening with the Prince, having seen that the keepers were on duty at the bottom of the stairs, retired, shutting up the whole within the building, and taking the key of the outer door in his pocket, as Lady Douglas did at Loch Leven.

Of the three keepers to whom the immediate charge of the prisoner's person was entrusted, two were always stationed at the bottom of the stairs.

The Prince had observed that on certain days of the week one of the keepers, whose duty it was to go and bring the public journals, absented himself for a quarter of an hour, leaving the post at the bottom of the stairs in charge of his companion for this short space of time. This was to be the moment of escape, and a facility was thus given of turning away the attention of the single keeper. As to the sentinels, the Prince thought there

was little to fear from them; but it must be said, that, from the very commencement of his captivity, all the precautions and fears were directed against dangers from without. It was supposed that the Prince did not wish to escape, but feared, at the same time, that partisans from without might make an attempt to release him. The strictest orders were therefore given to prevent all persons whatsoever from approaching the fortress and from stationing themselves under its walls, and during the first years, especially, the sentinels' orders were not to obstruct persons going out, but carefully to prevent any from coming in.

With a view to carry out this arrangement, the sentinels were for the most part placed upon the top of the ramparts, and chiefly towards the outer side, in order to guard against any possible surprise. The fortress, however, being small, it was easy to command it at all points. There was, therefore, no other feasible means of escaping their observation than that of a disguise.

The plan was as follows: Charles Thélin, as he had several times done before, asked permission to go to St. Quentin; he was to go and hire a cabriolet for the purpose. As he was leaving the prison to go and find his cabriolet, the Prince was to go out at the same time, in the disguise of a workman. This combination had two advantages: it left Thélin at liberty to turn aside the attention of the keepers and soldiers from the pretended workman, by playing with Ham, the Prince's dog, which was well known, and a great favorite with the garrison; and, moreover, it gave him an opportunity of addressing himself at any time to those who, taking

the Prince for a workman, might be disposed to speak to him.

The workmen had been already eight days engaged in making repairs within the prison, and these eight days had been carefully employed by the Prince and his friend in observing the ways and measures of the extraordinary precaution adopted with respect to the workmen. They had observed that the precautions were very great on their coming in and going out of the fortress in a body. On their passing through the first wicket, as they entered, they were obliged to defile one by one, and to pass under the inspection of a sergeant's guard and a keeper especially appointed for that purpose. The same form was observed and the same attention paid on their going out in the evening; besides, then the commandant himself was always present. They observed, moreover, that whenever any of the workmen went alone to any retired part of the citadel they were strictly watched, but when they went out for the purpose of fetching tools or materials of any description, by following the direct road, and thus exposing themselves to view for a considerable distance, they excited no distrust, and were allowed freely to pass through the wicket and over the drawbridge. The Prince, therefore, determined to adopt the last-mentioned plan,—the boldest, it is true, but offering the greatest chance of success.

The morning was selected, not only because at that time the commandant, all whose cares and anxieties were connected with the evening, was not up, not merely because this was the time in which they might expect to

find only one keeper at the bottom of the stairs, but also because by adopting this course it would be easy to reach Valenciennes in good time for the four o'clock train to Belgium. As to General Montholon, the Prince, being anxious not to compromise him, would have found it somewhat difficult to conceal his project from his knowledge, had he not chanced to be unwell at the time.

All was then arranged for Saturday, the 23d of May, one of the days on which, in the usual course, one keeper alone would be for a short time at the bottom of the stairs. By what at first appeared a very unfortunate accident, the Prince was visited on that day by some persons whom he had previously known in England, and whom he had expected to see sooner.

It became necessary to put off his departure till Monday, the 25th, although it was not then certain that there would be a sufficient number of workmen to cover the escape, and that two keepers would not be at the bottom of the stairs. The Prince, however, wishing to derive some advantage from the visit, asked his friends to be good enough to lend their courier's passport to his *valet de chambre*, who was about to take a journey. The request was complied with, with alacrity. The Prince himself, with the assistance of one of his friends in Paris, had already procured a passport, of which, however, he afterwards made no use. Sunday passed in the midst of great anxieties — for it was by no means certain that there was work enough for the Monday to require the workmen's attendance. Charles Thélin, however, asked them on this very day to be good

enough to put up some shelves in a little recess which was used for a cellar.

The difficulty did not consist merely in passing through the guards and doorkeepers, — it was also necessary to avoid being met by the workmen themselves, who were constantly on the stairs, and superintended by the contractor of the works and an officer of engineers. It is easy to understand what must have been the nature of the emotions by which the prisoner was agitated. Twice he had risked his life for a cause which he had thought it his duty to revive at the hazard of the greatest sacrifices; twice the government had tried to throw ridicule on his failures, — but if he failed on the morrow, they would no longer restrain their indignation and contempt. Neither six years of suffering, courageously endured, his studious works, nor even the sacred cause which called him through so many dangers would be accounted to him; the same gall, the same bitterness would cast blame and ridicule on the man failing in his attempt, and caught under a disguise.

On his part the excellent and noble Dr. Conneau had undertaken to play the diplomatic character necessary to screen the Prince's departure, and give him time to elude pursuit. We shall not here interrupt the course of the narration by speaking of this faithful and devoted friend of the Prisoner of Ham, but shall afterwards return to the subject.

At last, on Monday the 25th, early in the morning, the Prince, Dr. Conneau, and Charles Thélin — placed behind the window curtains, which they kept carefully drawn, and without shoes, in order to avoid noise

— carefully watched the courtyard, and impatiently waited for the arrival of the workmen. All was still silent in the interior of the court, — the sentinels alone paced slowly up and down before their sentry boxes. By a singular accident the only soldier in the garrison whom they were anxious to avoid, was this very morning on duty before the Prince's door. This man, who had long been a *planton* of the commandant, was accustomed to exercise a very scrupulous surveillance over the workmen; and the Prince had already remarked him, when he was on duty, examining all their movements with the greatest attention, looking narrowly at their persons, and asking them where they were going.

It is easy to perceive how dangerous such a man might be. The Prince was so much the more annoyed at his presence, as it was probable that the soldier would not be relieved before seven o'clock, and it was of great importance to set out before that time, in order not to have a third keeper on their hands. Luckily, by another accident as singular, the hours of mounting guard had been changed in consequence of a review on Sunday, and the grenadier was relieved at six o'clock. It had been arranged that after having brought the laborers and artisans into the dining room to give them a morning dram, Thélin should go before the Prince on the stairs, in order to turn away the attention of the keepers. The Prince once in the courtyard, Thélin was to follow him closely, in order, as we have said, to call to him any person who might be disposed to speak to the Prince, supposing him to be a workman.

A little after five, the workmen entered the fortress and

passed between two files of soldiers under arms. At first they were not as numerous as usual; then, because it was Monday, they were better dressed than ordinary; as the weather was very fine, they had no sabots; moreover there were masons and painters, but no joiner among them, yet the Prince intended to put on a joiner's disguise. This gave some reason to fear lest the Prince's disguise should be remarked, as being dirty, and the Prince was anxious for a moment to give up the sabots (wooden shoes), which would have been very inconvenient, because those which had been prepared for him, and into which he was to put his high-heeled boots, increased his height at least four inches, which alone made a great change in his person. The plan, as we have described it, was a very simple one, but the principal difficulty of carrying it into execution lay in catching with resolution the favorable moment of going downstairs and getting out of doors, while the workmen should be kept drinking, and the attention of the keepers diverted by the doctor and Thélin; it was, therefore, necessary that all should be in readiness before, in order not to lose the propitious opportunity. The Prince had to dress and have previously his moustaches cut; yet, on the other hand, should anything hinder his departure for that day, this very act of having cut his moustaches would betray his scheme in the eyes of the commandant, and so render afterwards the departure impossible. The doctor's earnest entreaties to the Prince were to delay this operation, so trifling in itself, yet bearing in the present circumstances such a fearful stamp of a settled resolution which was not to be withdrawn. Prince Napoleon Louis could not help smil-

ing at the consternation of those who were around him when they saw the razor performing this unusual operation. And yet, in the hour which was yet to pass, how many accidents might happen, how many circumstances might occur, which would oblige them to put off their departure till the next day! From this moment dangers had commenced, and all those palpitating emotions which it is impossible to describe. Here then was no question about bayonets, through the midst of which the Prince was about to pass, for although the order in every prison is to fire at the escaping prisoner, such was not the fear by which the Prince was moved. Determined, however, to sell his life as dearly as possible, the Prince took a poniard. He was also about to place under his clothes a small portfolio, which contained two letters, one from his mother and another from Napoleon, — a sacred amulet which the prince always carried about with him, — the precious pledges of an abiding and constant affection, and of recollections the dearest to his heart. When he thought that those papers might betray him in case of search on the frontier, he experienced a moment's hesitation, and by look consulted the doctor; but superstition for sacred objects prevailing in their hearts, prudence subsided, and Prince Napoleon Louis concealed carefully on his breast the only relic which he had, at that time, of the past grandeur of his family. The Emperor's letter is directed to the Prince's mother, Queen Hortense, and in speaking of his nephew the Emperor expresses himself thus: "I hope he will grow and make himself worthy of the destinies which await him."

How different those destinies proved from those an-

ticipated by Napoleon! In how many trying occurrences had this wish to act as a talisman!

In the meantime, the preparations for concealing the Prince's person by assuming a workman's dress continued, of which Thélin gives the following account: "The Prince put on his usual dress, gray pantaloons and boots; then he drew over his waistcoat a coarse linen shirt, cut off at the waist, a blue cotton handkerchief, and a blouse, not merely clean, but somewhat elegant in its cut; and, finally, he drew on a pair of large trousers of coarse blue linen, which had been worn and were very dirty. Under these he concealed the lower part of the first blouse, and finally put on, over all, a second blouse, as much worn and dirty as the pantaloons. The rest of his costume consisted of an old blue linen apron, a long black-haired wig, and a bad cap. Being thus apparelled, and his hands and face painted with red and black, the moment of action being at hand, all emotion had ceased; and the prince breakfasted as usual with a cup of coffee, put on his sabots, took a common clay pipe in his mouth, hoisted a board upon his shoulders, and was in readiness to set out!"

At a quarter before seven, Thélin called to him all the workmen who were engaged on the stairs, and invited them to go into the dining room to take their morning dram, telling Laplace, his man-of-all-work, to pour out the liquor for them to drink. In this manner they got rid also of the latter. Immediately afterwards he came to give notice to the Prince that the decisive moment had come; and descended the staircase at the bottom of which the two keepers, Dupin and Issali, were posted

by order of the commander, and where, besides, there was a workman occupied in repairing the baluster. Thélin exchanged a few words with the keepers, who bid him good morning, and seeing that Thélin had his overcoat on his arm, and was prepared to set out, they wished him a good journey. Thélin then pretended to have something to say to Issali, drew him aside from the wicket, and so placed himself that Issali, in order to hear, must have his back towards the Prince.

At the very moment at which the Prince quitted his chamber, some of the workmen were already coming from the dining room, situated at the other end of the corridor; but Conneau was there to turn away their attention, and none of them observed the Prince, who was slowly passing down the stairs. When he came within a few steps of the bottom he found himself face to face with Dupin, the keeper, who drew back in order to avoid the plank which, placed horizontally on the shoulder, prevented the profile of the face from being seen, and could not, therefore, observe the Prince's face. The Prince then passed through the two wicket gates, going behind Issali, whom Thélin kept in close conversation. He then entered the courtyard, where a workman who came down the stairs immediately after, followed him very close, and appeared as about to speak to him. This was a locksmith's boy, whom Thélin immediately called to him, and formed some pretext for sending him back again upstairs.

On passing before the first sentinel, the pipe dropped from the Prince's mouth, and fell at the soldier's feet; he stopped to pick it up; the soldier looked at him

mechanically, and continued his monotonous pace. At the top of the canteen the Prince passed very near the officer of the guard, who was reading a letter. The officer of engineers and contractor for the works were at a distance of some paces farther, the officer busily occupied in examining some papers. The Prince continued his way, and passed through the middle of a score of soldiers, who were basking in the sun in front of the guardhouse. The drummer looked at the man with the plank with an insulting glance, but the sentinel paid no attention to him whatever. The gatekeeper was at the door of his lodge, but he merely looked at Thélin, who kept a few yards behind, and, in order more surely to draw attention to himself, led the Prince's dog in a leash. The sergeant, who was standing by the side of the wicket, looked steadily at the Prince, but his examination was interrupted by a movement of the plank, which obliged the soldier who held the bolt to withdraw himself.

He immediately opened the gates, and turning round, the Prince went out — the door was closed behind him. Thélin afterwards wished the gatekeeper "good day," and passed out in his turn.

Between the drawbridges the Prince met two workmen, coming straight towards him on the side on which his figure was not concealed by the plank. They looked at him with great eagerness from the distance at which they still were, and, in a loud voice, expressed their surprise at not knowing him. On his part, the Prince, pretending to be tired of carrying the plank on his right shoulder, moved it to the left; the men, however, ap-

peared so curious that the Prince thought for a moment he should not be able to escape them, and when at last he was near them, and they appeared as if approaching to speak to him, he had the satisfaction of hearing one of them exclaim, "Oh, it 's Bertou!"

Success was now complete. The Prince was free beyond those walls in which he had been immured five years and nine months.

Although the Prince had no other acquaintance with the neighborhood than that which he derived from examining the map of the town, he did not hesitate, but immediately pursued the road along the ramparts, which joins the highroad to St. Quentin. In the meantime, Thélin went through the town to get the cabriolet, for which he had made arrangements the evening before, and which he was to drive himself.

Shall we now venture to speak of the tumultuous feeling which agitated the heart of the fugitive? Shall we attempt to depict the happiness of the deliverance, saddened by the melancholy thought of exile — regret for the loss of his country, softened down by the prospect of a dungeon, which the eye perceived in the distance? The mind may form some idea of these things, and of his situation, but no tongue can adequately describe them. The sudden joy of success followed the deep anxiety of expectation and the feverish excitement of action, — a rapid transition, which, when it comes upon the mind unprepared, overwhelms all its faculties, and renders the trial more difficult to bear than all the strokes of misfortune. Are we not constrained to believe that the firmest mind would quail and sink in these great crises of life,

was it not for the powerful instinct which hurries the mind away from all terrestrial concerns, and leads it towards God, the bountiful giver of every good and perfect gift? He had walked fast, and, in spite of the sabots, had reached a distance of about two miles from the town, near the cemetery of St. Sulpice, there he stopped for the carriage which was to save him; a rough crucifix stood in the middle of the burying ground; the fugitive prostrated himself before God, and offered up hearty thanksgiving to the Master of all things, who had led him, as it were, by the hand, through the midst of so many dangers.

In the meantime the sound of an approaching carriage was heard, and Charles Thélin was seen approaching. The Prince was about immediately to get rid of his plank when he perceived another carriage coming from St. Quentin. He, therefore, continued to walk, in order to give the other cabriolet time to pass, and Thélin, with the same intent, slackened his pace. At length the Prince threw his plank, which had been indeed that of his deliverance, into a cornfield, leaped into the cabriolet, shook off the dust with which he was covered, took off his sabots and threw them into the ditch, and, in order to commence his new character, which was that of a coachman, he seized the reins and began to drive. The travelers, at this moment, perceived two mounted gendarmes coming out of the village of St. Sulpice; but they, very luckily, took the road to Peronne, before coming up with the cabriolet.

The distance from Ham to St. Quentin, five leagues, was rapidly passed. At each change of horses Thélin concealed his face as much as possible in his handker-

chief; it was, however, afterwards said that he had been seen by several persons, and, among others, by the commissary of police from Ham, who was returning from St. Quentin; and we are assured that an old woman expressed great astonishment at seeing the Prince's *valet de chambre* accompanied by a man so badly dressed.

Before entering St. Quentin, the Prince took off the old trousers, the dirty blouse, and the old cap, retaining the smaller blouse and the wig, and put on a braided cap. He then alighted from the cabriolet, in order to turn round the town of St. Quentin on foot, and to wait for Thélin again with fresh horses on the Cambray road.

Charles Thélin drove to the post house, from whence M. Abric, the postmaster, had just come out; but Thélin was well known to Madame Abric; he told her he was obliged to go, with all speed, to Cambray, to return early, and begged her to order a post chaise and horses, with all possible haste, while he would leave at her house his horse and cabriolet. The kind Madame Abric showed the greatest alacrity to have Thélin served, and ordered horses to be put to her husband's small chaise. She pressed him very much to stay for breakfast; but, perceiving that he was anxious to proceed, she did not venture to urge her request. The traveler, however, with great politeness praised the remains of a cold paté which was on the table, of which she begged him to accept a slice, and which being carefully wrapped up, soon afterwards furnished an excellent breakfast for the Prince, for which his long walk had provided an excellent appetite.

In spite of his impatience Thélin dared not to hurry

too much the post people, for fear of awaking suspicions, yet the Prince had some time before arrived at the other end of the town of St. Quentin, and was waiting, not without some concern, for the carriage which was to overtake him. He labored for a moment under fear of having been left behind while examining the town; but seeing a gentleman coming in a carriage from the Cambray road, he asked him whether he had not met with a post chaise. This gentleman, who answered him in the negative, was the *procureur du roi* of St. Quentin. Sitting on the roadside the Prince was growing more concerned every minute, when, at last, he felt something by him; it was the little dog who, running before the horses, announced the arrival of the post chaise.

M. Abric's small carriage, harnessed to two excellent horses, soon made its appearance; the Prince jumped up, and the postillion resumed his journey at a gallop. From this moment all risk of capture nearly disappeared. Notwithstanding the distance walked and the time lost in changing and procuring carriages, it was not yet nine o'clock; and even supposing that the Prince's escape had been discovered immediately after his leaving the fortress, the authorities must have lost time in making a reconnoissance, in closely examining the fortress, in writing dispatches, sending off the gendarmes, etc.

The travelers continued to make progress, inducing the postillion, by all possible means, to push his horses to their speed. He became, at length, impatient of their eagerness, and said to them, with warmth, "Vous m'embêtez;" but, nevertheless, he continued to make the pavement smoke under his horses' feet. Whilst

they were changing horses at the first relay, a horseman with a forage cap arrived at a gallop. They mistook him for a gendarme, and the Prince was preparing to avoid him; when they perceived that he was a non-commissioned officer of the National Guard.

No other incident worthy of notice occurred till the travelers reached Valenciennes, where, thanks to his conductors, the Prince arrived at a quarter past two. This was the only place where they were asked for their passports. Thélin presented that of the English courier, and the Prince was not called upon to show his.

As the train for Brussels did not leave till four o'clock, the Prince would willingly have taken post horses to gain the frontier of Belgium; but this step might have led to remarks, as such a mode of traveling had become very rare since the opening of the railroad. The Prince, therefore, determined to wait at the station at Valenciennes for the starting of the next train. The capture had now become an impossibility. Thélin, however, was wholly unable to turn away his eyes from that side from which gendarmes might come. Suddenly, he heard himself named, he turned and recognized a gendarme from Ham, in the dress of a citizen. Thélin was as much surprised as he was displeased; he did not, however, lose his presence of mind, and the gendarme soon after, asking him what news of the Prince's health, told him that he had quitted the service, and obtained an employment on the Northern Railroad, at the station of Valenciennes.

The Prisoner of Ham soon reached Brussels — then Ostend — and then England.

A BOY GEOLOGIST AND THE DOOCOT CAVE

By Hugh Miller

MY schoolmate's curiosity was largely excited by my description of the Doocot Cave; and, setting out one morning to explore its wonders, armed with John Feddes's hammer, in the benefits of which my friend was permitted liberally to share, we failed, for that day at least, in finding our way back.

It was on a pleasant spring morning that, with my little curious friend beside me, I stood on the beach opposite the eastern promontory, that, with its stern granitic wall, bars access for ten days out of every fourteen to the wonders of the Doocot, and saw it stretching provokingly out into the green water. It was hard to be disappointed, and the caves so near. The tide was a low neap, and if we wanted a passage dry-shod, it behoved us to wait for at least a week; but neither of us understood the philosophy of neap tides at *that* period. I was quite sure I had got round at low water with my uncles not a great many days before, and we both inferred that if we but succeeded in getting round now, it would be quite a pleasure to wait among the caves inside until such time as the fall of the tide should lay bare a passage for our return. A narrow and broken shelf runs along the promontory, on which, by the assist-

ance of the naked toe and the toe-nail, it is just possible to creep. We succeeded in scrambling up to it; and then, crawling outwards on all fours, — the precipice, as we proceeded, beetling more and more formidable from above, and the water becoming greener and deeper below, — we reached the outer point of the promontory; and then doubling the cape on a still narrowing margin, — the water, by a reverse process, becoming shallower and less green as we advanced inwards, — we found the ledge terminating just where, after clearing the sea, it overhung the gravelly beach at an elevation of nearly ten feet. Down we both dropped, proud of our success; up splashed the rattling gravel as we fell; and for at least the whole coming week — though we were unaware of the extent of our good luck at the time — the marvels of the Doocot Cave might be regarded as solely and exclusively our own. For one short seven days — to borrow emphasis from the phraseology of Carlyle — "they were our own, and no other man's."

The first few hours were hours of sheer enjoyment. The larger cave proved a mine of marvels; and we found a great deal additional to wonder at on the slopes beneath the precipices, and along the piece of rocky sea beach in front. We succeeded in discovering for ourselves, in creeping, dwarf bushes, that told of the blighting influences of the sea spray, the pale yellow honeysuckle, that we had never seen before, save in gardens and shrubberies; and on a deeply-shaded slope that leaned against one of the steeper precipices, we detected the sweet-scented woodroof of the flower-plot and parterre, with its pretty verticillate leaves, that be-

come the more odoriferous the more they are crushed, and its white delicate flowers. There, too, immediately in the opening of the deeper cave, where a small stream came pattering in detached drops from the over-beetling precipice above, like the first drops of a heavy thunder-shower, we found the hot, bitter scurvy grass, with its minute cruciform flowers, which the great Captain Cook had used in his voyages; above all, *there* were the caves with their pigeons — white, variegated, and blue — and their mysterious and gloomy depths, in which plants hardened into stone, and water became marble. In a short time we had broken off with our hammers whole pocketfuls of stalactites and petrified moss. There were little pools at the side of the cave, where we could see the work of congelation going on, as at the commencement of an October frost, when the cold north wind ruffles, and but barely ruffles, the surface of some mountain lochan or sluggish moorland stream, and shows the newly-formed needles of ice projecting mole-like from the shores into the water. So rapid was the course of deposition, that there were cases in which the sides of the hollows seemed growing almost in proportion as the water rose in them; the springs, lipping over, deposited their minute crystals on the edges; and the reservoirs deepened and became more capacious as their mounds were built up by this curious masonry. The long telescopic prospect of the sparkling sea, as viewed from the inner extremity of the cavern, while all around was dark as midnight; the sudden gleam of the sea gull, seen for a moment from the recess, as it flitted past in the sunshine; the black heav-

ing bulk of the grampus, as it threw up its slender jets of spray, and then, turning downwards, displayed its glossy back and vast angular fin; even the pigeons, as they shot whizzing by, one moment scarce visible in the gloom, the next radiant in the light, — all acquired a new interest, from the peculiarity of the *setting* in which we saw them. They formed a series of sun-gilt vignettes, framed in jet; and it was long ere we tired of seeing and admiring in them most of the strange and the beautiful. It did seem rather ominous, however, and perhaps somewhat supernatural to boot, that about an hour after noon, the tide, while there was yet a full fathom of water beneath the brow of the promontory, ceased to fall, and then, after a quarter of an hour's space, began actually to creep upwards on the beach. But just hoping that there might be some mistake in the matter, which the evening tide would scarce fail to rectify, we continued to amuse ourselves, and to hope on. Hour after hour passed, lengthening as the shadows lengthened, and yet the tide still rose. The sun had sunk behind the precipices, and all was gloom along their bases, and double gloom in their caves; but their rugged brows still caught the red glare of evening. The flush rose higher and higher, chased by the shadows; and then, after lingering for a moment on their crests of honeysuckle and juniper, passed away, and the whole became sombre and gray. The sea gull sprang upwards from where he had floated on the ripple, and hied him slowly away to his lodge in his deep-sea stack; the dusky cormorant flitted past, with heavier and more frequent stroke, to his whitened shelf high on the precipice; the

pigeons came whizzing downwards from the uplands and the opposite land, and disappeared amid the gloom of their caves; every creature that had wings made use of them in speeding homewards; but neither my companion nor myself had any, and there was no possibility of getting home without them. We made desperate efforts to scale the precipices, and on two several occasions succeeded in reaching midway shelves among the crags, where the sparrow hawk and the raven build; but though we had climbed well enough to render our return a matter of bare possibility, there was no possibility whatever of getting farther up: the cliffs had never been scaled before, and they were not destined to be scaled now. And so, as the twilight deepened, and the precarious footing became every moment more doubtful and precarious still, we had just to give up in despair. "Would n't care for myself," said the poor little fellow, my companion, bursting into tears, "if it were not for my mother; but what will my mother say?" "Would n't care neither," said I, with a heavy heart; "but it's just back water, and we 'll get out at twall." We retreated together into one of the shallower and drier caves, and, clearing a little spot of its rough stones, and then groping along the rocks for the dry grass that in the spring season hangs from them in withered tufts, we formed for ourselves a most uncomfortable bed, and lay down in one another's arms. For the last few hours mountainous piles of clouds had been rising dark and stormy in the sea mouth: they had flared portentously in the setting sun, and had worn, with the decline of evening, almost every meteoric tint of anger, from fiery red to a sombre thundrous brown, and from

sombre brown to doleful black. And we could now at least hear what they portended, though we could no longer see. The rising wind began to howl mournfully amid the cliffs, and the sea, hitherto so silent, to beat heavily against the shore, and to boom, like distress guns from the recesses of the two deep-sea caves. We could hear, too, the beating rain, now heavier, now lighter, as the gusts swelled or sank; and the intermittent patter of the streamlet over the deeper cave, now driving against the precipices, now descending heavily on the stones.

My companion had only the real evils of the case to deal with, and so, the hardness of our bed and the coldness of the night considered, he slept tolerably well; but I was unlucky enough to have evils greatly worse than the real ones to annoy me. The corpse of a drowned seaman had been found on the beach about a month previous, some forty yards from where we lay. The hands and feet, miserably contracted, and corrugated into deep folds at every joint, yet swollen to twice their proper size, had been bleached as white as pieces of alumed sheepskin; and where the head should have been, there existed only a sad mass of rubbish. I had examined the body, as young people are apt to do, a great deal too curiously for my peace; and, though I had never done the poor nameless seaman any harm, I could not have suffered more from him during that melancholy night, had I been his murderer. Sleeping or waking, he was continually before me. Every time I dropped into a doze, he would come stalking up the beach from the spot where he had lain, with his stiff white fingers, that stuck out like eagle's toes, and his

pale, broken pulp of a head, and attempt striking me; and then I would awaken with a start, cling to my companion, and remember that the drowned sailor had lain festering among the identical bunches of seaweed that still rotted on the beach not a stone-cast away. The near neighborhood of a score of living bandits would have inspired less horror than the recollection of that one dead seaman.

Towards midnight the sky cleared and the wind fell, and the moon, in her last quarter, rose red as a mass of heated iron out of the sea. We crept down, in the uncertain light, over the rough slippery crags, to ascertain whether the tide had not fallen sufficiently far to yield us a passage; but we found the waves chafing among the rocks just where the tide line had rested twelve hours before, and a full fathom of sea enclasping the base of the promontory. A glimmering idea of the real nature of our situation at length crossed my mind. It was not imprisonment for a tide to which we had consigned ourselves; it was imprisonment for a week. There was little comfort in the thought, arising, as it did, amid the chills and terrors of a dreary midnight; and I looked wistfully on the sea as our only path of escape. There was a vessel crossing the wake of the moon at the time, scarce half a mile from the shore; and, assisted by my companion, I began to shout at the top of my lungs, in the hope of being heard by the sailors. We saw her dim bulk falling slowly athwart the red glittering belt of light that had rendered her visible, and then disappearing in the murky blackness, and just as we lost sight of her forever, we could hear an indistinct sound mingling

with the dash of the waves — the shout, in reply, of the startled helmsman. The vessel, as we afterwards learned, was a large stone-lighter, deeply laden, and unfurnished with a boat; nor were her crew at all sure that it would have been safe to attend to the midnight voice from amid the rocks, even had they had the means of communication with the shore. We waited on and on, however, now shouting by turns, and now shouting together; but there was no second reply; and at length, losing hope, we groped our way back to our comfortless bed, just as the tide had again turned on the beach, and the waves began to roll upwards higher and higher at every dash.

As the moon rose and brightened, the dead seaman became less troublesome; and I had succeeded in dropping as soundly asleep as my companion, when we were both aroused by a loud shout. We started up and again crept downwards among the crags to the shore; and as we reached the sea the shout was repeated. It was that of at least a dozen harsh voices united. There was a brief pause, followed by another shout; and then two boats, strongly manned, shot round the western promontory, and the men, resting on their oars, turned towards the rock, and shouted yet again. The whole town had been alarmed by the intelligence that two little boys had straggled away in the morning to the rocks of the southern Sutor, and had not found their way back. The precipices had been a scene of frightful accidents from time immemorial, and it was at once inferred that one other sad accident had been added to the number. True, there were cases remembered of people

having been tide-bound in the Doocot Caves, and not much the worse in consequence; but as the caves were inaccessible during neaps, we could not, it was said, possibly be in them; and the sole remaining ground of hope was, that, as had happened once before, only one of the two had been killed, and that the survivor was lingering among the rocks, afraid to come home. And in this belief, when the moon rose and the surf fell, the two boats had been fitted out. It was late in the morning ere we reached Cromarty, but a crowd on the beach awaited our arrival; and there were anxious looking lights glancing in the windows, thick and manifold; nay, such was the interest elicited, that some enormously bad verses, in which the writer described the incident a few days after, became popular enough to be handed about in manuscript, and read at tea parties by the *élite* of the town. Poor old Miss Bond, who kept the town boarding-school, got the piece nicely dressed up, somewhat on the principle upon which Macpherson translated Ossian; and at our first school examination — proud and happy day for the author! — it was recited with vast applause, by one of her prettiest young ladies, before the assembled taste and fashions of Cromarty.

THE PETITIONERS FOR PARDON

By Charlotte M. Yonge

NO one in our own country has deserved warmer or more loving esteem than Helen Walker, the Scottish maiden, who, though she would not utter a word of untruth to save her sister from being sentenced to death, yet came on foot from Edinburgh to London, made her way to the Duke of Argyle, and being introduced by him, by her entreaties obtained that sister's pardon from Queen Caroline, who was acting as Regent in the absence of George II. It is hard to say which was the most glorious, the God-fearing truth that strengthened this peasant girl to risk a life so dear to her, or the trustful courage and perseverance that carried her through a journey, which in the early part of the eighteenth century was both tedious and full of danger; and it is satisfactory to know that her after life, though simple and homely, by no means was unworthy of the high excellence of her youth. Her sister, Tibbie, for whom she had done so much, married and left her; and she lived on to be remembered by her neighbors as a religious, quiet old woman, gaining her living by knitting new feet to old stockings, teaching little children, and keeping chickens. Her neighbors respected her, and called her a "lofty body." They used to tell that in a thunder-storm, she used to move herself with her work and her Bible to the

front of the house, saying that the Almighty could smite as well in the city as in the field. Sir Walter Scott made her the model of the most beautiful character he ever drew, and afterwards placed a monument to her honor in her own village church.

In the beginning of this century, a girl younger than Helen Walker was impelled to a journey beside which that from Edinburgh to London seems only like a summer stroll, and her motive was in like manner deep affection, love truly stronger than death. As Helen Walker served to suggest the Jeanie Deans of the "Heart of Mid-Lothian," so Prascovia Lopouloff was the origin of Elizabeth, the heroine of Madame Cottin's "Exiles of Siberia;" but in both cases the real facts have been a good deal altered in the tales, and we may doubt whether the Russian lady appears to so much advantage, when dressed up by the French authoress, as does the Scottish lassie in the hands of her countryman.

Prascovia was the daughter of a captain in the Russian army, who for some unknown reason had undergone the sentence of exile to Siberia, from the capricious and insane Czar Paul I. The Russian government, being despotic, is naturally inclined to be suspicious; and it has long been the custom to send off persons supposed to be dangerous to the state, to live in the intensely cold and remote district of Siberia. Actual criminals are marched off in chains, and kept working in the mines; but political offenders are permitted to live with their families, have a weekly sum allowed for their support, and when it is insufficient, can eke it out by any form of

labor they prefer, whether by hunting, or by such farming as the climate will allow.

The miseries of the exiles have been much mitigated in these later times, many more comforts are permitted them, and though closely watched, and suffering from many annoying regulations, those of higher rank receive a sufficient sum out of their own revenues to enable them to live in tolerable ease, and without actual drudgery; and at Tobolsk, the capital of Siberia, there is a highly educated and accomplished society of banished Poles and of Russians who have incurred suspicion.

Under the Czars who reigned before the kind-hearted Alexander I, the banishment was far more terrible. It was not only the being absent from home and friends, but it was a fall from all the luxuries of civilized life to the utmost poverty, and that in a climate of fearful severity, with a winter lasting nine months, and the sun unseen for many weeks of that time. Captain Lopouloff was condemned for life, was placed in the village of Ischim, far to the north of Tobolsk, and obtained an allowance of only ten kopeks a day. His wife and their little girl of about three years old accompanied him, and the former adapted herself patiently to her situation, working hard at the common domestic cares for which she had been used to trust to servants; and as the little Prascovia grew older, she not only helped her mother, but gained employment in the village, going out to assist in the late and scanty rye harvest, and obtaining a small bundle of the rye as her wages. She was very happy, even in this wild dreary home, amid all the deep snows, iron frosts, and long darkness, until she was nearly

fifteen, when she began to understand how wretched her father was in his banishment. He had sent a petition to the governor of Siberia, in the charge of an officer, who had promised to represent his case strongly; and the watching for the answer, and continued disappointment, whenever a courier arrived from Tobolsk, rendered him so restless, that he no longer tried to put on a cheerful countenance before his daughter, but openly lamented his hard fate, in seeing her growing up untaught and working with her hands like the meanest serf.

His despair awoke Prascovia from her childish enjoyments. She daily prayed that he might be brought home and comforted, and, as she said herself, it one day darted into her mind like a flash of lightning, just as she finished saying her prayers, that she might go to Petersburg and obtain his pardon. Long did she dwell upon the thought, going alone among the pine trees to dream over it, and to pray that grace and strength might be given her for this great work — this exceeding bliss of restoring her father to his home. Still she durst not mention the project; it seemed so impossible that it died away upon her lips whenever she tried to ask her father's permission, till at last she set herself a time, at which nothing should prevent her from speaking. The day came; she went out among the whispering pines, and again prayed for strength to make her proposal, and that her father might be led to listen to it favorably. But prayers are not always soon answered. Her father listened to her plan in silence, then called out to his wife: "Here is a fine patroness! Our daughter is going off to Petersburg to speak for us to the Emperor," and he related all the

scheme that had been laid before him, with such a throbbing heart, in a tone of amusement.

"She ought to be attending to her work instead of talking nonsense," said the wife; and when poor Prascovia, more mortified at derision than by anger, began to cry bitterly, her mother held out a cloth to her, saying in a kind, half-coaxing tone, "Here, my dear, dust the table for dinner, and then you may set off to Petersburg at your ease."

Still day after day Prascovia returned to the charge, entreating that her scheme might at least be considered, till her father grew displeased, and severely forbade her to mention it again. She abstained; but for three whole years she never failed to add to her daily prayers a petition that his consent might be gained. During this time her mother had a long and serious illness, and Prascovia's care, as both nurse and housewife, gave her father and mother such confidence in her that they no longer regarded her as a child; and when she again ventured to bring her plan before them, they did not laugh at her, but besought her not to leave them in their declining years to expose herself to danger on so wild a project. She answered by tears, but she could not lay it aside.

Another difficulty was, that without a passport she would have been immediately sent back to Ischim, and so many petitions from her father had been disregarded that there was little chance that any paper sent by him to Tobolsk would be attended to. However, she found one of their fellow exiles who drew up a request in due form for a passport for her, and after six months more of waiting the answer arrived. She was not herself a prisoner,

she could leave Siberia whenever she pleased, and the passport was inclosed for her. Her father, however, seized upon it, and locked it up, declaring that he had only allowed the application to go in the certainty that it would be refused, and that nothing should induce him to let a girl of eighteen depart alone for such a journey.

Prascovia still persevered, and her disappointment worked upon her mother to promise not to prevent her from going, provided her father consented; and at last he yielded. "What shall we do with this child?" he said: "we shall have to let her go." Still he said, "Do you think, poor child, that you can speak to the Emperor as you speak to your father in Siberia? Sentinels guard every entrance to his palace, and you will never pass the threshold. Poor even to beggary, without clothes or introductions, how could you appear, and who will deign to present you?" However, Prascovia trusted that the same Providence that had brought her the passport would smooth other difficulties; she had boundless confidence in the Power to whom she had committed herself, and her own earnest will made obstacles seem as nothing. That her undertaking should not be disobedient was all she desired. And at length the consent was won, and the 8th of September fixed for her day of departure.

At dawn she was dressed, with a little bag over her shoulder, and her father was trying to make her take the whole family store of wealth, one silver rouble, though, as she truly said, this was not enough to take her to Petersburg, and might do some good at home, and she only took it at last when he laid his strict commands on her. Two of the poorest of the exiles tried to force on

her all the money they had — thirty copper kopeks and a silver twenty-kopek piece; and though she refused these she affectionately promised that the kind givers should share in any favor she should obtain.

When the first sunbeam shone into the room, there was, according to the beautiful old Russian custom, a short, solemn silence, for private prayer for the traveler. Then, after a few words, also customary, of indifferent conversation, there was a last embrace, and Prascovia, kneeling down, received her parents' blessing, rose up, and set her face upon her way — a girl of nineteen, with a single rouble in her pocket, to walk through vast expanses of forest, and make her way to the presence of her sovereign.

The two poor exiles did their utmost for her by escorting her as far as they were allowed to go from Ischim, and they did not leave her till she had joined a party of girls on their way to one of the villages she had to pass. Once they had a fright from some half-tipsy lads; but they shook them off, and reached the village, where Prascovia was known and hospitably lodged for the night. She was much tired in the morning, and when she first set forth on her way, the sense of terror at her loneliness was almost too much for her, till she thought of the angel who succored Hagar, and took courage; but she had mistaken the road, and by and by found herself at the last village she had passed the night before. Indeed, she often lost her way; and when she asked the road to Petersburg, she was only laughed at. She knew the names of no nearer places in the way, but fancied that the sacred town of Kief, where the Russian power had first begun, was on the route; so, if people did not know which

was the road to Petersburg, she would ask for Kief. One day, when she came to a place where three roads branched off, she asked some travelers in a carriage that passed her, which of them led to Kief. "Whichever you please," they answered, laughing; "one leads as much as the other either to Kief, Paris, or Rome." She chose the middle one, which was fortunately the right, but she was never able to give any exact account of the course she had taken, for she confused the names of the villages she passed, and only remembered certain incidents that had impressed themselves on her memory. In the lesser hamlets she was usually kindly received in the first cottage where she asked for shelter; but in larger places, with houses of a superior order, she was often treated as a suspicious looking vagabond. For instance, when not far from a place called Kamouicheff, she was caught in a furious storm at the end of a long day's march. She hurried on in hopes of reaching the nearest houses; but a tree was blown down just before her, and she thought it safer to hasten into a thicket, the close bushes of which sheltered her a little against the wind. Darkness came on before the storm abated enough for her to venture out, and there she stayed, without daring to move, though the rain at length made its way through the branches, and soaked her to the skin. At dawn, she dragged herself to the road, and was there offered a place in a cart driven by a peasant, who set her down in the middle of the village at about eight o'clock in the morning. She fell down while getting out, and her clothes were not only wet through with the night's drenching, but covered with mire; she was spent with cold and hunger, and felt herself

such a deplorable object, that the neatness of the houses filled her with alarm. She, however, ventured to approach an open window, where she saw a woman shelling peas, and begged to be allowed to rest and dry herself, but the woman surveyed her scornfully, and ordered her off; and she met with no better welcome at any other house. At one, where she sat down at the door, the mistress drove her off, saying that she harbored neither thieves nor vagabonds. "At least," thought the poor wanderer, "they cannot hunt me from the church;" but she found the door locked, and when she sat down on its stone steps, the village boys came round her, hooting at her, and calling her a thief and runaway; and thus she remained for two whole hours, ready to die with cold and hunger, but inwardly praying for strength to bear this terrible trial.

At last, however, a kinder woman came up through the rude little mob, and spoke to her in a gentle manner. Prascovia told what a terrible night she had spent in the wood, and the starost, or village magistrate, examined her passport, and found that it answered for her character. The good woman offered to take her home, but on trying to rise, she found her limbs so stiff that she could not move; she had lost one of her shoes, and her feet were terribly swollen; indeed, she never entirely recovered the effects of that dreadful night of exposure. The villagers were shocked at their own inhospitality; they fetched a cart and lodged her safely with the good woman, with whom she remained several days, and when she was again able to proceed, one of the villagers gave her a pair of boots. She was often obliged to rest

for a day or two, according to the state of her strength, the weather, or the reception she met with; and she always endeavored to requite the hospitality she received by little services, such as sweeping, washing, or sewing for her hosts. She found it wiser not to begin by telling her story, or people took her for an impostor; she generally began by begging for a morsel of food; then, if she met with a kind answer, she would talk of her weariness and obtain leave to rest, and when she was a little more at home with the people of the house, would tell them her story; and when, if nothing else would do, she was in urgent need, the sight of her passport secured attention to her from the petty authorities, since she was there described as the daughter of a captain in the army. But she always said that she did not, comparatively, often meet with rebuffs, whilst the acts of kindness she had received were beyond counting. "People fancy," she used afterwards to say, "that my journey was most disastrous, because I tell the troubles and adventures that befell me, and pass over the kind welcomes I received, because nobody cares to hear them."

Once she had a terrible fright. She had been refused an entrance at all the houses in a village street, when an old man, who had been very short and sharp in his rejection, came and called her back. She did not like his looks, but there was no help for it, and she turned back with him. His wife looked even more repulsive than himself, and no sooner had they entered the miserable one-roomed cottage, than she shut the door and fastened it with strong bolts, so that the only light in the place came from oak slips which were set on fire

and stuck into a hole in the wall. By their flicker Prascovia thought she saw the old people staring at her most unpleasantly, and presently they asked her where she came from.

"From Ischim. I am going to Petersburg."

"And you have plenty of money for the journey?"

"Only eighty copper kopeks now," said Prascovia, very glad just then to have no more.

"That 's a lie," shouted the old woman; "people don't go that distance without money."

She vainly declared it was all she had; they did not believe her, and she could hardly keep back her tears of indignation and terror. At last they gave her a few potatoes to eat, and told her to lie down on the great brick stove, the wide ledges of which are the favorite sleeping places of the poorer Russians. She laid aside her upper garments, and with them her pockets and her pack, hoping within herself that the smallness of the sum might at least make her not worth murdering; then praying with all her might, she lay down. As soon as they thought her asleep, they began whispering.

"She must have more money," they said; "she certainly has notes."

"I saw a string round her neck," said the old woman, "and a little bag hanging to it. The money must be there."

Then after some lower murmurs, they said, "No one saw her come in here. She is not known to be still in the village."

And next the horrified girl saw the old woman climbing up the stove. She again declared that she had no

money, and entreated for her life; but the woman made no answer, only pulled the bag from off her neck, and felt her clothes all over, even taking off her boots, and opening her hands, while the man held the light; but, at last, finding nothing in the bag but the passport, they left her alone, and lay down themselves. She lay trembling for a good while, but at last she knew by their breathing that they were both asleep, and she, too, fell into a slumber, from which she did not waken till the old woman roused her at broad daylight. There was a plentiful breakfast of peasant fare prepared for her, and both spoke to her much more kindly, asking her questions, in reply to which she told them part of her story. They seemed interested, and assured her that they had only searched her because they thought she might be a dishonest wanderer, but that she would find that they were far from being robbers themselves. Prascovia was heartily glad to leave their house; but when she ventured to look into her little store, she found that her eighty kopeks had become one hundred and twenty. She always fully believed that these people had had the worst intentions, and thanked God for having turned their hearts. Her other greatest alarm was one morning, when she had set out from her night's lodging before any one was up, and all the village dogs flew at her. Running and striking with her stick only made them more furious, and one of them was tearing at the bottom of her gown, when she flung herself on her face, recommending her soul to God, as she felt a cold nose upon her neck; but the beast was only smelling her, she was not even once bitten, and a peasant passing by drove them off.

Winter began to come on, and an eight days' snow-storm forced her to stop till it was over; but when she wanted to set off again, the peasants declared that to travel on foot alone in the snow would be certain death even to the strongest men, for the wind raises the drifts, and makes the way undistinguishable; and they detained her till the arrival of a convoy of sledges, which were taking provisions to Ekatherinenburg for the Christmas feasts. The drivers, on learning her story, offered her a seat in a sledge; but her garments were not adapted for winter traveling, and though they covered her with one of the wrappers of their goods, on the fourth day, when they arrived at the kharstina, or solitary posting-station, the intense cold had so affected her that she was obliged to be lifted from the sledge, with one cheek frost-bitten. The good carriers rubbed it with snow, and took every possible care of her; but they said it was impossible to take her on without a sheepskin pelisse, since otherwise her death from the increasing cold was certain. She cried bitterly at the thought of missing this excellent escort, and on the other hand, the people of the kharstina would not keep her. The carriers then agreed to club together to buy her a sheepskin, but none could be had; no one at the station would spare theirs, as they were in a lonely place, and could not easily get another. Though the carriers even offered a sum beyond the cost to the maid of the inn, if she would part with hers, she still refused; but at last an expedient was found. "Let us lend her our pelisses by turns," said one of the carriers. "Or rather, let her always wear mine, and we will change about every verst." To this all agreed; Prascovia was well wrapped

up in one of the sheepskin pelisses, whose owner rolled himself in the wrapper, curled his feet under him, and sang at the top of his lungs. Every verst-stone there was a shifting of sheepskins, and there was much merriment over the changes, while all the way Prascovia's silent prayers arose, that these kind men's health might suffer no injury from the cold to which they thus exposed themselves.

At the inn at which they put up at Ekatherinenburg, the hostess told Prascovia the names of the most charitable persons in the town, and so especially praised a certain Madame Milin, that Prascovia resolved to apply to her the next day for advice how to proceed further. First, as it was Sunday, however, she went to church. Her worn traveling dress, as well as her fervent devotion, attracted attention, and as she came out, a lady asked her who she was. Prascovia gave her name, and further requested to be directed where to find Madame Milin, whose benevolence was everywhere talked of. "I am afraid," said the lady, "that this Madame Milin's beneficence is a good deal exaggerated; but come with me, and I will take care of you."

Prascovia did not much like this way of speaking; but the stranger pointed to Madame Milin's door, saying that if she were rejected there, she must return to her. Without answering, Prascovia asked the servants whether Madame Milin were at home, and only when they looked at their mistress in amazement, did she discover that she had been talking to Madame Milin herself all the time.

This good lady kept her as a guest all the rest of the winter, and strove to remedy the effects of the severe cold

she had caught on the night of the tempest. At the same time, she taught Prascovia many of the common matters of education becoming her station. Captain Lopouloff and his wife had been either afraid to teach their daughter anything that would recall their former condition in life, or else had become too dispirited and indifferent for the exertion; and Prascovia had so entirely forgotten all she had known before her father's banishment, that she had to learn to read and write over again. She could never speak of Madame Milin's kindness without tears, but the comfort and ease in which she now lived made her all the more distressed at the thought of her parents toiling alone among the privations of their snowy wilderness. Madame Milin, however, would not allow her to leave Ekatherinenburg till the spring, and then took a place for her in a barge upon the river Khama, a confluent of the Volga; and put her under the care of a man who was going to Nishnï Novgorod, with a cargo of iron and salt.

Unfortunately this person fell sick, and was obliged to be left behind at a little village on the banks of the Khama, and Prascovia was again left unprotected. In ascending the Volga, the barge was towed along by horses on the bank, and in a short sharp storm, the boatmen, in endeavoring to keep the barge from running against the bank, pushed Prascovia and two other passengers overboard with a heavy oar. They were instantly rescued; but there was no privacy in the barge, and as Prascovia could not bear to undress herself in public, her wet clothes increased the former injury to her health. Madame Milin, trusting to the person to whom she had confided her

young friend, to forward her on from Novgorod, had given her no introductions to any one there, nor any directions how to proceed, and the poor girl was thus again cast upon the world alone, though, thanks to her kind friend, with rather more both in her purse and in her bundle than when she had left Ischim; but, on the other hand, with a far clearer knowledge of the difficulties that lay before her, and a much greater dread of cities.

The bargemen set her ashore at the foot of a bridge at the usual landing-place. She saw a church on a rising ground before her, and, according to her usual custom, she went up to pray there before going to seek a lodging. The building was empty, but behind a grating she heard the voices of women at their evening devotions. It was a nunnery, and these female tones refreshed and encouraged her. "If God grants my prayers," she thought, "I shall hide myself under such a veil as theirs, for I shall have nothing to do but to thank and praise Him." After the service, she lingered near the convent, dreading to expose herself to the rude remarks she might meet at an inn; and at last, reproaching herself for this failure in her trust, she returned into the church to renew her prayers for faith and courage. One of the nuns who had remained there told her it was time to close the doors, and Prascovia ventured to tell her of her repugnance to enter an inn alone, and to beg for a night's shelter in the convent. The sister replied that they did not receive travelers, but that the abbess might give her some assistance. Prascovia showed her purse, and explained that the kind friends at Ekatherinenburg had placed her above want, and that all she needed was a night's

lodging; and the nun, pleased with her manner, took her to the abbess. Her artless story, supported by her passport, and by Madame Milin's letters, filled the good sisterhood with excitement and delight; the abbess made her sleep in her own room, and finding how severely she was suffering from the effects of her fall into the Volga, insisted on her remaining a few days to rest. Before those few days were over, Prascovia was seized with so dangerous an illness that the physicians themselves despaired of her life; but even at the worst she never gave herself up: "I do not believe my hour is come," she said. "I hope God will allow me to finish my work." And she did recover, though so slowly that all the summer passed by before she could continue her journey, and then she was too weak for rough posting vehicles, and could only wait among the nuns for the roads to be fit for sledges.

At last she set off again for Moscow in a covered sledge, with a letter from the abbess to a lady, who sent her on again to Petersburg, under the care of a merchant, with a letter to the Princess de T——; and thus at length she arrived at the end of her journey, eighteen months after she had set off from Ischim with her rouble and her staff. The merchant took her to his own house, but before he had found out the princess, he was obliged to go to Riga; and his wife, though courteous and hospitable, did not exert herself to forward the cause of her guest. She tried to find one of the ladies to whom she had been recommended, but the house was on the other side of the Neva; and as it was now February, the ice was in so unsafe a state that no one was allowed to pass. A

visitor at the merchant's advised her to get a petition to the senate drawn up, begging for a revision of her father's trial, and offered to get it drawn up for her. Accordingly, day after day, for a whole fortnight, did the poor girl stand on the steps of the senate-house, holding out her petition to every one whom she fancied to be a senator, and being sometimes roughly spoken to, sometimes waved aside, sometimes offered a small coin as a beggar, but never attended to. Holy Week came on, and Prascovia's devotions and supplications were addressed entirely to her God. On Easter day, that day of universal joy, she was unusually hopeful; she went out with her hostess in the carriage, and told her that she felt a certainty that another time she should meet with success.

"I would trouble myself no more with senates and senators," said the lady. "It is just as well worth while as it would be to offer your petition to yonder iron man," pointing to the famous statue of Peter the Great.

"Well," said Prascovia, "God is Almighty, and if He would, He could make that iron man stoop and take my petition."

The lady laughed carelessly; but as they were looking at the statue, she observed that the bridge of boats over the Neva was restored, and offered to take Prascovia at once to leave her letter with Mde. de L——. They found this lady at home, and already prepared to expect her; she received her most kindly, and looked at the petition, which she found so ignorantly framed and addressed, that it was no wonder that it had not been attended to. She said that she had a relation high in office in the

senate who could have helped Prascovia, but that unfortunately they were not on good terms.

Easter day, however, is the happy occasion when, in the Greek Church, all reconciliations are made. Families make a point of meeting with the glorious greeting, "Christ is risen," and the response, "He is risen indeed;" and the kiss exchanged at these glad tidings seals general pardon for all the bickerings of the year. And while Prascovia was at dinner with her friends, this very gentleman came in, with the accustomed words, and, without further delay, she was introduced to him, and her circumstances explained. He took great interest in her, but assured her that applications to the senate were useless; for even if she should prevail to have the trial revised, it would be a tedious and protracted affair, and very uncertain; so that it would be far better to trust to the kind disposition of the Czar Alexander himself.

Prascovia went back to the merchant's greatly encouraged, and declaring that, after all, she owed something to the statue of Peter the Great, for but for him they might not have observed that the Neva was open! The merchant himself now returned from Riga, and was concerned at finding her affairs no more forward. He took her at once to the Princess de T——, a very old lady, who received her kindly, and let her remain in her house; but it was full of grand company and card-playing, and the Princess herself was so aged and infirm, that she, as well as all her guests, forgot all about the young stranger, who, with a heart pining with hope deferred, meekly moved about the house — finding that every opening of promise led only to disappointment. Still she recollected that

she had been advised to present a request to M. V——, one of the secretaries of the Empress Mary, widow of the last, and mother of the present Czar. With this, she went to his house. He had heard of her, but fancying hers a common case of poverty, had put out fifty roubles to be given to her. He was not at home when she called; but his wife saw her, was delighted with her, drew from her the whole history of her perseverance in her father's cause, and kept her to see M. V——. He, too, was warmly interested, and going at once to the Empress-mother, who was one of the most gentle and charitable women in the world, he brought back her orders that she should be presented to the Empress that very evening.

Poor child, she turned pale, and her eyes filled with tears at this sudden brightening of hope. Instead of thanking M. V——, her first exclamation was, "My God, not in vain have I put my trust in Thee!" Then kissing Mme. V——'s hands, she cried, "You, you alone can make my thanks acceptable to the good man who is saving my father!"

She never disturbed herself as to her dress or any matter of court etiquette; her simple heart was wrapped up in its one strong purpose. Mme. V—— merely arranged the dress she had on, and sent her off with the secretary. When she really saw the palace before her, she said, "Oh, if my father could see me, how glad he would be! My God, finish Thy work!"

The Empress Mary was a tender-hearted woman, of the simplest manners. She received Prascovia in her private room, and listened most kindly to her story; then praised her self-devotion and filial love, and promised to

speak in her behalf to the Emperor — giving her three hundred roubles for her present needs. Prascovia was so much overcome by her kindness, that when afterwards Mme. V—— asked how she had sped in her interview, she could only weep for gladness.

Two days after, the Empress-mother herself took her to a private audience of the Emperor himself and his wife, the Empress Elizabeth. No particulars are given of this meeting, except that Prascovia was most graciously received, and that she came away with a gift of five thousand roubles, and the promise that her father's trial should be at once revised.

And now all the persons who had scarcely attended to Prascovia vied with each other in making much of her: they admired her face, found out that she had the stamp of high birth, and invited her to their drawing-rooms. She was as quiet and unmoved as ever; she never thought of herself, nor of the effect she produced, but went on in her simplicity, enjoying all that was kindly meant. Two ladies took her to see the state apartments of the Imperial palace. When they pointed to the throne, she stopped short, exclaiming, "Is that the throne? Then that is what I dreaded so much in Siberia!" And as all her past hopes and fears, her dangers and terrors, rushed on her, she clasped her hands, and exclaiming, "The Emperor's throne!" she almost fainted. Then she begged leave to draw near and, kneeling down, she kissed the steps, of which she had so often dreamed as the term of her labors, and she exclaimed aloud, "Father, father! see whither the Divine Power has led me! My God, bless this throne; bless him who sits on it; make him

as happy as he is making me!" The ladies could hardly get her away from it, and she was so much exhausted by the strength of her feelings, that she could not continue her course of sight-seeing all that day.

She did not forget the two fellow exiles who had been so kind to her; she mentioned them to every one, but was always advised not to encumber her suit for her father by mentioning them. However, when, after some delay, she received notice that a ukase had been issued for her father's pardon, and was further told that His Majesty wished to know if she had anything to ask for herself, she replied, that he would overwhelm her with his favors if he would extend the same mercy that he had granted to her father to these two poor old banished gentlemen; and the Emperor, struck by this absence of all selfishness, readily pardoned them for their offense, which had been of a political nature, and was many years old.

Prascovia had always intended to dedicate herself as a nun, believing that this would be her fullest thank-offering for her father's pardon; and her heart was drawn towards the convent at Nishnï, where she had been so tenderly nursed during her illness. First, however, she went to Kief, the place where the first Christian teaching in Russia had begun, and where the tombs of St. Olga, the pious queen, and Vladimir, the destroyer of idols, were objects of pilgrimage. There she took the monastic vows, a step which seems surprising in so dutiful a daughter, without her parents' consent; but she seems to have thought that only thus could her thankfulness be evinced, and to have supposed herself fulfilling the vows she had made in her distress. From Kief, she returned

to Nishnï, where she hoped to meet her parents. She had reckoned that about the time of her arrival they might be on their way back from Siberia, and as soon as she met the abbess, she eagerly asked if there were no tidings of them. "Excellent tidings," said the abbess. "I will tell you in my rooms." Prascovia followed her in silence, until they reached the reception room, and there stood her father and mother! Their first impulse on seeing the daughter who had done so much for them was to fall on their knees; but she cried out with dismay and herself kneeling, exclaimed, "What are you doing? It is God, God only, who worked for us. Thanks be to His providence for the wonders He has wrought in our favor."

For one week the parents and child were happy together; but then Captain Lopouloff and his wife were forced to proceed on their journey. The rest of Prascovia's life was one long decline, her health had been fatally injured by the sufferings that she had undergone; and though she lived some years, and saw her parents again, she was gently fading away all the time. She made one visit to Petersburg, and one of those who saw her there described her as having a fine oval face, extremely black eyes, an open brow, and a remarkable calmness of expression, though with a melancholy smile. It is curious that Scott has made this open-browed serenity of expression a characteristic of his Jeanie Deans.

Prascovia's illness ended suddenly on the 9th of December, 1809. She had been in church on that same morning, and was lying on her bed, with the sisters talking round her, when they observed that they were tiring

her. They went away for one of their hours of prayer, leaving one, who began to chant the devotions aloud; but Prascovia begged her to read instead of singing, as the voice disturbed her prayers. Still she did not complain, and they left her at night without alarm; but in the morning they found her in her long last sleep, her hands forming the sign of the cross.

ALEXANDER DUMAS FOUNDS A NEWSPAPER

By Percy Fitzgerald

DUMAS remained in Brussels for three years, and in 1853 returned to Paris with another of his magnificent schemes. This was the founding of a grand journal, in which his individuality was to be revealed, and which was, in fact, to be *all* Dumas — Dumas story-telling and Dumas talking and "chatting," and as some added, Dumas "twaddling" and "humbugging." An agent was found for the scheme, which was loudly puffed and heralded, and in due time "Le Mousquetaire" made its appearance. He now entirely reveled in vanity, and displayed himself in the most ridiculous attitudes before the wondering and laughing audience of Paris. At first the "Mousquetaire" was an extraordinary success. Its offices were at the Maison Dorée; its staff the largest and most heterogeneous ever known. People walked in as into a café; the first comer offered his services, and was accepted. "All Paris," says De Villemessant, "was editor at a fixed salary." "What will you allow me?" would ask the new hand. "Whatever you like, my boy," replied the great man. Every one who had a protégé sent him to Dumas, who accepted them all. A young writer named Alfred Asseline met him on the race-course. Alexander was charmed to see

his friend, insisted on their dining together that evening at Philippe's to discuss the new project, and in which he desired that Asseline should assist him. The dinner was handsome, and the host inexhaustible in dazzling plans and resources. After dinner he pulled out of his pocket a couple of bank notes for forty pounds each. "You see," he said, "*I have got money*, and we might start this very week." The other hinted that the two notes could not carry them very far. Dumas explained that he had already made a contract with one Brière in the Rue Ste. Anne, who for a sum of about six pounds a day was to furnish paper and print for the journal. They had therefore money enough to cover some fifteen days, and by that time the journal would be established. They would start with six thousand copies at a penny each. "We shall be rich at once," he exclaimed enthusiastically. "To-morrow I shall get an article from Gautier, and give him five and twenty pounds. I myself will furnish a 'chat' every day for the first page. There will be then three columns for my memoirs, a feuilleton of a story which is all ready, and also by me. You will do the rest. Lots of young fellows will come knocking at our doors,— we must encourage rising talent, sir!"

Such was the brilliant programme; perhaps the hundredth brilliant programme he had set before those whose aid he wished to secure. He went on, —

"By the way, before you go we must understand one thing, — I mean you to be handsomely paid. You must have fifty pounds a month; and if you should wish to have a month's pay in advance, now don't scruple to ask us."

The young fellow was completely dazzled. The enchanter could conjure with words as effectually as another man could with gold and silver. At this time he was living in a little *entresol* at the Hotel Louvois, Place Louvois, where friends and acquaintances found him working away in his shirt-sleeves, dirty, careless of his dress, yet always good-humored and ready for a chat.

The paper was sold at all the cafés, and read everywhere. Much amusement was caused by the notice which he placed in its first column: "The journal does not receive advertisements of theatres or books. It pays for its stalls and buys its books." But in spite of this Spartan resolution, the young critic confesses there were serious reasons why it could not be upheld. The books poured in all the same, and as there was not a farthing to be had at the treasury to purchase a ticket, the young critic had to ask for his admission, as other critics did. In fact, money was always wanting. Though the receipts were usually twenty pounds a day, the spendthrift editor had always some Jew to soothe, some distress to relieve, or some little want of his own to satisfy. Printers and paper-makers were left unpaid.

The unhappy treasurer, a gardener whom he had brought in from Monte Cristo, and who could get no salary, was at his wits' end. Nothing was paid. The office, a miserable room at fifty pounds a year, garnished with two or three chairs, was besieged by creditors. The young contributors whom he had dazzled with the fifty pounds a month, and if "they should desire a month's payment in advance," etc., began to treat the matter as a good joke. They were consoled by the ex-

cellent company that visited the little office. Thither came Meyerbeer, Brohan the actress, Madame de Girardin, Henri Rochefort, and others. Above all, there was the incomparable Alexander himself, ever cheerful, ever hopeful, and always ready to share with his young assistants the stray pieces he was able to keep in his pocket.

This could not last long. It must be said that he worked hard in this enterprise, but he found, as most eminent writers do, that the least profitable mode of furnishing their work to the public is to be the chief contributor to their own journal. They have to be their own paymaster. It seemed far better to have any one else to act in that capacity.

The whole was an extraordinary scene of waste and disorder; yet it was a "good property," and might have been made a splendid one under respectable management. Some friends proposed to introduce order and system by joining the venture, among whom was De Villemessant, and this good-natured proposal was really intended in the interest of the great man himself. He declined it on grounds that were admirably characteristic. "My dearest comrade, what you and that heart of gold, Millaud, have proposed is admirable, and I have no doubt would succeed. But the dream of my whole life has been to have a journal of my own, entirely my own. This object I have now attained, and I calculate that the very least it can bring me in will be a million a year (£40,000). I have not yet withdrawn a half-penny from the receipts for my articles, a sum which, at forty sous the line, by this time represents two hundred thousand francs (£8000), earned since start-

ing the paper, a sum which I shall leave to increase quietly in stock, so that in a month or so I can have four or five hundred thousand francs at once. Under these circumstances you will see that I am not in need of money or of a manager. The 'Mousquetaire' is a gold mine, and I mean to work it all myself. *Au revoir*, my dear friends, I grieve that I have only two hands with which to squeeze your four."

This letter, delightfully significant of his whole character, might almost seem to be taken from a work of fiction, and to have been from the pen of Micawber, who was quite as sanguine in pecuniary matters. Within a very short time after these golden dreams the paper was extinct.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT

By Rosalie Kaufman

ALEXANDER was the son of Philip, king of Macedon, and at a very early age showed that he had the spirit of a warrior. His father won many brilliant victories, but, instead of rejoicing at them, Alexander would say to his friends, "My father will go on conquering until nothing extraordinary be left for you and me to do." He never cared for pleasure or riches, but thirsted for glory, and therefore hoped to inherit a kingdom that was plunged in wars, so that he might be able to exercise his courage.

The care of his education was given to several instructors, but Leonidas, a kinsman of his mother, presided over them all. Lysimachus was his chief preceptor, but he was neither a good nor an able man. Philip therefore soon secured the services of a great philosopher, because the following circumstance convinced him that his son was worthy of every advantage.

A horse, Bucephalus by name, was offered to Philip for the sum of thirteen talents, or about thirteen thousand dollars of our money, and the king, with the prince and many others, went to the field to see him tried. He proved to be so vicious and unmanageable that none of the grooms dared venture to mount him. Philip was displeased at any one's having brought him such an animal,

and angrily ordered him to be taken away. Alexander was, on the contrary, so delighted with the fine points he observed in the horse that he exclaimed, "What a horse are they losing for want of skill and spirit to manage him!" Philip did not at first notice the boy, who made several such remarks. At last he said, "Young man, you find fault with your elders, as if you knew more than they, or could manage the horse better." "I certainly could," answered the prince. "If you should not be able to ride him, what will you forfeit for your rashness?" "I will pay the price asked for him." Everybody laughed; but, having gained his father's permission, Alexander ran to the animal, and, laying hold of the bridle, turned his head to the sun. He did this because he had observed that the continually-moving shadow of himself annoyed Bucephalus. Then he spoke softly to the animal, and stroked him gently until he grew calm; after which he leaped lightly on his back and seated himself. Having accomplished so much, he jerked the bridle gently, and Bucephalus started forward without the use of whip or spur. Philip and his courtiers looked on in anxious silence; but when the prince turned the horse and rode straight back to the spot whence he had started, he was received with loud shouts, while the father, with tears in his eyes, embraced him and said, "O my son, seek another kingdom worthy of thy abilities, for Macedonia is too small for thee."

It was immediately after this that Aristotle, the most celebrated and learned of all the philosophers, was engaged to instruct Alexander. The boy soon learned to

love his master almost as much as he did his own father, and in after years he would say, "From my father I derived the blessing of life, but from Aristotle the blessing of a good life." Alexander was born with a love for study, which never left him to the very end of his life. He was only sixteen years old when his father went from home on an expedition and left him regent of Macedonia and keeper of the royal seal. He did not remain idle, but reduced a rebellious tribe, took their chief town by storm, planted a mixed colony there, and called the place Alexandropolis, after himself. At the battle of Chæronea this young prince charged and broke the Theban *Sacred Band*, and had the glory of being the first who had ever done that.

King Philip was preparing for a war against Persia, B. C. 336, when he was assassinated. Alexander, who was just twenty years of age, succeeded to the throne. The kingdom he was called upon to rule was in a most unsettled condition; for, by his numerous victories, Philip had subdued Greece, but she had not become accustomed to the yoke, consequently the whole country was in a tumultuous state.

Alexander's counselors advised him to give up Greece entirely, but he would not listen to them, particularly as several of the states, thinking they had nothing to fear from so young a sovereign, showed signs of rebellion. He marched without delay as far as the Danube, where he fought a great battle with the Triballi and defeated them.

Shortly after he was informed that the Thebans and the Athenians had revolted; so he advanced immediately

through the pass of Thermopylæ, saying, "Demosthenes called me a boy while I was among the Triballi, a stripling when in Thessaly; but I will show him before the walls of Athens that I am a man."

The Thebans made a desperate resistance, and the war began with great fury; but the Macedonians had such a large army that they surrounded Thebes on all sides and completely destroyed it. Among the inhabitants, the priests and the poet Pindar were spared, but thirty thousand were sold as slaves, and more than six thousand were killed in the battle.

Some of the scenes enacted are too horrible to recount, but an anecdote about Timoclea, a woman of rank and wealth, is worth repeating. A party of Thracians entered her house and carried off all the valuables it contained; but, not satisfied with that, the captain asked whether she had not some gold and silver hidden away. "Oh, yes," she said, leading him to a well in her garden; "when the city was taken I threw all my jewels and money down there." The captain stooped to examine the well, whereupon Timoclea pushed him in and threw all the heavy stones she could find on top of him. The soldiers seized her, bound her hands, and led her before Alexander, to whom they told what she had done.

"Who are you?" asked the king.

"I am the sister of Theagenes, who, as general of our army, fought Philip for the liberty of Greece and fell in the battle of Chæronea," she replied boldly.

Alexander could not help admiring her bravery, nor could he blame her action, seeing that she was dealing with an enemy; therefore he commanded her and her

children to be set at liberty. The rest of the Greek nations were so impressed by the fate of Thebes that they gladly came over to the Macedonian party, and soon after chose Alexander for their general when their war with Persia began.

They were assembled at Corinth for this election, and most of the public officers and philosophers of the neighborhood went to visit Alexander and offer their congratulations. But there was one who took no notice of him whatever, and that was Diogenes of Sinope, then living at a little place just outside of Corinth called Cranium. So Alexander went to see the philosopher, whom he found lying in the sun. At the approach of so many people he looked up, and the king in a friendly tone asked, "Is there any way in which I can serve you?"

"Yes; I would have you stand from between me and the sun," replied the philosopher.

Alexander was struck with surprise, for he did not suppose there was a man in the world so contented as to require no service at his hands. His courtiers were annoyed and called Diogenes a monster; but the king said, "If I were not Alexander I should wish to be Diogenes."

After consulting the oracle and receiving for answer, "My son, thou art invincible," Alexander set out with an army of four thousand five hundred horse and thirty thousand foot-soldiers. On his arrival at Troy, he sacrificed to Minerva, anointed the tomb of Achilles with oil, then put a garland on it, and congratulated the dead hero on his good fortune in having such a friend as Patroclus and such a poet as Homer to sing his praises.

Alexander moved so rapidly that he took the army of

Darius by surprise, and got as far as the river Granicus, in Asia, without meeting any opposition. He advanced under showers of darts thrown from the steep opposite banks, which were covered with the enemy's troops, and having climbed the muddy, slippery paths, engaged in a hand-to-hand fight, and won a decisive victory. Alexander was attacked several times, and had a horse killed under him, but, although he was easily known by his waving white plumes, he escaped without a wound.

The loss on the Persian side was very heavy, while their conqueror had no more than sixty horse and thirty foot-soldiers killed. Among these were twenty-five of Alexander's personal friends, and to do honor to their memory he erected a brass statue to each. The Grecians got a share of the spoils, particularly the Athenians, to whom he sent three hundred bucklers. Upon the rest he ordered this inscription to be placed: "Alexander, the son of Philip, and the Grecians, except the Lacedæmonians, won these from the barbarians who inhabit Asia." All the plate, purple garments, and ornaments that he took from the Persians, except a small quantity that he kept for himself, he sent as a present to Olympias, his mother.

Alexander was so elated with this victory that he did not rest until he had freed all the Greek cities in Asia Minor from the Persian yoke. Then, on hearing of the death of Memnon, the principal commander of Darius, he determined to march to the upper part of Asia. A serious and dangerous illness, caused by a cold bath in the river Cydnus, detained him, however. Possibly he might have been cured in a few days if he had not been

a king; but his physicians were afraid to try severe remedies, lest they might not have the desired result, and thus subject themselves to suspicion and probably punishment. Philip, one of the physicians, who loved Alexander exceedingly, thought it shameful when his master was in danger not to risk something; so he took upon himself the cure, and set to work to prepare the medicine.

Before it was ready, one of his commanders sent the king a letter bidding him beware of Philip, who had been bribed by Darius to poison him. Having read the letter, Alexander put it under his pillow without showing it to anybody. He had perfect confidence in Philip, of which he gave proof when the medicine was brought: for, placing the cup to his lips, he swallowed the dose even while the physician read the letter which he handed him. Philip was indignant at the unjust charge, and threw himself down by the bedside, entreating his master to have courage and trust to his care. In about three days the invalid was so much better as to be able to show himself to the Macedonians, whose anxiety had been very great on his account.

Darius did not know that illness detained Alexander, and he made up his mind that it was fear; he therefore marched forward to Cilicia with his army. This was a mistake, because he had to fight in narrow passages, where his immense forces were so cramped that they could scarcely obey orders, whereas had he remained in Assyria he would have met Alexander on wide, open plains; but he paid dearly for his error, and suffered a signal defeat. He lost over a hundred thousand men, and came very near being captured himself. However,

he escaped, though his chariot and bow fell into the hands of the conqueror, who returned with them in triumph to his soldiers.

The Persian camp was filled with rich armor and clothing, of which the Macedonian soldiers took possession; but they did not touch the tent of Darius. That they reserved for Alexander, who found in it richly-clothed officers of the royal household, magnificent furniture, and great quantities of gold and silver.

Having laid off his armor, the conqueror said to those about him, "Let us go and refresh ourselves after the fatigue of the battle in the baths of Darius." "Nay, rather in the baths of Alexander," said one of his friends, "for the goods of the conquered are and should be called the conqueror's."

When Alexander looked about and beheld the basins, boxes, vials, vases curiously wrought in gold, the splendid and luxurious lounges and cushions, and smelled the fragrant essences, he turned to his friends and asked, "Can it be possible that a king finds happiness in such enjoyments as these?"

At that period Alexander had not been spoiled by Persian luxury, and his tastes were extremely simple. His table was always splendidly and plentifully supplied; but he did not care for delicacies, and frequently left them untouched, though he was careful to see that his guests were treated to the very best the market afforded. Some historians have accused him of drinking to excess, but this is a mistake arising from his habit of sitting a long time at table. This arose from his fondness for conversation, for with every cup of wine he would discourse

at length on some subject or other, and never indulged in this pleasure unless he had ample leisure. When he was busy he would neither eat, sleep, nor drink; otherwise he could not in his short life have performed so many great actions. Much of his leisure was spent in hunting, throwing the javelin, and otherwise exercising, or reading and writing. As his fortune increased his feasts became more magnificent, until each cost no less than ten thousand drachmas. These feasts always lasted many hours, because they were lengthened out by conversation, in which art Alexander surpassed most other princes.

He showed great kindness of heart in his treatment of Darius's family after the defeat of that monarch in Cilicia. As he was sitting down to dine, when the battle was over, he was told that among the prisoners were the mother, wife, and two daughters of Darius, all of whom were bowed down with grief because, as they saw the royal chariot among the spoils, they concluded that the king was dead. Alexander felt very sorry for the poor captives, and after a few moments' thought sent Leonatus to them with this message: "Assure them that Darius is not dead; that they have nothing to fear from Alexander, for his dispute with Darius was only for empire, and that they shall find themselves provided for in the same manner as when Darius was in his great prosperity."

He kept his promise in every particular, and not only were the captives allowed to do funeral honors to what Persians they pleased, but they were furnished for that purpose with all the necessary robes and other decora-

tions out of the spoils. Besides, they were provided with as many domestics as they needed, and all the comforts and luxuries they had ever enjoyed; no soldier dared to obtrude upon their privacy, and they soon lost sight of the disagreeable fact that they were in an enemy's camp.

Alexander did not follow the Persian monarch, but took possession of Damascus, which contained a large portion of the royal treasure, and conquered all the towns along the Mediterranean Sea. Tyre refused to submit, and was therefore besieged. While the siege lasted, Alexander dreamed that Hercules offered him his hand from the wall and invited him to enter, which was considered a favorable sign. Some of the Tyrians dreamed that Apollo told them he was displeased with their behavior, and was about to leave them and go over to Alexander. So they seized the statue of the god, loaded it with chains, and fastened the feet to the pedestal, to prevent his becoming a deserter. At the end of seven months the siege was suddenly brought to a close in this way: One of Alexander's soothsayers, after offering sacrifices, examined the entrails of the victim, and proclaimed, "The city shall be taken this month." "How can that be," asked the soldiers, "this being the very last day of the month?" Thereupon Alexander answered by ordering that it should be called the twenty-eighth, not the thirtieth, and so sounded the trumpets for an onslaught. It proved the most violent attack that had been made, and the soothsayer's prophecy came true, for the city of Tyre fell that day.

Then Alexander proceeded on his victorious march

through Palestine until he reached Gaza, one of the largest cities of Syria, which, after a siege, shared the fate of Tyre. From there he sent presents to his mother and all his friends. To Leonidas, his early tutor, he forwarded a great load of frankincense and myrrh, because once when offering sacrifices he had been so extravagant with those spices that Leonidas had said, "Alexander, when you have conquered the country where spices grow you may be thus liberal of your incense; but, in the meantime, use what you have more sparingly." So, when he sent the present from Gaza, Alexander wrote, "I have sent you frankincense and myrrh in abundance, that you need no longer be stingy with the gods."

One day a magnificent casket that had belonged to Darius was brought to him, and he asked his friends what they thought the most worthy thing to place in it. One suggested one article, another something else; but he said, "No, Homer's Iliad most deserves such a case," and from that time his copy of that work was kept in the costly box.

In Egypt, Alexander was received as a deliverer, because the inhabitants were tired of the Persian yoke and glad of a chance to throw it off. Alexander restored their former customs and religious rites, and founded Alexandria, which became one of the most important cities of ancient times.

Thence he made a journey through the desert of Libya to consult the oracle, Jupiter Ammon. Few men would have started upon so long and dangerous a journey without misgivings, for there was likely to be

scarcity of water, and violent winds that would blow about the poisonous sand of the desert and cause the death of those who inhaled it. But Alexander was not to be turned from anything he was bent upon; besides, he had known nothing but good fortune all his life; he was therefore bold. The gods seemed to favor him as usual, for plentiful rains fell, which not only relieved the soldiers from fear of drought, but made the sand moist and firm and purified the air. Besides, some ravens kept up with the Macedonians in their march, flying before them and waiting for them if they fell behind; but the strangest part of all was, that if any of the company went astray in the night, the ravens never ceased croaking until they were guided to the right path again.

When Alexander had passed through the wilderness and arrived at the place, the high priest of Ammon bade him welcome in the name of the god, and called him son of Jupiter. "Have any of the assassins of my father escaped me?" asked Alexander. "Do not express yourself in that manner," said the priest, "for your father was not a mortal."

"Well, then, are all the murderers of Philip punished? and am I to be the conqueror of the world?" asked Alexander. "That high distinction you shall have, and the death of Philip is fully revenged," was the answer.

Alexander was so pleased at what he had heard that he made splendid offerings to Jupiter, and gave the priests presents of great value. But he put on a lofty bearing after being addressed as the son of Jupiter. Some people think that he did this among the Persians only to make them honor and respect him; for once,

when he was wounded with an arrow, he said to those about him, "This, my friends, is real, flowing blood, not such as the immortal gods shed."

In course of time Darius wrote to Alexander proposing terms of peace, and offering ten thousand talents as a ransom for his captives, all the countries on this side the river Euphrates, and one of his daughters in marriage. Parmenio, a friend of the Macedonian king, said, "If I were Alexander I would accept those terms." "So would I if I were Parmenio," replied the king. At the same time he sent this message to Darius: "If you will come to me, you shall find the best of treatment; if not, I must go and seek you." And so he began his march. But he had gone only a little way when news was brought to him of the death of Darius's wife. He felt very much grieved at this sad event, and returned to bury the dead queen in a style befitting her rank. Tireus, one of the slaves of the bedchamber, was at once sent to carry the news to Darius, who, in the midst of his lamentations, was somewhat comforted at the assurances Tireus gave him of the care, respect, and attention that had been shown his family. After hearing all that the Macedonian king had done for them, he raised his hands towards heaven and said, "Ye gods, grant that I may reëstablish the fortunes of Persia and leave them as glorious as I found them; grant that victory may put it in my power to return to Alexander the favors which my dearest ones have received from him. But if the time determined by fate and the divine wrath is now come for the glory of the Persians to fall, may none but Alexander sit on the throne of Cyrus!"

When spring returned, Alexander, having subdued all the country on this side the Euphrates, began his march against Darius, who had collected an army of a million of men. The Macedonians did not number half so many; nevertheless, Alexander felt no doubt of his success. But when some of his chief officers beheld the Persian troops covering a vast field, they felt so anxious that they begged their monarch to attack Darius by night. "Oh, no," he replied; "I will not steal a victory." This answer did not imply any trifling with danger, for Alexander knew there was much to fear; but he foresaw that in case Darius was overcome in the darkness of night, it would afford him an excuse for trying his fortune again.

After giving this answer, Alexander went to bed in his tent, and slept so soundly that Parmenio was obliged to give the soldiers orders to take their breakfast and then to arouse Alexander, for there was not much time to lose. "How is it possible for you to sleep so soundly when you are on the point of fighting the most important of all our battles? One would suppose that we were already victorious." "And are we not so indeed," asked Alexander, "since we are at last relieved from the trouble of wandering in pursuit of Darius?"

So, with a display of eagerness for the fight, the great warrior buckled on his armor and left his tent. This is how he appeared: he wore a short coat of Sicilian cut that fitted close to his figure, and over that was a thickly-quilted breastplate of linen, which had been taken among the spoils of the last battle. His helmet was of iron, beautifully wrought, and so highly polished that it shone

like silver; to this was fitted a piece of armor called a gorget, that protected the neck and throat, set with precious stones. His sword was of the best-tempered steel and very light, and his belt of the most superb workmanship. When drawing up his army and giving orders before a battle, Alexander never rode Bucephalus, because he was getting old and had to be saved for battles; but he always charged upon that fiery steed, and gave the signal as soon as he was mounted.

Alexander made a long speech to the Greeks, who answered with loud shouts and begged him to lead them on. Then, raising his right hand towards heaven, he exclaimed, "If I be really the son of Jupiter, defend and strengthen the Greeks, ye gods!" Just then his chief soothsayer, who rode by his side in a white robe with a crown of gold upon his head, pointed to an eagle that soared above and directed his course towards the enemy. This was a favorable omen: the cavalry charged at full speed, and the phalanx rushed on like a torrent.

That day witnessed one of the most furious battles that ever was fought in the world, and in the very face of danger Alexander showed the same coolness, courage, and good judgment throughout. The Persians fought bravely too, and fortune favored them at times; but it so happened that Alexander threw a dart at Darius, who, being the tallest and handsomest man in his army, could easily be distinguished. The dart missed him, but killed his charioteer on the spot; whereupon some of the guards raised a loud cry, and those behind, thinking the king had been killed, fled. The troops in front were driven back, and the wheels of the royal char-

iot became so entangled among the dead bodies that the horses plunged and darted without being able to move forward or back. Throwing down his arms, Darius jumped from the chariot, mounted the nearest horse, and fled for his life. But he would not have escaped, for Alexander was anxious to capture him, and might have done so had it not been for Parmenio, who at that moment sent for his assistance.

Alexander was vexed at being stopped, but when he was riding to the part of the army that had called for him, he was informed that the enemy were totally defeated and put to flight. So the Persian army, baggage, tents, and immense treasures, fell into the hands of the victor. Alexander was now proclaimed king of Asia, and the first thing he did was to make magnificent sacrifices to the gods and presents of large sums of money and offices to his friends.

Indeed, Alexander was always noted for his generosity to his friends, and he carried this trait so far that his mother wrote him, "You make your friends equal to kings by giving them the power of getting any number of friends of their own, while you leave yourself destitute." He took no notice of this remonstrance, for he never allowed his mother to meddle in matters of state or war, although he always showed her great respect, and treated her with even more generosity than he showed to others.

Alexander seated on the throne of Darius was a gratifying spectacle to the Greeks, but from that time the warrior's glory grew dim, for no sooner was he master of the greatest empire in the world than he began to indulge

his passions, and gave himself up to all sorts of dissipation. It was in a fit of intoxication that he set fire to the magnificent palace of the Persian kings, which was filled with valuable treasures, and burned it to the ground. But when he became sober, he was so ashamed of this act that he set out at once with his cavalry in pursuit of Darius.

He made a long and painful march of eleven days, during which his soldiers suffered so much from want of water that they were loath to continue. About noon one day a party of Macedonians came up to Alexander. They were on mules, and carried vessels filled with water. One of them, seeing the king almost choking from thirst, filled a helmet with water and offered it to him. He took it in his hands, then looked about at the faces of his suffering soldiers, who wanted refreshment just as much as he did, and said, "Take it away, for if I alone should drink, the rest will be out of heart, and you have not enough for all." So he handed back the water without having touched a drop of it, while the soldiers applauded the hero, jumped on their horses, and demanded to be led forward.

Alexander had heard that Darius was kept a prisoner by Bessus, and hoped to save him; but when Bessus found himself in danger from the approaching army, he ordered the king to be assassinated. Polystratus was the first officer who beheld the dying monarch, as he lay on a chariot by the roadside, covered with wounds. He asked for water, which was handed to him; then he said, "It has become the last extremity of my ill fortune to receive benefits and not be able to return them. But

Alexander will recompense thee, and the gods will reward Alexander for his humanity to my mother, my wife, and my children. Tell him I give him my hand, for I give it to thee in his stead." So saying, he took the hand of Polystratus and expired. When Alexander came up, he shed tears, and, taking off his own cloak, threw it over the body, which was afterwards laid in state.

Somewhat later Bessus was captured, and this is how he was punished: two straight trees were bent, and one of his legs was made fast to each, then the trees were allowed to return to their former position, and the body was torn in two.

Once a party of barbarians fell upon some Macedonians who had Bucephalus in charge, and captured him. Alexander was so provoked at this that he sent a herald to tell them that if they did not immediately return the horse he would kill every man, woman, and child in their country. Bucephalus was brought back, and the barbarians surrendered their cities, but they were treated with great kindness.

Alexander next marched into Parthia, and in order to gain the affection of the people he dressed like a Persian and adopted their manners, though at the same time he introduced to them some of the Macedonian customs. Besides, he married Roxana, an Asiatic lady of great beauty, whom he loved devotedly. This added more to his popularity in Persia than anything else.

Parmenio, who has been mentioned several times, was Alexander's principal general and a man of great ability. He had a son named Philotas, who for valor and endur-

ance in time of war was next to the monarch himself. But Philotas had fallen into the habit of boasting so much of his exploits that his father took him to task for it several times, and his friends became envious not only of his deeds, but of the favors that were constantly shown him at court. So when a plot was discovered against the life of the Macedonian king, any trifling word or sign that might tend to cast suspicion on the favored officer was eagerly repeated to Alexander. As nothing could be proved, it was decided to put Philotas to the torture, the monarch hiding himself behind a tapestry to hear what might be forced from his lips. The victim lamented so much, and begged so hard for his life, that Alexander cried out, "O Philotas, with all this unmanly weakness, how didst thou dare engage in so great and dangerous an enterprise?" He was put to death, and Parmenio also, although the latter had been the prime mover in the expedition into Asia, and had been a loyal, valiant soldier for many years. This unjust deed made Alexander terrible to his friends, and the fate of Clitus was not less shocking to them.

Clitus had been one of Alexander's bravest officers and most faithful friends, and this is what happened to him. Some very fine fruit had been brought from Greece to the king, who was so pleased with it that he invited Clitus to supper that he might enjoy it also. The company drank freely, and became quite lively as the meal proceeded; but towards its close one Pranicus began to sing a song that had been written in ridicule of the Macedonian officers, who had recently been beaten by the barbarians. The older men present felt offended, and condemned

both the poet and the singer; but Alexander laughed and bade Pranicus repeat the song. Clitus, who was under the influence of wine, said angrily, "It is not well done to make a jest of Macedonians among their enemies, for, though they have met with misfortune, they are better men than those who laugh at them."

"Clitus pleads his own cause when he gives cowardice the soft name of misfortune," said Alexander.

Clitus started up as if he had been stung, and cried, "Yes, it was cowardice that saved you, son of Jupiter, as you call yourself, when you turned your back to the sword of Spithridates. It is by the blood of the Macedonians and these wounds that you are growing so great as to disown Philip for your father and pass yourself off for the son of Jupiter Ammon."

Irritated at these bold words, Alexander replied, "Thou shameless fellow! dost thou think to say such base things of me, and stir the Macedonians up to sedition, and not be punished for it?"

"We are already punished," rejoined Clitus. "What reward have we for all our toils? Do we not envy those who do not live to see Macedonians bleed under Median rods, or sue to Persians for access to their kings?"

Thus one word led to another, until, unable longer to control his drunken rage, the king picked up an apple and threw it in the face of Clitus, who then looked about for his sword. But one of his guards had prudently removed it, while the older men gathered about the irate king and begged him to compose himself.

Meanwhile, Clitus had been dragged out of the room,

but he returned by another door, singing loudly some insulting verses. Then it was impossible to restrain the king any longer; he snatched a spear from one of his guards, rushed towards Clitus just as he raised the curtain to enter, and ran him through the body. He fell to the ground, groaned, and expired.

Then Alexander felt very sorry for what he had done, for he had loved Clitus, and he became sober as soon as he beheld him dead at his feet. For a moment he gazed in silence, then hastily drawing the spear out of the body was about to run it into his own throat, when the guards seized it and led him by force to his chamber. He passed that night and the next day plunged in grief, uttering now and then a pitiful moan, but speaking to no one. Several philosophers sought to console him, but failed. At last Anaxarchus entered, and exclaimed in a loud tone, "Is this Alexander upon whom all the world is looking? Can it be he who lies on the ground crying like a slave, in fear of the law and the tongues of men? He himself should be the law to decide right and wrong. What did he conquer for but to rule and command? Know you not, Alexander, that Jupiter is represented with justice and law by his side to show that all the actions of a conqueror are right?

The king was pacified by these soothing words, and his conscience ceased to be disturbed; but he became more unjust and haughty than ever, for he was only too ready to believe, as the philosopher had said, that whatever he might choose to do was right. Thus was this great hero thoroughly spoiled by the flattery of those who surrounded him.

But he was not yet prepared to rest; he had made up his mind to conquer India, a country little known at that time. After he had passed the Indus he formed an alliance with Taxilus, who ruled the region beyond the river and furnished troops and a hundred and thirty elephants for the Macedonian king. With this addition to his army Alexander marched against King Porus, who defended the river Hydaspes with his troops. A bloody battle ensued, and Alexander came off victorious.

While fighting, King Porus rode on one of the largest of his elephants, but he was such an enormous man that the proportion was about the same as between a man of medium height and a horse. The elephant that Porus rode was an intelligent animal, that took great care of his master during the battle, several times preventing him from falling off when he was hit, and at the close kneeling down slowly and with his trunk pulling out every dart that stuck in his body.

Porus was taken prisoner and led before Alexander. "How do you desire to be treated?" asked the latter.

"Like a king," was the reply.

"And have you nothing else to ask?"

"No; everything is included in the word king," said Porus.

Alexander was pleased with his bearing and his replies, and not only restored to him his kingdom, but added extensive territories to it besides.

It was in the battle with Porus that Bucephalus received wounds which caused his death soon after. Alexander showed much regret at the loss of this faithful

friend, and built a city where he was buried, which he called Bucephalia.

Seventy Greek towns were founded by Alexander as he marched along, and he was so elated by success that he resolved to go as far as the river Ganges; but his army refused to march farther, and he was forced to return. He built a fleet on the Hydaspes, and as he traveled with his troops met several Indian princes in battle. He laid siege to the town of Malli, where he was the first to mount the scaling-ladder; but it broke, and he was left on the wall alone, a target for the darts which were showered at him from below. He hesitated for a moment, then jumped down in the midst of the enemy. Fortunately, he fell on his feet, and the flashing of his armor so frightened the Mallians, who thought it was lightning proceeding from his body, that they turned and fled. That gave time for some of his guard also to jump down from the walls; but the enemy recovered from their astonishment and returned. A hand-to-hand attack ensued, and Alexander was wounded through his armor, although he fought desperately. Other wounds brought him to his knees, and he would have been dispatched had it not been for his two guards, who placed themselves before him. One of them was wounded and the other killed. A tremendous blow with a bludgeon on the back of the neck struck Alexander senseless, but the Macedonians, who by that time had flocked within the walls, gathered about him and carried him to his tent. It was reported that he was dead, but in course of time he recovered, and there was great rejoicing in his army when he again appeared among

them. After offering sacrifices to the gods he continued down the river, and subdued a vast deal of country as he coasted along.

Among other prisoners, he took ten philosophers called Gymnosophists, who had urged a prince named Sabbas to revolt against the Macedonians. These Gymnosophists always went naked, differing in this as well as in other particulars from the ordinary philosophers. One of their customs was to discuss learned subjects while they dined; and when they assembled not only they, but all their pupils, even the youngest, were questioned as to what good they had done during the day, and those who had not some kind action or some useful occupation to tell of, were allowed no dinner.

Well, on hearing that the ten philosophers he had captured were remarkable for the answers they always gave, even to the most obscure questions, Alexander determined to try them, first announcing that he would put to death the one of them who answered worst, and after him all the rest. The oldest man among the Gymnosophists was appointed judge.

"Which are more numerous, the living or the dead?" he asked of the first. "The living; for the dead no longer exist," was the answer.

"Does the earth or the sea produce the largest animals?" the second was asked. He answered, "The earth; for the sea is part of it."

Alexander's question to the third was, "Which is the cunningest of beasts?" "That which men have not yet found out," he said.

He ordered the fourth to tell him what argument he

used to persuade Sabbas to revolt. "No other," he answered, "but that he should either live or die nobly."

Of the fifth he asked, "Which is the older, night or day?" The philosopher replied, "Day is older, by one day at least;" and noticing that Alexander was not satisfied, he added, "You ought not to wonder if strange questions draw forth strange answers."

"What should a man do to be exceedingly beloved?" asked the king of the sixth. "He must be very powerful, without making himself too much feared," was the reply.

"How may a man become a god?" was the question to the seventh philosopher. "By doing that which is impossible for men to do."

"Which is stronger, life or death?" the eighth was asked. "Life, because it bears so many evils."

"How long is it good for a man to live?" "As long as he does not prefer death to life," said the ninth philosopher.

Then turning to the judge, Alexander ordered him to pass sentence. The old man said, "In my opinion each has answered worse than the other."

"Then thou shalt die first for giving such a sentence," said Alexander.

"Not so, O king, unless you said falsely that he should die first who made the worst answer," returned the oldest Gymnosophist. The king was so amused that he gave them a great many presents, and sent them away.

Alexander spent seven months on the rivers, and at the end of that time war, illness, caused by bad food and excessive heat, and famine had destroyed three quarters

of his army, and he was glad to return to Persia. When passing through that country he had about him everything that was beautiful and luxurious, and spent much of his time in feasting. At one of his suppers he promised that the man who drank most should be crowned with victory. Promachus won the crown, for he drank about fourteen quarts of wine, but he lived only three days afterwards, and forty-one others died from the quantity they drank on that occasion.

When Alexander reached Susa he married Statira, the daughter of Darius, and his officers followed his example, each marrying a Persian lady. Then he gave a grand entertainment in honor of these events. He had no less than nine thousand guests, and presented each with a golden cup, and everything was arranged with such magnificence as had never been seen at a feast before.

After that Alexander offered splendid sacrifices, and gave a number of sumptuous banquets; but there were repeated bad omens, both in the appearance of the victims of the sacrifices and in other circumstances, all of which made Alexander so superstitious that he was ready to listen to any interpretation made by his numerous soothsayers, even of the most trifling and natural events. He became sad and dejected, but one day he roused himself and gave another feast, then took a bath and went to bed. The next day and night he drank so hard that a fever came on, and the more he drank the more ill he became, until delirium ensued, and at the end of thirteen days he died.

This great conqueror lived only thirty-two years, and

reigned less than thirteen. He left an immense empire, which became the scene of many bloody wars. He was buried in the city of Alexandria. A golden coffin received his remains, and divine honors were paid to his memory in Egypt, as well as in other countries.

LYCURGUS

By Rosalie Kaufman

THERE is so much uncertainty about the life of Lycurgus, the lawgiver of Sparta, that circumstances related by one historian are often contradicted or differently represented by all the others. No two agree as to the date of his birth, his voyages, or the manner of his death. One reason for this disagreement is that there were two men in Sparta at different periods named Lycurgus. The earlier one, of whom we write, lived not long after Homer, and some of the exploits of the latter Lycurgus are often confused with his. However, we shall be careful to present only such facts as are given by the most reliable authors. It must be borne in mind that the capital of Laconia was sometimes called Sparta and sometimes Lacedæmon. The names are used indiscriminately, both meaning the same city.

The most renowned of all the ancestors of Lycurgus was Soüs, who, while king of the Lacedæmonians, gained a tract of land called Helos. He reduced the inhabitants to slavery, and from that time all the slaves that the Lacedæmonians captured in their wars were called by the general name of Helots.

A remarkable story is told of Soüs, which is worth repeating, because it gives an example of wonderful self-control. He was once besieged by the Clitorians in a

barren spot where it was impossible to get fresh water. This occasioned the soldiers so much suffering that Soüs was forced to appeal to the besiegers, and he agreed to restore to them all he had conquered providing that he and his men should drink of a neighboring spring. The Clitorians, thinking that they had nothing to lose and much to gain, readily acceded to the terms. Then Soüs assembled his forces and offered his entire kingdom to any man among them who would forbear to drink; but they were so thirsty that they scarcely paid any heed to the offer, and eagerly partook of the cool, refreshing water. When all were satisfied, Soüs approached the spring and, in the presence of his own soldiers and those of the enemy, merely sprinkled his face; then, without allowing a drop of water to enter his mouth, looked around with an air of triumph, and loudly declared that, since all his army had not drunk, the articles of the agreement were unfulfilled. Thus the country remained in his possession.

When the father of Lycurgus died, his eldest son, Polydectes, succeeded to the throne of Sparta; but he lived only a few months, and at his death it was unanimously agreed that Lycurgus should be king. But it so happened that a short time after her husband died the widow of Polydectes gave birth to a son, when Lycurgus, being too just to deprive the child of his right, presented him to the magistrates, and said, "Spartans, behold your new-born king!" He then placed the infant in the chair of state and named him Charilaus.

Lycurgus acted as guardian of the little king, and was for many months the real ruler of Sparta; but in course of time the friends and relations of the queen-mother

became jealous of his power, and complained because they thought they did not receive proper consideration. They went further, and accused Lycurgus of desiring the death of Charilaus in order that he might ascend the throne. This, and various other accusations which they brought against him, so aroused the suspicions of the people that Lycurgus determined to go away, and not return until his nephew had reached manhood. So, in indignation that any one should believe him capable of such baseness, he set sail with the intention of visiting different countries and studying their various forms of government.

The first place he landed at was Crete, where he became acquainted with one Thales, a poet and musician, renowned for his learning and for his political abilities. Thales wrote poems which he set to music, exhorting people to obedience and virtue; and so effective were they that private quarrels were often ended, and peace and order restored by their influence, and Thales had in consequence become a most important and useful person. He and Lycurgus were soon warm friends, and the latter persuaded him to go to Sparta, where, by means of his melodies, he did much towards civilizing the inhabitants.

Lycurgus traveled on, only stopping long enough in each country to find out what was better or worse in its institutions than in those of his native land. While on this journey he first saw some of Homer's poetry, which he admired so much that he introduced it wherever it was not known.

Although Lycurgus remained away from Sparta several years, he was very much missed, and his countrymen

frequently sent ambassadors to entreat him to return. They compared their condition with what it had been under his rule, and were convinced that he had a genius for governing, whereas Charilaus was only a king in name. In course of time public affairs went from bad to worse, and then the king himself expressed a wish to have Lycurgus back. When this was made known to the traveler he no longer hesitated.

Lycurgus saw at once, on his arrival in Sparta, that no sort of patching up would restore the government to its proper state, and the only way to remedy the evil condition of public affairs was to begin at the very foundation and frame an entirely new set of laws. The first step he took was to visit the oracle at Delphi, where he offered a sacrifice and asked advice. The priestess called him the "beloved of the gods," and, in answer to his request that he might be inspired to enact good laws, assured him that Apollo had heard him, and promised that the constitution he should establish would be the wisest and best in the whole world. This was so encouraging that Lycurgus went to his friends and to all the prominent men of Sparta and begged them to assist him in his undertaking. They consented, and when his plans were completed Lycurgus requested thirty of the best-known Spartans to meet him at break of day in the market place, well armed and prepared to attack any one who should oppose him. Such a tumult arose when the new form of government was announced that King Charilaus became alarmed, and thought there was a conspiracy against his person. So he rushed to the Temple of Minerva of the Brazen Horse for safety.

There Lycurgus and his party followed, and explained their intentions so satisfactorily that the king was easily won over to their side.

The most important feature of the new government was the establishment of a senate, whose duty it should be to prevent the king on one hand, and the people on the other, from assuming too much control. After this was accomplished a difficult task presented itself in the new division of the land, which was all owned by a few wealthy men of Sparta. Lycurgus considered this a bad state of affairs, but it required a great deal of discussion and persuasion before he could convince these land-owners to part with their estates. He succeeded, however, and nine thousand lots were distributed among as many citizens of Sparta. Then the country of Laconia was divided into thirty thousand equal shares for her citizens. After that, all being rich and poor alike, the only distinction a man could hope for was in acts of virtue. Once when Lycurgus was traveling through the country at harvest time he smiled to see how equal were the stacks of grain on each division of land, and said, "Laconia looks like a large family estate distributed among a number of brothers."

To divide movables was such an impossible matter that the lawgiver had to resort to stratagem to accomplish this. He made gold and silver coin worthless, and substituted iron instead; but it was so heavy and bulky that a whole roomful was not very valuable, and a yoke of oxen was required to remove a small sum. This put an end to robbery, for it was difficult to steal enough of such money to make the crime an object, and

impossible to conceal a large sum. Another peculiarity of the iron coin was that it prevented the Spartans from making purchases of their neighbors, who laughed at it, and would not receive it in exchange for their wares. Hence the Spartans were forced to manufacture whatever they needed; so they turned their attention to the production of such useful articles as tables, chairs, and beds, and were willing to dispense with luxuries. Finding that very little money was required for necessities, the Spartans were easily satisfied, and had no reason to covet wealth. This was a state of affairs that Lycurgus particularly desired. Wandering fortune-tellers and venders of trashy trinkets ceased their visits to a country that had undesirable money, and as such people do more harm than good, their absence was an advantage.

Public tables were introduced, and did more than any other institutions of the lawgiver in placing the citizens on a more equal footing, by forcing every man to partake of the same description and quality of food as his neighbor. In no circumstance would it do for any one to take a private meal beforehand, even though he made his appearance afterwards at the public table; for a person with a poor appetite was suspected and accused of being dainty and effeminate, and that no Spartan could stand. But the men who had been wealthy objected to eating what Lycurgus prescribed, and one day they collected in the market place and attacked him with abusive language, which they followed up by throwing stones. Finding that he was in danger, Lycurgus ran for a sanctuary; but he was pursued by a young man named Alcander, who overtook him and struck him such a vio-

lent blow in the face with a stout stick as to put out one of his eyes. Lycurgus did not attempt to resent his injury, but turned towards the rest of his tormentors, who, at the sight of his horrible condition, with his face streaming with blood, were so repentant and ashamed that they placed Alcander in his hands for punishment, and conducted Lycurgus to his home with great care and tenderness.

The lawgiver thanked them for assisting him, and then dismissed all excepting Alcander, whom he took into his house. No word of reproach or ill treatment of any sort awaited the offender. The usual servants and attendants were sent away, and Alcander was ordered to wait upon Lycurgus instead. This he did without a murmur, because he was sorry for the dreadful injury he had done, and knew that he deserved punishment. Day by day his admiration of Lycurgus increased, and he constantly spoke to his friends of the goodness, the temperance, the industry, and the gentleness of the man he had once deemed proud and severe. Alcander knew that he could not do better than to imitate his master, and by so doing he became a wise, prudent citizen. In memory of his accident Lycurgus built a temple to Minerva, and to prevent the recurrence of such violence, the Lacedæmonians made it a rule never to carry sticks to their public assemblies.

Now we must give a description of the public dining tables. Fifteen persons sat at a table, each being obliged to furnish monthly a bushel of meal, eight gallons of wine, five pounds of cheese, two pounds and a half of figs, and a little money to buy meat and fish. Any man

who offered a sacrifice of firstfruits, or killed a deer, had the privilege of eating at home for one day, providing he sent part of the venison to the public table. Besides repressing luxury, these assemblages for dining had another object: they were a kind of school for the young, where they were instructed in state affairs by learned statesmen, who discoursed while eating. Conversation was encouraged among the diners, who chatted freely and made jests, though they were always exceedingly careful not to hurt one another's feelings, that being considered ill bred.

The first time a youth entered the eating place, the oldest citizen present would say, pointing to the door, "Not a word spoken in this company goes out there." This gave freedom to the conversation, and taught the young not to repeat what they heard. The manner of admitting a candidate to a particular table was as follows: each man who occupied a seat at it took a bit of soft bread and rolled it into a little ball, which he silently dropped into a vessel carried around for that purpose by a waiter. This vessel was called Caddos. If the candidate was desired, the shape of the ball was preserved by the person who made it, but if, for any reason, he preferred somebody else, the ball was flattened before being deposited in the *Caddos*. One flattened ball was sufficient to exclude an applicant, and such being the case, the fifteen men who occupied each table were always acceptable to one another. A rejected person was said to have ill luck with the *Caddos*.

The Lacedæmonians drank wine in moderation, and only at the public table; at the conclusion of the meal they

went home in the dark. Their reason for not carrying lanterns was that they might accustom themselves to march boldly without light, and thus be prepared for midnight forays against an enemy.

It is remarkable that none of the laws made by Lycurgus were put into writing; indeed, he particularly enjoined that they should not be. He preferred rather to educate people to proper habits than to enforce them by writing. He said that matters of importance would have more weight if they were woven into the actions of everyday life, and imprinted on the hearts of the young by wise discipline and good example. Even for business contracts no writing was deemed necessary; the idea being so to educate men that their judgment would become sufficiently correct to enable them to adhere to an agreement or alter it as time and circumstances might require.

One of the laws of Lycurgus required the ceilings of the houses to be wrought with no tool but an axe, and the doors and gates to be only so smooth as a saw could make them. This was to prevent extravagance and luxury, for in a house so roughly constructed a man would not be likely to place bedsteads with silver feet, showy drapery, or gold and silver cups and salvers. Such costly articles would seem out of place; plain, substantial ones were selected in preference. So accustomed did the Spartans become to simplicity that when Leotychidas, one of their kings, was entertained in a room at Corinth where the ceilings and doorposts were richly carved, he asked whether the trees of that country grew like that. It is not probable that the question arose from ignorance, but the king had learned to sneer at such

sumptuous and expensive buildings as he saw at Corinth.

Lycurgus thought the good education of the Spartan youth the noblest part of his work, and required girls as well as boys to take plenty of exercise in the open air, such as running, wrestling, and throwing quoits, that they might become strong and healthy. Every child was regarded as the property of the state; so it was carried, soon after birth, to a place called Lesche to be examined by certain elders, who decided its fate. If it were found to be well-formed and healthy, an order was given for its rearing, and a portion of land set apart for its maintenance. But a puny or deformed baby was thrown into a chasm, for the Spartans would have no weaklings. Their object was to build up a martial race, and they did not see, as we do, that people whose bodies are not strong often become the most valuable members of the human family.

Those children that were permitted to live were nursed with the greatest care, not tenderly, but with a view to making them robust. Their clothing was loose, their food coarse and plain; they were not afraid to be left alone or in the dark, nor were they permitted to indulge ill humor or to cry at trifles. The Lacedæmonian nurses were so famous that people of other countries often purchased them for their children.

No tutors or nurses were obtained in that way for Spartan children, nor were their parents at liberty to educate them as they pleased; for at the age of seven they were enrolled in companies, and all subjected to the same discipline, performing their tasks and enjoying

their recreations in common. The boy who showed most courage was made captain of the company, and the rest had to obey his orders implicitly and submit without a murmur to the punishments he inflicted. Old men were always present at the games, and often suggested some reason for a quarrel, in order that they might study the characters of the different boys and see which were brave and which cowardly. A slight knowledge of reading and writing was all that was required; but a Spartan youth was taught to endure pain, and to conquer in battle. As he advanced in years the severity of his discipline was increased, his head was shaved, he wore no shoes or stockings, and no clothing whatever when at play.

After reaching the age of twelve the boys discarded underclothing, which up to that time they were permitted to wear, and one coat a year was allotted to each. Bathing was not considered a necessity, and in order to render the skin hard and tough it was indulged in only on specified days at rare intervals. The Spartan boys slept together, forming themselves into bands and assisting each other in breaking and gathering the rushes of which their beds were composed. They were allowed to use no tools, their bare hands being considered sufficient for the work. In winter they added thistledown to their rushes for warmth. They were constantly and carefully watched by the older men of the nation, and promptly punished for neglect of duty.

The bands were selected by the ablest and best citizen, who was appointed for that purpose. He governed them all, selected a captain for each, and exercised a general supervision over them. The captains

were chosen from among the Irens, as those who had reached the age of twenty were called; bravery, good temper, and self-control being the necessary qualifications. The position, therefore, was considered one of high honor. It was the captain's duty to command in battle; but in time of peace he was waited on by the members of his band, who obeyed his orders implicitly. The older ones did the hard work, such as fetching logs of wood, while to the younger and weaker ones fell the duty of gathering salads, herbs, meats, or any other food, as best they could, even though it became necessary to steal it. For this purpose they would creep into the gardens or sneak into the eating-houses which chanced to be left unguarded, and help themselves. If caught in the act, these youths were whipped unmercifully for their awkwardness. Their supper was purposely made such a scant meal that they were encouraged to steal from actual hunger. This was done as an exercise of courage and address, for if a youth could not steal or beg food he had to suffer the pangs of hunger. Fortunately for the morals of the Spartan boys, they had no need of riches or luxury, consequently their thefts were limited to the requirements of their stomachs. This was bad enough, but the object was to render children who were destined for war expert in escaping the watchfulness of an enemy, and to accustom them to expose themselves to the severest punishment in case of detection. Another reason for feeding them so sparingly was to make them tall and pliant, rather than short and fat.

The Spartan boys performed their stealing so earnestly that one of them, having hidden a young fox under

his cloak, suffered the animal to tear out his very bowels, choosing rather to die on the spot than be detected and accused of awkwardness. This story might appear incredible in any other nation, but Plutarch assures us that he himself saw several Lacedæmonian youths whipped to death at the foot of the altar of Diana, on which their blood was sprinkled as a sacrifice. All the institutions of Lycurgus tended towards excessive self-control, by which he desired to render Spartans superior to other human beings.

It was the custom of the Iren to spend some time with the boys every evening after supper, when he would test their wits and find out which were the bright and which the stupid ones. For example: one boy was ordered to sing a song, and was expected to comply instantly whether he chose or not. Another was asked who was the best man in the city, or what he thought of the various actions of such and such men. The object of these questions was not only to encourage the boys in forming opinions, but also to oblige them to inform themselves as to the defects and abilities of their countrymen. If a boy was not prepared with an answer he was considered dull and indifferent, and supposed to be wanting in a proper sense of virtue and honor. A good reason had to be given, in as few words as possible, for every statement made; and if it were not clear and sensible, the boy had his thumb bitten by his captain. This was done in the presence of the old men and magistrates, who expressed no opinions in the presence of the boys, but as soon as they were gone reproved the Iren if he had been too severe or too indulgent.

The art of talking was so cultivated that the boys became sharp and quick at repartee. Indeed, it was the aim of every Lacedæmonian to condense a deal of sense into as few words as possible. Lycurgus set the example, as the anecdotes related about him prove.

On being questioned as to why he allowed such mean and trivial sacrifices to the gods, he replied, "That we may always have something to offer them." When asked what sort of martial exercises he preferred, he said, "All, excepting those in which you stretch out your hands." That attitude meant a demand for quarter in battle. Lycurgus was once consulted by letter as to how his countrymen might best oppose an invasion of their enemies. His answer was, "By continuing poor, and not coveting each man to be greater than his fellow." When asked whether the city ought not to be inclosed by a wall, he wrote, "The city is well fortified which hath a wall of men instead of brick."

King Charilaus was once asked why Lycurgus had made so few laws: he replied, "Men of few words require few laws." It was said by a learned Spartan in defense of another, who had been admitted to one of the public repasts and had observed profound silence throughout, "He who knows how to speak knows also when to speak." A troublesome, impertinent fellow asked one of the wise men four or five times, "Who was the best man in Sparta?" and got for his answer, "He that is least like you." An orator of Athens declared that the Lacedæmonians had no learning. "True," answered one who was present, "for we are the only people of Greece that have learned no ill of you." These

are enough examples to show how chary the Spartans were of their words.

Music and poetry were cultivated to a great extent, and the songs were such as to excite enthusiasm and inspire men to fight. They were always simple in their expression, serious and moral in their tone; often they were praises of such men as had died in defense of their country, declaring them to be happy and glorified, or they were written to ridicule cowards, who chose rather to drag out a life which was regarded with contempt than seek glory on the field of battle.

At no time was the discipline of the Spartans less severe than when they were engaged in a war. Then they were permitted to have fine clothes and costly armor, and to curl their hair, of which they had a great quantity. They were particular about the arrangement of this ornament, because the lawgiver had said that a large head of hair added beauty to a good face and terror to an ugly one. During their campaigns they were better fed and forced to exercise less severely than in time of peace, and their whole treatment was so much more indulgent that they were never better satisfied than when under military rule. They went to battle dancing and keeping step to the music, without disturbing their ranks. They were gay, cheerful, and so eager that they resembled race-horses full of fire and neighing for the start. When the king advanced against the enemy, he was always surrounded by those who had been crowned at the public games. Spartans considered it such a favor to be so placed in battle, that one of them, who had gained a difficult victory in an Olympic game, upon be-

ing asked what reward he expected, since he would not accept money as other combatants did, replied, "I shall have the honor to fight foremost in the ranks before my prince."

When they had routed an enemy they continued in pursuit until they were assured of the victory, but no longer, for they deemed it unworthy of a Grecian to destroy those who did not resist. This manner of dealing with their enemies was not only magnanimous, but was wise; for their opponents often gave up the fight and fled, knowing that their lives would be spared as soon as they did so. Lycurgus made great improvements in the art of war, and proved himself a brave, competent commander.

He made Lacedæmon resemble one great camp, where each person had his share of provisions and his occupation marked out. Even a man advanced in years could not live according to his own fancy, for he had always to consider the interest of his country before his own. If nothing else was required of him, he watched the boys in the performance of their exercises, and taught them something useful. Lycurgus forbade his people to engage in any mechanical trade, consequently they had plenty of leisure. They required no money, and thought that time devoted to the accumulation of wealth was sinfully wasted. The Helots tilled the ground and did all the menial work which a Lacedæmonian freeman considered beneath his dignity.

Lawsuits ceased, because there was no silver or gold to dispute about, and everybody's wants were supplied without any anxiety on his part. When not engaged in

war, the Spartans spent their time in dancing, feasting, hunting, exercises, and conversation, and they were taught to believe that there was nothing more unworthy than to live by themselves or for themselves. They gathered about their commander, and devoted themselves entirely to the welfare of their country, esteeming no honor so great as that of being selected as a member of the senate. This is not remarkable when we remember that it was only the wisest and best of the citizens who were chosen, and only those who could count sixty years of honorable life.

With regard to burials Lycurgus made some wise rules. He tried to lessen superstition by ordering the dead to be buried within the city, and even near the temples, so that the young might become accustomed to seeing dead bodies without fearing them, and that they might touch them or tread upon a grave without fancying themselves defiled thereby. Nothing was allowed to be put into the ground with a corpse except a few olive leaves and the scarlet cloth in which it was wrapped. Only the names of such men as fell in war, and of such women as died in sacred offices, were inscribed on the graves. Eleven days were devoted to mourning, which terminated on the twelfth day by a sacrifice to Ceres, the goddess of agriculture.

Traveling abroad was forbidden, because Lycurgus did not wish his people to adopt the bad habits and manners of the ill-educated; and, for the same reason, all strangers who could not give a good account of themselves, and a sensible reason for coming to Sparta, were banished.

It seems strange that a man who thought so much of honesty and valor as Lycurgus did, should have allowed the Helots to be used with injustice, but such was the fact. The Lacedæmonians treated these poor slaves, who performed for them all the menial offices that they were too proud to stoop to themselves, with positive cruelty. Everything about the down-trodden Helots indicated that they were in bondage. Their dress, their manners, their gestures, all their surroundings, differed from those of their masters. They wore dogskin bonnets and sheepskin vests; they were forbidden to study art or to perform any act that was not menial; once a day they received a certain number of stripes, whether they deserved punishment or not, merely to remind them that they were slaves. If they dared, even in the most trivial matter, to imitate their masters, they were made to suffer for the offense, and sometimes they were actually murdered in cold blood by the Lacedæmonian young men. Other shameful cruelties were practised upon them, which it is not necessary to recount.

After Lycurgus had got his ordinances into working order, and was satisfied that the government was firmly established on the principles he had introduced, he felt so pleased that he wanted to do something to make it last forever. Having thought out a plan, he called an assembly of the people, and when they had gathered in large numbers he told them that, although the happiness and well-being of the state seemed assured, there was one very important matter that needed attention, but he did not wish to mention it until he had consulted the oracle. He then begged them to continue to observe the laws

strictly, without the slightest alteration, until his return, promising that he would act precisely as the gods should direct. Everybody consented, and urged him to set out at once on his journey. This did not satisfy Lycurgus, however; he needed more binding assurance; and for that purpose the senate, as well as all those in authority, were required to take a solemn oath that they would abide by the laws and maintain them until his return. That done, he departed for Delphi.

On his arrival he offered a sacrifice to the god, and asked whether the laws he had established were acceptable. The reply was that they were excellent, and that so long as they were observed Sparta would be the most glorious city of the world. Having sent this flattering announcement of the Delphic Apollo to Sparta in writing, the lawgiver resolved to put an end to his existence, hoping thereby to compel his countrymen to be faithful to their oath for an indefinite period. He therefore starved himself to death, for he considered it a statesman's duty to set an example of heroism, even in his exit from the world.

The oath that Lycurgus had exacted before his departure for Delphi was religiously observed, and Sparta retained her position as the chief city of Greece for five hundred years in consequence. During that period fourteen kings succeeded one another to the throne, but no change was made in the laws until the reign of Agis, who restored gold and silver money, which encouraged avarice and its attending evils.

The body of Lycurgus was burned at Crete, and the ashes were scattered into the sea. He had requested

this, because he feared that if any part of himself went back to Sparta the people would consider themselves released from their oath. A temple was erected in honor of the lawgiver, and sacrifices were yearly offered to him by his grateful and loving countrymen.

THE ERUPTION OF MOUNT VESUVIUS

By Pliny the Younger

[The eruption described in these letters of Pliny the Younger to Tacitus is the one of 79 A. D., which destroyed Pompeii and Herculaneum.]

YOUR request that I would send you an account of my uncle's death, in order to transmit a more exact relation of it to posterity, deserves my acknowledgments; for, if this accident shall be celebrated by your pen, the glory of it, I am well assured, will be rendered forever illustrious. And notwithstanding he perished by a misfortune, which, as it involved at the same time a most beautiful country in ruins, and destroyed so many populous cities, seems to promise him in everlasting remembrance; notwithstanding he has himself composed many and lasting works; yet I am persuaded, the mentioning of him in your immortal writings will greatly contribute to render his name immortal. Happy I esteem those to be to whom by provision of the gods has been granted the ability either to do such actions as are worthy of being related or to relate them in a manner worthy of being read; but peculiarly happy are they who are blessed with both these uncommon talents: in the number of which my uncle, as his own writings and your

history will evidently prove, may justly be ranked. It is with extreme willingness, therefore, that I execute your commands; and should indeed have claimed the task if you had not enjoined it. He was at that time with the fleet under his command at Misenum. On the 24th of August, about one in the afternoon, my mother desired him to observe a cloud which appeared of a very unusual size and shape. He had just taken a turn in the sun, and, after bathing himself in cold water, and making a light luncheon, gone back to his books: he immediately arose and went out upon a rising ground from whence he might get a better sight of this very uncommon appearance. A cloud, from which mountain was uncertain, at this distance (but it was found afterwards to come from Mount Vesuvius), was ascending, the appearance of which I cannot give you a more exact description of than by likening it to that of a pine tree, for it shot up to a great height in the form of a very tall trunk, which spread itself out at the top into a sort of branches; occasioned, I imagine, either by a sudden gust of air that impelled it, the force of which decreased as it advanced upwards, or the cloud itself being pressed back again by its own weight, expanded in the manner I have mentioned; it appeared sometimes bright and sometimes dark and spotted, according as it was either more or less impregnated with earth and cinders. This phenomenon seemed to a man of such learning and research as my uncle extraordinary and worth further looking into. He ordered a light vessel to be got ready, and gave me leave, if I liked, to accompany him. I said I had rather go on with my work; and it so happened he had himself

THE ERUPTION OF MT. VESUVIUS, 1872

given me something to write out. As he was coming out of the house, he received a note from Rectina, the wife of Bassus, who was in the utmost alarm at the imminent danger which threatened her; for her villa lying at the foot of Mount Vesuvius, there was no way of escape but by sea; she earnestly entreated him therefore to come to her assistance. He accordingly changed his first intention, and what he had begun from a philosophical, he now carries out in a noble and generous spirit. He ordered the galleys to put to sea, and went himself on board, with an intention of assisting not only Rectina, but the several other towns which lay thickly strewn along that beautiful coast. Hastening then to the place from whence others fled with the utmost terror, he steered his course direct to the point of danger, and with so much calmness and presence of mind as to be able to make and dictate his observations upon the motion and all the phenomena of that dreadful scene. He was now so close to the mountain that the cinders, which grew thicker and hotter the nearer he approached, fell into the ships, together with pumice stones, and black pieces of burning rock: they were in danger, too, not only of being aground by the sudden retreat of the sea, but also from the vast fragments which rolled down from the mountain, and obstructed all the shore. Here he stopped to consider whether he should turn back again; to which the pilot advising him, "Fortune," said he, "favors the brave; steer to where Pomponianus is." Pomponianus was then at Stabiae, separated by a bay, which the sea, after several insensible windings, forms with the shore. He had already sent his baggage on

board; for though he was not at that time in actual danger, yet being within sight of it, and indeed extremely near, if it should in the least increase, he was determined to put to sea as soon as the wind, which was blowing dead inshore, should go down. It was favorable, however, for carrying my uncle to Pomponianus, whom he found in the greatest consternation: he embraced him tenderly, encouraging and urging him to keep up his spirits, and, the more effectually to soothe his fears by seeming unconcerned himself, ordered a bath to be got ready, and then, after having bathed, sat down to supper with great cheerfulness, or at least (what is just as heroic) with every appearance of it. Meanwhile broad flames shone out in several places from Mount Vesuvius, which the darkness of the night contributed to render still brighter and clearer. But my uncle, in order to soothe the apprehensions of his friend, assured him it was only the burning of the villages, which the country people had abandoned to the flames: after this he retired to rest, and it is most certain he was so little disquieted as to fall into a sound sleep; for his breathing, which, on account of his corpulence, was rather heavy and sonorous, was heard by the attendants outside. The court which led to his apartment being now almost filled with stones and ashes, if he had continued there any time longer, it would have been impossible for him to have made his way out. So he was awoke and got up, and went to Pomponianus and the rest of his company, who were feeling too anxious to think of going to bed. They consulted together whether it would be most prudent to trust to the houses, which

now rocked from side to side with frequent and violent concussions as though shaken from their very foundations; or fly to the open fields, where the calcined stones and cinders, though light indeed, yet fell in large showers, and threatened destruction. In this choice of dangers they resolved for the fields: a resolution which, while the rest of the company were hurried into by their fears, my uncle embraced upon cool and deliberate consideration. They went out then, having pillows tied upon their heads with napkins; and this was their whole defense against the storm of stones that fell round them. It was now day everywhere else, but *there* a deeper darkness prevailed than in the thickest night; which however was in some degree alleviated by torches and other lights of various kinds. They thought proper to go farther down upon the shore to see if they might safely put out to sea, but found the waves still running extremely high, and boisterous. There my uncle, laying himself down upon a sail-cloth, which was spread for him, called twice for some cold water, which he drank, when immediately the flames, preceded by a strong whiff of sulphur, dispersed the rest of the party, and obliged him to rise. He raised himself up with the assistance of two of his servants, and instantly fell down dead; suffocated, as I conjecture, by some gross and noxious vapor, having always had a weak throat, which was often inflamed. As soon as it was light again, which was not till the third day after this melancholy accident, his body was found entire, and without any marks of violence upon it, in the dress in which he fell, and looking more like a man asleep than dead. During all this time my mother

and I, who were at Misenum — but this has no connection with your history, and you did not desire any particulars besides those of my uncle's death; so I will end here, only adding that I have faithfully related to you what I was either an eye-witness of myself or received immediately after the accident happened, and before there was time to vary the truth. You will pick out of this narrative whatever is most important: for a letter is one thing, a history another; it is one thing writing to friend, another thing writing to the public. Farewell.

The letter which, in compliance with your request, I wrote to you concerning the death of my uncle has raised, it seems, your curiosity to know what terrors and dangers attended me while I continued at Misenum; for there, I think, my account broke off.

"Though my shock'd soul recoils, my tongue shall tell."

My uncle having left us, I spent such time as was left on my studies (it was on their account indeed that I had stopped behind), till it was time for my bath. After which I went to supper, and then fell into a short and uneasy sleep. There had been noticed for many days before a trembling of the earth, which did not alarm us much, as this is quite an ordinary occurrence in Campania; but it was so particularly violent that night that it not only shook but actually overturned, as it would seem, everything about us. My mother rushed into my chamber, where she found me rising, in order to awaken her. We sat down in the open court of the house, which occupied a

small space between the buildings and the sea. As I was at that time but eighteen years of age, I know not whether I should call my behavior, in this dangerous juncture, courage or folly; but I took up Livy, and amused myself with turning over that author, and even making extracts from him, as if I had been perfectly at my leisure. Just then, a friend of my uncle's, who had lately come to him from Spain, joined us, and observing me sitting by my mother with a book in my hand, reproved her for her calmness, and me at the same time for my careless security: nevertheless I went on with my author. Though it was now morning, the light was still exceedingly faint and doubtful; the buildings all around us tottered, and though we stood upon open ground, yet as the place was narrow and confined, there was no remaining without imminent danger: we therefore resolved to quit the town. A panic-stricken crowd followed us, and (as to a mind distracted with terror every suggestion seems more prudent than its own) pressed on us in dense array to drive us forward as we came out. Being at a convenient distance from the houses, we stood still, in the midst of a most dangerous and dreadful scene. The chariots, which we had ordered to be drawn out, were so agitated backwards and forwards, though upon the most level ground, that we could not keep them steady, even by supporting them with large stones. The sea seemed to roll back upon itself, and to be driven from its banks by the convulsive motion of the earth; it is certain at least the shore was considerably enlarged, and several sea animals were left upon it. On the other side, a black and dreadful cloud, broken with rapid, zigzag flashes, revealed behind

it variously shaped masses of flame: these last were like sheet lightning, but much larger. Upon this our Spanish friend, whom I mentioned above, addressing himself to my mother and me with great energy and urgency: "If your brother," he said, "if your uncle be safe, he certainly wishes you may be so too; but if he perished, it was his desire, no doubt, that you might both survive him: why therefore do you delay your escape a moment?" We could never think of our own safety, we said, while we were uncertain of his. Upon this our friend left us, and withdrew from the danger with the utmost precipitation. Soon afterwards, the cloud began to descend and cover the sea. It had already surrounded and concealed the island of Capreae and the promontory of Misenum. My mother now besought, urged, even commanded me to make my escape at any rate, which, as I was young, I might easily do; as for herself, she said, her age and corpulency rendered all attempts of that sort impossible; however, she would willingly meet death if she could have the satisfaction of seeing that she was not the occasion of mine. But I absolutely refused to leave her, and, taking her by the hand, compelled her to go with me. She complied with great reluctance, and not without many reproaches to herself for retarding my flight. The ashes now began to fall upon us, though in no great quantity. I looked back; a dense dark mist seemed to be following us, spreading itself over the country like a cloud. "Let us turn out of the highroad," I said, "while we can still see, for fear that, should we fall in the road, we should be pressed to death in the dark by the crowds that are following us." We had scarcely sat down when night came

upon us, not such as we have when the sky is cloudy, or when there is no moon, but that of a room when it is shut up, and all the lights put out. You might hear the shrieks of women, the screams of children, and the shouts of men; some calling for their children, others for their parents, others for their husbands, and seeking to recognize each other by the voices that replied; one lamenting his own fate, another that of his family; some wishing to die, from the very fear of dying; some lifting their hands to the gods; but the greater part convinced that there were now no gods at all, and that the final endless night of which we have heard had come upon the world. Among these there were some who augmented the real terrors by others imaginary or willfully invented. I remember some who declared that one part of Misenum had fallen, that another was on fire; it was false, but they found people to believe them. It now grew rather lighter, and this we imagined to be rather the forerunner of an approaching burst of flames (as in truth it was) than the return of day: however, the fire fell at a distance from us: then again we were immersed in thick darkness, and a heavy shower of ashes rained upon us, which we were obliged every now and then to stand up to shake off, otherwise we should have been crushed and buried in the heap. I might boast that, during all this scene of horror, not a sigh or expression of fear escaped me, had not my support been grounded in that miserable, though mighty, consolation, that all mankind were involved in the same calamity, and that I was perishing with the world itself. At last this dreadful darkness was dissipated by degrees, like a cloud or smoke; the real day returned, and even the sun shone

out, though with a lurid light, like when an eclipse is coming on. Every object that presented itself to our eyes (which were extremely weakened) seemed changed, being covered deep with ashes as if with snow. We returned to Misenum, where we refreshed ourselves as well as we could, and passed an anxious night between hope and fear; though, indeed, with a much larger share of the latter; for the earthquake still continued, while many frenzied persons ran up and down heightening their own and their friends' calamities by terrible predictions. However, my mother and I, notwithstanding the danger we had passed, and that which still threatened us, had no thoughts of leaving the place till we could receive some news of my uncle.

And now, you will read this narrative without any view of inserting it in your history, of which it is not in the least worthy; and indeed you must put it down to your own request if it should appear not worth even the trouble of a letter. Farewell.

STORIES FROM THE LIFE OF JULIUS CÆSAR

Adapted by W. W. Skeat, from Sir Thomas North's Translation of Plutarch's Lives

I. CÆSAR AND THE PIRATES

AT what time Sylla was made lord of all, he would have had Cæsar put away his wife Cornelia, the daughter of Cinna, dictator; but when he saw he could neither with any promise nor threat bring him to it, he took her jointure away from him. The cause of Cæsar's ill-will unto Sylla was by means of marriage; for Marius the elder married his father's own sister, by whom he had Marius the younger, whereby Cæsar and he were cousins-german. Sylla being troubled in weighty matters, putting to death so many of his enemies, when he came to be conqueror, he made no reckoning of Cæsar: and he was not contented to be hidden in safety; but came and made suit unto the people for the priesthoodship that was void, when he had scant any hair on his face. Howbeit he was repulsed by Sylla's means, that secretly was against him; who, when he was determined to have killed him, some of his friends told him that it was to no purpose to put so young a boy as he to death. But Sylla told them again, that they did not consider that there were many Marians in that young boy. Cæsar, understanding that, stole out of Rome, and

hid himself a long time in the country of the Sabines, wandering still from place to place. But one day, being carried from house to house, he fell into the hands of Sylla's soldiers, who searched all those places, and took them whom they found hidden. Cæsar bribed the captain, whose name was Cornelius, with two talents which he gave him.

After he had escaped them thus, he went unto the seaside, and took ship, and sailed into Bithynia to go unto King Nicomedes. When he had been with him awhile he took sea again, and was taken by pirates about the isle of Pharmacusa; for those pirates kept all upon the seacoast, with a great fleet of ships and boats. They asking him at the first twenty talents for his ransom, Cæsar laughed them to scorn, as though they knew not what a man they had taken, and of himself promised them fifty talents. Then he sent his men up and down to get him this money, so that he was left in manner alone among these thieves of the Cilicians (which are the cruelest butchers in the world) with one of his friends, and two of his slaves only; and yet he made so little reckoning of them, that when he was desirous to sleep, he sent unto them to command them to make no noise. Thus was he thirty-eight days among them, not kept as prisoner, but rather waited upon by them as a prince. All this time he would boldly exercise himself in any sport or pastime they would go to. And otherwhile also he would write verses, and make orations, and call them together to say them before them: and if any of them seemed as though they had not understood him, or passed not for them, he called them blockheads and brute

beasts; and laughing, threatened them that he would hang them up. But they were as merry with the matter as could be, and took all in good part, thinking that this his bold speech came through the simplicity of his youth. So when his ransom was come from the city of Miletum, they being paid their money, and he again set at liberty, he then presently armed and manned certain ships out of the haven of Miletum, to follow those thieves, whom he found yet riding at anchor in the same island. So he took the most of them, and had the spoil of their goods; but for their bodies, he brought them into the city of Pergamus and there committed them to prison, whilst he himself went to speak with Junius, who had the government of Asia, as unto whom the execution of these pirates did belong, for that he was prætor of that country. But this prætor, having a great fancy to be fingering of the money, because there was good store of it, answered that he would consider of these prisoners at better leisure. Cæsar, leaving Junius there, returned again unto Pergamus, and there hung up all these thieves openly upon a cross, as he had oftentimes promised them in the isle he would do, when they thought he did but jest.

II. CÆSAR AND HIS SOLDIERS

CÆSAR was so entirely beloved of his soldiers, that to do him service (where otherwise they were no more than other men in any private quarrel), if Cæsar's honor were touched, they were invincible, and would so desperately venture themselves and with such fury, that no man was able to abide them.

And this appeareth plainly by the example of Acilius, who in a battle by sea before the city of Marseilles, boarding one of his enemies' ships, one cut off his right hand with a sword; but yet he forsook not his target which he had in his left hand, but thrust it in his enemies' faces, and made them fly, so that he won their ship from them. And Cassius Scæva also, in a conflict before the city of Dyrrachium, having one of his eyes put out with an arrow, his shoulder stricken through with a dart, and his thigh with another, and having received thirty arrows upon his shield, he called to his enemies, and made as though he would yield unto them. But when two of them came running to him, he clave one of their shoulders from his body with his sword, and hurt the other in the face; so that he made him turn his back, and at the length saved himself, by means of his companions that came to help him. And in Britain also, when the captains of the bands were driven into a marrish or bog full of mire and dirt, and the enemies did fiercely assail them there, Cæsar then standing to view the battle, he saw a private soldier of his thrust in among the captains, and fought so valiantly in their defense, that at the length he drove the barbarous people to fly, and by his means saved the captains, which otherwise were in great danger to have been cast away. Then this soldier, being the hindmost man of all the captains, marching with great pain through the mire and dirt, half swimming and half on foot, in the end got to the other side, but left his shield behind him. Cæsar, wondering at his noble courage, ran to him with joy to embrace him. But the poor soldier hanging down his head, the water standing

in his eyes, fell down at Cæsar's feet, and besought him to pardon him, for that he had left his target behind him. And in Africa also, Scipio having taken one of Cæsar's ships, and Granius Petronius aboard on her amongst other, not long before chosen treasurer; he put all the rest to the sword but him, and said he would give him his life. But Petronius answered him again, that Cæsar's soldiers did not use to have their lives given them, but to give others their lives; and with these words he drew his sword, and thrust himself through.

Now Cæsar's self did breed this noble courage and life in them: first, for that he gave them bountifully, and did honor them also, showing thereby that he did not heap up riches in the wars to maintain his life afterwards in wantonness and pleasure, but that he did keep it in store, honorably to reward their valiant service; and that by so much he thought himself rich, by how much he was liberal in rewarding of them that had deserved it. Furthermore, they did not wonder so much at his valiantness in putting himself at every instant in such manifest danger, and in taking so extreme pains as he did, knowing that it was his greedy desire of honor that set him on fire, and pricked him forward to do it: but that he always continued all labor and hardness, more than his body could bear, that filled them all with admiration. For, concerning the constitution of his body, he was lean, white, and soft-skinned, and often subject to headache, and otherwhile to the falling sickness (the which took him the first time, as it is reported, in Corduba, a city of Spain); but yet therefore yielded not to the disease of his body, to make it a cloak to cherish him withal, but contrarily,

took the pains of war as a medicine to cure his sick body, fighting always with his disease, traveling continually, living soberly, and commonly lying abroad in the field. For the most nights he slept in his coach or litter, and thereby bestowed his rest, to make him always able to do something; and in the daytime he would travel up and down the country to see towns, castles, and strong places. He had always a secretary with him in the coach, who did still write as he went by the way, and a soldier behind him that carried his sword. He made such speed the first time he came from Rome, when he had his office, that in eight days he came to the river of Rhone. He was so excellent a rider of horse from his youth that, holding his hands behind him, he would gallop his horse upon the spur. In his wars in Gaul, he did further exercise himself to indite letters as he rode by the way, and did occupy two secretaries at once with as much as they could write; and, as Oppius writeth, more than two at a time. As it is reported, that Cæsar was the first that devised friends might talk together by writing cyphers in letters, when he had no leisure to speak with them for his urgent business, and for the great distance besides from Rome. How little account Cæsar made of his diet, this example doth prove it. Cæsar supping one night in Milan with his friend Valerius Leo, there was served sperage to his board, and oil of perfume put into it instead of sallet-oil. He simply ate it, and found no fault, blaming his friends that were offended; and told them that it had been enough for them to have abstained to eat of that they misliked, and not to shame their friend, and how that he lacked good manners that found fault with his friend.

Another time, as he traveled through the country, he was driven by foul weather on the sudden to take a poor man's cottage, that had but one little cabin in it, and that was so narrow that one man could but scarce lie in it. Then he said to his friends that were about him: "Greatest rooms are meetest for greatest men, and the most necessary rooms for the sickest persons." And thereupon he called Oppius that was sick to lie there all night; and he himself, with the rest of his friends, lay without doors, under the eaves of the house.

III. CÆSAR'S BRIDGE OVER THE RHINE

CÆSAR lacking no good-will of himself to have the honor to be counted the first Roman that ever passed over the river of Rhine with an army, he built a bridge over it. This river is marvelous broad, and runneth with great fury; and in that place specially where he built his bridge, for there it is of a great breadth from one side to the other: and it hath so strong and swift a stream besides, that men casting down great bodies of trees into the river (which the stream bringeth down with it) did with the great blows and force thereof marvelously shake the posts of the bridge he had set up. But to prevent the blows of those trees, and also to break the fury of the stream, he made a pile of great wood above the bridge a good way, and did forcibly ram them into the bottom of the river; so that in ten days' space he had set up and finished his bridge of the goodliest carpenters' work, and most excellent invention to see to, that could be possibly thought or devised. Then, passing over his army upon it,

he found none that durst any more fight with him. For the Suevians, which were the warlikest people of all Germany, had gotten themselves with their goods into wonderful great valleys and bogs, full of woods and forests. Now when he had burnt all the country of his enemies, and confirmed a league with the confederates of the Romans, he returned back again into Gaul after he had tarried eighteen days at the most in Germany, on the other side of the Rhine.

IV. CÆSAR IN THE STORM

CÆSAR was Dictator but eleven days only, and then did yield it up of himself, and made himself Consul with Servilius Isauricus, and after that determined to follow the wars. All the rest of his army he left, coming on the way, behind him, and went himself before with six hundred horse, and five legions only of footmen, in the winter quarter, about the month of January, which after the Athenians is called Posideon. Then having passed over the sea Ionium, and landed his men, he won the cities of Oricum and Apollonia. Then he sent his ships back again unto Brundusium, to transport the rest of his soldiers that could not come with that speed he did. They, as they came by the way (like men whose strength of body and lusty youth was decayed), being wearied with so many sundry battles as they had fought with their enemies, complained of Cæsar in this sort: "To what end and purpose doth this man hale us after him, up and down the world, using us like slaves and drudges? It is not our armor, but our bodies that bear

the blows away; and what, shall we never be without our harness on our backs, and our shields on our arms? Should not Cæsar think, at the least when he seeth our blood and wounds, that we are all mortal men, and that we feel the misery and pains that other men do feel? And now, even in the dead of winter, he putteth us unto the mercy of the sea and tempest, yea, which the gods themselves cannot withstand, as if he fled before his enemíes and pursued them not." Thus spending time with this talk, the soldiers, still marching on, by small journeys came at length unto the city of Brundusium. But when they were come, and found that Cæsar had already passed over the sea, then they straight changed their complaints and minds. For they blamed themselves, and took on also with their captains, because they had not made them make more haste in marching; and sitting upon the rocks and cliffs of the sea, they looked over the main sea, towards the realm of Epirus, to see if they could discern the ships returning back to transport them over. Cæsar, in the meantime, being in the city of Apollonia, having but a small army to fight with Pompey, it grieved him for that the rest of his army was so long a-coming, not knowing what way to take. In the end he followed a dangerous determination, to embark unknown in a little pinnace of twelve oars only, to pass over the sea again unto Brundusium, the which he could not do without great danger, considering that all that sea was full of Pompey's ships and armies. So he took ship in the night, appareled like a slave, and went aboard upon this little pinnace, and said never a word, as if he had been some poor man of mean condition.

The pinnace lay in the mouth of the river of Anius, the which commonly was wont to be very calm and quiet, by reason of a little wind that came from the shore, which every morning drove back the waves far into the main sea. But that night (by ill fortune) there came a great wind from the sea, that overcame the land wind, insomuch as, the force and strength of the river fighting against the violence of the rage and waves of the sea, the encounter was marvelous dangerous, the water of the river being driven back and rebounding upward, with great noise and danger in turning of the water. Thereupon the master of the pinnace, seeing that he could not possibly get out of the mouth of this river, bade the mariners to cast about again, and to return against the stream. Cæsar, hearing that, straight discovered himself unto the master of the pinnace, who at the first was amazed when he saw him; but Cæsar then taking him by the hand, said unto him, "Good fellow, be of good cheer, and forwards hardily; fear not, for thou hast Cæsar and his fortune with thee." Then the mariners, forgetting the danger of the storm they were in, laid on load with oars, and labored for life what they could against the wind, to get out of the mouth of this river. But at length, perceiving they labored in vain, and that the pinnace took in abundance of water, and was ready to sink, Cæsar then, to his great grief, was driven to return back again; who when he was returned unto his camp, his soldiers came in great companies unto him, and were very sorry that he mistrusted he was not able with them alone to overcome his enemies, but would put his person in danger to go fetch them that

were absent, putting no trust in them that were present. In the meantime Antonius arrived, and brought with him the rest of his army from Brundusium.

V. THE MURDER OF CÆSAR

THERE was a certain soothsayer that had given Cæsar warning long time afore, to take heed of the day of the Ides of March (which is the fifteenth of the month), for on that day he should be in great danger. That day being come, Cæsar going unto the senate house and speaking merrily unto the soothsayer, told him, "The Ides of March be come:" "So they be," softly answered the soothsayer, "but yet are they not past." And the very day before, Cæsar, supping with Marcus Lepidus, sealed certain letters, as he was wont to do, at the board: so, talk falling out amongst them, reasoning what death was best, he, preventing their opinions, cried out aloud, "Death unlooked for." Then going to bed the same night, as his manner was, and lying with his wife Calpurnia, all the windows and doors of his chamber flying open, the noise awoke him, and made him afraid when he saw such light: but more, when he heard his wife Calpurnia, being fast asleep, weep and sigh, and put forth many fumbling lamentable speeches; for she dreamed that Cæsar was slain, and that she had him in her arms. Others also do deny that she had any such dream, as, amongst other, Titus Livius writeth that it was in this sort: the senate having set upon the top of Cæsar's house, for an ornament and setting forth of the same, a certain pinnacle, Calpurnia dreamed that she

saw it broken down, and that she thought she lamented and wept for it. Insomuch that, Cæsar rising in the morning, she prayed him, if it were possible, not to go out of the doors that day, but to adjourn the session of the senate until another day. And if that he made no reckoning of her dream, yet that he would search further of the soothsayers by their sacrifices, to know what should happen him that day. Thereby it seemed that Cæsar likewise did fear or suspect somewhat, because his wife Calpurnia until that time was never given to any fear and superstition; and that then he saw her so troubled in mind with this dream she had. But much more afterwards, when the soothsayers, having sacrificed many beasts one after another, told him that none did like them: then he determined to send Antonius to adjourn the session of the senate.

But in the meantime came Decius Brutus, surnamed Albinus, in whom Cæsar put such confidence that in his last will and testament he had appointed him to be his next heir, and yet was of the conspiracy with Cassius and Brutus: he, fearing that if Cæsar did adjourn the session that day, the conspiracy would be betrayed, laughed at the soothsayers, and reproved Cæsar, saying, "that he gave the senate occasion to mislike with him, and that they might think he mocked them, considering that by his commandment they were assembled, and that they were ready willingly to grant him all things, and to proclaim him king of all his provinces of the Empire of Rome out of Italy, and that he should wear his diadem in all other places both by sea and land. And furthermore, that if any man should tell them from him they

should depart for that present time, and return again when Calpurnia should have better dreams, what would his enemies and ill-willers say, and how could they like of his friend's words? And who could persuade them otherwise, but that they would think his dominion a slavery unto them and tyrannical in himself? And yet if it be so," said he, "that you utterly mislike of this day, it is better that you go yourself in person, and, saluting the senate, dismiss them till another time." Therewithal he took Cæsar by the hand, and brought him out of his house. Cæsar was not gone far from his house, but a bondman, a stranger, did what he could to speak with him; and when he saw he was put back by the great press and multitude of people that followed him, he went straight into his house, and put himself into Calpurnia's hands, to be kept till Cæsar came back again, telling her that he had greater matters to impart unto him. And one Artemidorus also, born in the isle of Gnidos, a doctor of rhetoric in the Greek tongue, who by means of his profession was very familiar with certain of Brutus' confederates, and therefore knew the most part of all their practices against Cæsar, came and brought him a little bill, written with his own hand, of all that he meant to tell him. He, marking how Cæsar received all the supplications that were offered him, and that he gave them straight to his men that were about him, pressed nearer to him, and said: "Cæsar, read this memorial to yourself, and that quickly, for they be matters of great weight, and touch you nearly." Cæsar took it of him, but could never read it, though he many times attempted it, for the number of people that did salute him; but holding it still

in his hand, keeping it to himself, went on withal into the senate house. Howbeit others are of opinion that it was some man else that gave him that memorial, and not Artemidorus, who did what he could all the way as he went to give it Cæsar, but he was always repulsed by the people. For these things, they may seem to come by chance; but the place where the murder was prepared, and where the senate were assembled, and where also there stood up an image of Pompey dedicated by himself amongst other ornaments which he gave unto the theatre, all these were manifest proofs that it was the ordinance of some god that made this treason to be executed, specially in that very place. It is also reported that Cassius (though otherwise he did favor the doctrine of Epicurus) beholding the image of Pompey, before they entered into the action of their traitorous enterprise, he did softly call upon it to aid him; but the instant danger of the present time, taking away his former reason, did suddenly put him into a furious passion, and made him like a man half beside himself. Now Antonius, that was a faithful friend to Cæsar, and a valiant man besides of his hands, him Decius Brutus Albinus entertained out of the senate house, having begun a long tale of set purpose. So Cæsar coming into the house, all the senate stood up on their feet to do him honor. Then part of Brutus' company and confederates stood round about Cæsar's chair, and part of them also came towards him, as though they made suit with Metellus Cimber, to call home his brother again from banishment; and thus prosecuting still their suit, they followed Cæsar till he was set in his chair: who denying their petitions, and being offended with them

one after another, because the more they were denied the more they pressed upon him and were the earnester with him, Metellus at length, taking his gown with both his hands, pulled it over his neck, which was the sign given the confederates to set upon him. Then Casca, behind him, strake him in the neck with his sword; howbeit the wound was not great nor mortal, because it seemed the fear of such a devilish attempt did amaze him and take his strength from him, that he killed him not at the first blow. But Cæsar, turning straight unto him, caught hold of his sword and held it hard; and they both cried out, Cæsar in Latin: "O vile traitor Casca, what doest thou?" and Casca, in Greek, to his brother: "Brother, help me." At the beginning of this stir, they that were present, not knowing of the conspiracy, were so amazed with the horrible sight they saw, they had no power to fly, neither to help him, nor so much as once to make an outcry. They on the other side that had conspired his death compassed him in on every side with their swords drawn in their hands, that Cæsar turned him nowhere but he was stricken at by some, and still had naked swords in his face, and was hackled and mangled among them, as a wild beast taken of hunters; for it was agreed among them that every man should give him a wound, because all their parts should be in this murder; and then Brutus himself gave him one wound. Men report also, that Cæsar did still defend himself against the rest, running every way with his body; but when he saw Brutus with his sword drawn in his hand, then he pulled his gown over his head, and made no more resistance, and was driven either casually or purposedly, by the counsel of

the conspirators, against the base whereupon Pompey's image stood, which ran all of a gore-blood till he was slain. Thus it seemed that the image took just revenge of Pompey's enemy, being thrown down on the ground at his feet, and yielding up the ghost there, for the number of wounds he had upon him. For it is reported, that he had three and twenty wounds upon his body; and divers of the conspirators did hurt themselves, striking one body with so many blows.

When Cæsar was slain, the senate (though Brutus stood in the middest amongst them, as though he would have said something touching this fact) presently ran out of the house, and flying, filled all the city with marvelous fear and tumult; insomuch as some did shut to the doors, others forsook their shops and warehouses, and others ran to the place to see what the matter was; and others also that had seen it ran home to their houses again. But Antonius and Lepidus, which were two of Cæsar's chiefest friends, secretly conveying themselves away, fled into other men's houses and forsook their own. Brutus and his confederates, on the other side, being yet hot with this murder they had committed, having their swords drawn in their hands, came all in a troop together out of the senate and went into the market place, not as men that made countenance to fly, but otherwise boldly holding up their heads like men of courage, and called to the people to defend their liberty, and stayed to speak with every great personage whom they met in their way. Of them, some followed this troop and went amongst them, as if they had been of the conspiracy, and falsely challenged part of the honor with them; amongst them

WHEN CÆSAR WAS SLAIN THE SENATE PRESENTLY RAN OUT OF THE HOUSE

were Caius Octavius and Lentulus Spinther. But both of them were afterwards put to death for their vain covetousness of honor, by Antonius and Octavius Cæsar the younger; and yet had no part of that honor for the which they were both put to death, neither did any man believe that they were any of the confederates or of counsel with them. For they that did put them to death took revenge rather of the will they had to offend than of any fact they had committed. The next morning, Brutus and his confederates came into the market place to speak unto the people, who gave them such audience that it seemed they neither greatly reproved nor allowed the fact; for by their great silence they showed that they were sorry for Cæsar's death, and also that they did reverence Brutus. Now the senate granted general pardon for all that was past; and, to pacify every man, ordained besides, that Cæsar's funerals should be honored as a god, and established all things that he had done, and gave certain provinces also and convenient honors unto Brutus and his confederates, whereby every man thought all things were brought to good peace and quietness again. But when they had opened Cæsar's testament, and found a liberal legacy of money bequeathed unto every citizen of Rome, and that they saw his body (which was brought into the market place) all bemangled with gashes of swords, then there was no order to keep the multitude and common people quiet; but they plucked up forms, tables, and stools, and laid them all about the body, and setting them afire, burnt the corse. Then when the fire was well kindled, they took the firebrands, and went unto their houses that had slain Cæsar, to set them afire.

Other also ran up and down the city to see if they could meet with any of them, to cut them in pieces: howbeit they could meet with never a man of them, because they had locked themselves up safely in their houses. There was one of Cæsar's friends called Cinna, that had a marvelous strange and terrible dream the night before. He dreamed that Cæsar bade him to supper, and that he refused and would not go; then that Cæsar took him by the hand, and led him against his will. Now Cinna, hearing at that time that they burnt Cæsar's body in the market place, notwithstanding that he feared his dream, and had an ague on him besides, he went into the market place to honor his funerals. When he came thither, one of the mean sort asked him what his name was. He was straight called by his name. The first man told it to another, and that other unto another, so that it ran straight through them all, that he was one of them that murdered Cæsar (for indeed one of the traitors to Cæsar was also called Cinna as himself): wherefore taking him for Cinna the murderer, they fell upon him with such fury that they presently dispatched him in the market place. This stir and fury made Brutus and Cassius more afraid than of all that was past, and therefore within few days after they departed out of Rome: and touching their doings afterwards, and what calamity they suffered till their deaths, we have written it at large in the life of Brutus. Cæsar died at six and fifty years of age, and Pompey also lived not passing four years more than he. So he reaped no other fruit of all his reign and dominion, which he had so vehemently desired all his life and pursued with such extreme danger, but a vain name only and a super-

ficial glory, that procured him the envy and hatred of his country.

But his great prosperity and good fortune that favored him all his lifetime did continue afterwards in the revenge of his death, pursuing the murderers both by sea and land, till they had not left a man more to be executed of all them that were actors or counselors in the conspiracy of his death. Furthermore, of all the chances that happen unto men upon the earth, that which came to Cassius above all other, is most to be wondered at; for he, being overcome in battle at the journey of Philippes, slew himself with the same sword with the which he strake Cæsar. Again, of signs in the element, the great comet, which seven nights together was seen very bright after Cæsar's death, the eighth night after was never seen more. Also the brightness of the sun was darkened, the which all that year through rose very pale and shined not out, whereby it gave but small heat: therefore the air being very cloudy and dark, by the weakness of the heat that could not come forth, did cause the earth to bring forth but raw and unripe fruit, which rotted before it could ripe. But, above all, the ghost that appeared unto Brutus showed plainly that the gods were offended with the murder of Cæsar. The vision was thus: Brutus, being ready to pass over his army from the city of Abydos to the other coast lying directly against it, slept every night (as his manner was) in his tent; and being yet awake, thinking of his affairs (for by report he was as careful a captain and lived with as little sleep as ever man did), he thought he heard a noise at his tent door, and looking towards the light of the lamp that waxed very dim, he saw a horrible

vision of a man, of a wonderful greatness and dreadful look, which at the first made him marvelously afraid. But when he saw that it did him no hurt, but stood by his bedside and said nothing; at length he asked him what he was. The image answered him, "I am thy ill angel, Brutus, and thou shalt see me by the city of Philippes." Then Brutus replied again, and said, "Well, I shall see thee then." Therewithal the spirit presently vanished from him. After that time Brutus, being in battle near unto the city of Philippes against Antonius and Octavius Cæsar, at the first battle he won the victory, and overthrowing all them that withstood him, he drave them into young Cæsar's camp, which he took. The second battle being at hand, this spirit appeared again unto him, but spake never a word. Thereupon Brutus, knowing that he should die, did put himself to all hazard in battle, but yet fighting could not be slain. So seeing his men put to flight and overthrown, he ran unto a little rock not far off, and there setting his sword's point to his breast, fell upon it and slew himself; but yet, as it is reported, with the help of his friend that dispatched him.

BARON TRENCK

1746–1763

By Richard Whiteing

FREDERIC, BARON TRENCK, born at Königsberg in 1726, was the son of a superior officer in the Prussian army, and cousin-german of the famous Trenck, colonel of the Pandours in the service of Maria Theresa. At the age of eighteen he became an officer in the body-guard of Frederic II, and he was high in the favor of that prince. But the intelligence, the bravery, and the brilliant exploits to which he owed that favor had also procured him many enemies, who knew how to take advantage of the indiscretions of a high-spirited young man. Trenck was presumptuous enough to aspire to the regard of the Princess Amelia, sister of the king; and this was undoubtedly the main cause of his disgrace, though not the only one. As a result of a breach of discipline he was imprisoned in the castle of Glatz. He escaped, and after a series of adventures, of which he gives an account in his "Memoirs," that bears all the impress of sincerity, notwithstanding the extraordinary events to which it refers, he found himself at Dantzic, where he was delivered up to the king of Prussia by the treachery of the imperial resident and the authori-

ties of the city. He was then taken to Magdeburg, and imprisoned in the citadel.

"My dungeon," he says, "was in a casemate, the fore part of which, six feet wide and ten feet long, was divided by a party wall. In the inner wall were two doors, and a third at the entrance of the casemate itself. The window in the outer wall, which was seven feet thick, was so situated that, though I had light, I could see neither heaven nor earth, but only the roof of the magazine within; and outside this window were iron bars, and in the space between, an iron grating, so narrow and with such small interstices that it was impossible I should see any person without the prison or that any person should see me. On the outside was a wooden palisado six feet from the wall, by which the sentinels were prevented conveying anything to me. I had a mattress, and a bedstead, fastened to the floor by iron cramps so firmly that it was impossible to move it up to the window. Beside the door was a small iron stove and a table, in like manner fixed to the floor. I was not yet put in irons, and my allowance was a pound and a half per day of ammunition bread, and a jug of water. From my youth I always had a good appetite, and my bread was so mouldy I could at first scarcely eat the half of it. This was one result of the commandant's avarice, who endeavored to profit even by the food supplies of the unfortunate prisoners. It is impossible for me to describe to my reader the excess of tortures that during eleven months I endured from ravenous hunger. I could easily have devoured six pounds of bread every day; and every twenty-four hours, after having received and swallowed my small portion, I con-

tinued as hungry as before I began, yet I was obliged to wait another twenty-four hours for a new morsel. How willingly would I have signed a bill of exchange for a thousand ducats, on my property at Vienna, only to have satiated my hunger on dry bread. Scarcely had I dropped into a sweet sleep before I dreamed I was feasting at some table luxuriously loaded, where the whole company were astonished to see me, eating like a glutton, to such an extent was my imagination heated by the sensation of famine.

"Awakened by the pains of hunger, I used to find that the dishes had vanished, and that nothing remained but the reality of my distress. The cravings of nature were but inflamed, my tortures prevented sleep, and looking into futurity, the cruelty of my fate seemed to me, if possible, to increase, for I imagined that the prolongation of pangs like these was insupportable. God preserve every honest man from sufferings like mine! They were not to be endured by the most obdurate villain. Many have fasted three days, many have suffered want for a week or more, but certainly no one beside myself ever endured it in the same excess for eleven months; some have supposed that to eat little might become habitual, but I have experienced the contrary. My hunger increased every day, and of all the trials of fortitude my whole life has afforded, this eleven months was the most bitter.

"My three doors were kept always shut, and I was left to such meditations as such feelings and such hopes might inspire. Daily, about noon, or once in twenty-four hours, my pittance of bread and water was brought. The keys of all the doors were kept by the governor; the inner door

was not opened, but my bread and water were delivered through an aperture. The prison was opened only once a week, on a Wednesday, when the governor and town major paid their visit, after my den had been cleaned.

"Having remained thus two months, and observed this method was invariable, I began to execute a project I had formed, and of the possibility of which I was convinced.

"Where the table and stove stood the floor was bricked, and this paving extended to the wall that separated my casemate from the adjoining one, in which no one was confined. My window was guarded by a single sentinel only. I therefore soon found among those who successively relieved guard two kind-hearted fellows, who described to me the situation of my prison, whence I perceived I might effect my escape, could I but penetrate into the adjoining casement (the door of which was not shut) and find a friend and a boat waiting for me at the Elbe. Or could I swim that river, the confines of Saxony were but a mile distant.

"To describe my plan at length would lead to prolixity, yet I must enumerate some of its main features, as it was remarkably intricate and it involved gigantic labor.

"I worked through the iron, eighteen inches long, by which the table was fastened, and broke off the clinchings of the nails, but preserved their heads, that I might put them again in their places, that all might appear secure to my weekly visitors. This procured me tools to raise up the brick floor, under which I found earth. My first attempt was to work a hole through the wall, seven feet thick behind, and concealed by the table. The first layer was of brick; I afterwards came to large hewn

stones. I endeavored accurately to number and remember the bricks, both of the flooring and the wall, so that I might replace them, that all might appear safe. This having been accomplished, I awaited the day of visitation. All was carefully replaced, and the intervening mortar as carefully preserved. The cell had probably been whitewashed a hundred times, and, that I might fill up all remaining interstices, I pounded the white stuff from the walls, wetted it, made a brush of my hair, washed it over, that the color might be uniform, and afterwards stripped myself, and sat, with my naked body against the place, by the heat of which it was dried.

"While laboring, I placed the stones and bricks upon my bedstead; and had they taken the precaution to come at any other time of the week, the stated Wednesday excepted, I had inevitably been discovered; but as no such ill accident befell me, in six months my Herculean labors gave me a prospect of success.

"Means were to be found to remove the rubbish from my prison, all of which, in so thick a wall, it was impossible to replace. Mortar and stone could not be removed. I therefore took the earth, scattered it about my chamber, and ground it under my feet the whole day, till I had reduced it to dust, which I strewed in the aperture of my window, making use of the loosened table to stand upon. I tied splinters from my bedstead together, with the raveled yarn of an old stocking, and to this I affixed a tuft of my hair. I worked a large hole under the middle grating, which could not be seen by any one standing on the ground, and through this I pushed my dust with the tool I had prepared in the outer window; then waiting

till the wind rose, during the night I brushed it away. It was blown off, and no appearance remained on the outside.

"By this single expedient, I rid myself of at least three hundredweight of earth, and thus made room to continue my labors; yet this being still insufficient, I had recourse to many other artifices, among them that of kneading up the earth into little balls which, and when the sentinel's back was turned, I blew through a paper tube, out of the window. Into the empty space I put my mortar and stones, and worked on successfully.

"I cannot, however, describe my difficulties after having penetrated about two feet into the hewn stone. My tools were the irons I had dug out, which fastened my bedstead and table. A compassionate soldier also gave me an old iron ramrod, and a soldier's sheath knife, which did me excellent service, more especially the latter, as I shall presently more fully show. With the knife I cut splinters from my bedstead, which aided me to pick the mortar from the interstices of the stone; yet the labor of penetrating through this seven-foot wall was incredible. The building was ancient, and the mortar occasionally quite petrified, so that the whole stone was obliged to be reduced to dust. After continuing my work unremittingly for six months, I at length approached the accomplishment of my hopes, as I knew by coming to the facing of brick which alone remained between me and the adjoining casemate.

"Meantime, I found opportunity to speak to some of the sentinels, among whom was an old grenadier, called Gefhardt, whom I here name because he displayed quali-

ties of the greatest and most noble kind. From him I learned the precise situation of my prison, and every circumstance that might best conduce to my escape.

"Nothing was wanting but money to buy a boat, so crossing the Elbe with Gefhardt, I might take refuge in Saxony. By Gefhardt's means I became acquainted with a kind-hearted girl, a Jewess, and a native of Dessau, Esther Heymannin by name, whose father had been ten years in prison. This good, compassionate maiden, whom I had never seen, won over two grenadiers, who gave her an opportunity of speaking to me every time they stood sentinel. By tying my splinters together, I made a stick long enough to reach beyond the palisadoes that were before my window, and thus obtained paper, another knife, and a file.

"I now wrote to my sister, the wife of the before-mentioned only son of General Waldow, described my awful situation, and entreated her to remit three hundred rix dollars to the Jewess, hoping by this means I might escape from my prison. I then wrote another affecting letter to Count Puebla, the Austrian ambassador at Berlin, in which was inclosed a draft for a thousand florins on my effects at Vienna, desiring him to remit these to the Jewess, having promised her that sum as a reward for her fidelity. She was to bring the three hundred rix dollars my sister should send me, and take measures with the grenadiers to facilitate my flight, which nothing seemed able to prevent; I having the power either to break into the casemate, or, aided by the grenadiers and the Jewess, to cut the locks from the doors and that way escape my dungeon. The letters were open, I being

obliged to roll them round the stick to convey them to Esther.

"The faithful girl diligently proceeded to Berlin, where she arrived safely, and immediately spoke to Count Puebla. The count gave her the kindest reception, received the letter, with the letter of exchange, and bade her go and speak to Weingarten, the secretary of the embassy, and act entirely as he should direct. She was received by Weingarten in the most friendly manner, and he, by his questions, drew from her the whole secret, our intended plan of flight, and the names of the two grenadiers who were to aid us. She told him also that she had a letter for my sister, which she must carry to Hammer, near Custrin.

"He asked to see this letter, read it, told her to proceed on her journey, gave her two ducats to bear her expenses, and ordered her to come to him on her return; adding that during this interval he would endeavor to obtain the thousand florins for my draft, and would then give her further instructions.

"Esther cheerfully departed for Hammer, where my sister, then a widow, and no longer, as in 1746, in dread of her husband, immediately gave her a letter to me, with three hundred rix dollars, exhorting her to exert every possible means to obtain my deliverance. Having prospered so far, Esther hastened back to Berlin, with the letter from my sister, and told Weingarten all that passed, whom she allowed to read the letter. He told her the two thousand florins from Vienna were not yet come, but gave her twelve ducats, bade her hasten back to Magdeburg, to carry me all this good news, and then return to

Berlin, where he would pay her the thousand florins. Esther came to Magdeburg, went immediately to the citadel, and most luckily met the wife of one of the grenadiers, who told her that her husband and his comrade had been taken and put in irons the day before. Esther's quickness of perception told her that we had been betrayed: she, therefore, instantly again began her travels and happily came safe to Dessau."

One of the grenadiers was hanged, the other cruelly tortured. Trenck's sister was condemned to pay a heavy fine, and the expenses of building a new cell for her brother. Trenck did not know at first what had happened, but he was soon informed of it by Gefhardt, who told him that his new prison would be finished in a month. Frederic, who had come to Magdeburg to hold a review, himself designed the chains for the limbs of his victim. Meanwhile Trenck was still in hopes of regaining his liberty. As yet nothing had been discovered of his subterranean operations. His preparations were at length finished, and he was getting ready to fly during the night, when suddenly the doors were opened; he was seized, and bound hand and foot; a bandage was placed over his eyes, and he was dragged away to his new cell. His feelings are best described in his own words: —

"The bandage was taken from my eyes. The dungeon was lighted by a few torches. Great heaven! what were my feelings when I beheld the floor covered with chains, a fire pan, and two grim men standing with their smiths' hammers.

"These engines of despotism went to work at once; enormous chains were fixed to my ankles at one end, and

at the other to a ring which was fixed in the wall. This ring was three feet from the ground, and allowed me to move about only two or three feet to the right and left. They next riveted another huge iron ring of a hand's breadth round my naked body, to which hung a chain fixed into an iron bar as thick as a man's arm. This bar was two feet in length, and at each end of it was a handcuff. The iron collar round my neck was not added till the year 1756.

"No soul bade me good-night. All retired in dreadful silence, and I heard the horrible grating of four doors that were successively locked and bolted upon me.

"Thus does man act by his fellow, knowing him to be innocent, in blind obedience to the commands of another man.

"O God! Thou alone knowest how my heart, void as it was of guilt, beat at this moment. There I sat, destitute, alone, in thick darkness, upon the bare earth, with a weight of fetters insupportable to nature, thanking Thee that these cruel men had not discovered my knife by which these miseries might yet find an end. Death is a last certain refuge that can indeed bid defiance to the rage of tyranny. What shall I say? How shall I make the reader feel as I then felt? How describe my despondency, and yet account for that latent impulse that withheld my hand on this fatal, this miserable night?

"The misery I foresaw was not of short duration. I had heard of the wars that were lately broken out between Austria and Prussia. To patiently wait their termination amid sufferings and wretchedness such as mine, appeared impossible, and freedom even then was doubtful.

Sad experience had I had of Vienna, and well I knew that those who had despoiled me of my property would most anxiously endeavor to prevent my return. Such were my meditations, such my night thoughts. Day at length returned, but where was its splendor? I beheld it not, yet its glimmering obscurity was sufficient to show me my dungeon.

"In breadth, the cell was about eight feet; in length, ten. Near me stood a table; in a corner was a seat four bricks broad, on which I might sit and recline against the wall opposite to the ring to which I was fastened; the light was admitted through a semicircular aperture one foot high, and two in diameter. This aperture ascended to the centre of the wall, which was six feet thick, and at this central part was a close iron grating from which outward the aperture descended, having its two extremities again closely secured by strong iron bars. My dungeon was built in the ditch of the fortification, and the aperture by which the light entered was so covered by the wall of the rampart that, instead of finding immediate passage, the light only gained admission by reflection. This, considering the smallness of the aperture and the impediments of grating and iron bars, made the obscurity very great; yet my eyes in time became so accustomed to this gloom that I could see a mouse run. In winter, however, when the sun did not shine into the ditch, it was dense night with me. Between the bars and the grating was a glass window, most curiously formed, with a small central casement, which might be opened to admit the air. The name of Trenck was built in the wall in red brick, and under my feet was a tombstone with the name

of Trenck also cut on it, and carved with a death's head. The doors to my dungeon were double, of oak, two inches thick; without, there was an open space in front of the cell, in which was a window. And this space was likewise shut in by double doors. The ditch in which this dreadful den was built was inclosed on both sides by palisadoes twelve feet high, the key of the gate of which was intrusted to the officer of the guard, it being the king's intention to prevent all possibility of speech or communication with the sentinel. The only motion I had the power to make was that of jumping upward, or swinging my arms to procure myself warmth. When more accustomed to the fetters, I became capable of moving from side to side about four feet, but this pained my shin bones.

"The cell had been finished with lime and plaster but eleven days, and everybody supposed it impossible I should exist above a fortnight after breathing the damp air. I remained six months, continually drenched with very cold water, that trickled upon me from the thick arches above; and I can safely affirm that for the first three months I was never dry, yet I continued in health. I was visited daily at noon, after the relieving of guard, and the doors were then obliged to be left open for some minutes, otherwise the dampness of the air put out my jailers' candles.

"This was my situation. And here I sat, destitute of friends, helplessly wretched, preyed on by all the tortures of an imagination that continually suggested the most gloomy, the most horrid, the most dreadful of images. My heart was not yet wholly turned to stone;

my fortitude was reduced to despondency; my dungeon was the very cave of despair; yet was my arm restrained, and this excess of misery endured.

"How, then, may hope be wholly eradicated from the heart of man? My fortitude, after some time, began to revive. I glowed with the desire of convincing the world that I was capable of suffering what man had never suffered before, perhaps of, at last, emerging from beneath this load of wretchedness triumphant over my enemies. So long and ardently did my fancy dwell on this picture that my mind at length acquired a heroism which Socrates himself certainly never possessed. Age had benumbed his sense of pleasure, and he drank the poisonous draught with cool indifference; but I was young, inured to high hopes, yet now beholding deliverance impossible, or at an immense, a dreadful distance. Such, too, were my other sufferings of soul and body that I could not hope and live.

"About noon my door was opened. Sorrow and compassion were painted on the countenance of my keepers; no one spoke, no one bade me 'Good-morrow!' Dreadful, indeed, was the sound of their arrival: for the monstrous bolts and bars moved with difficulty, and the noise of their removal would be resounding for a good half hour through the vaults of the prison.

"But at length a camp bed, mattress, and blankets were brought me, and beside it an ammunition loaf of six pounds' weight. 'That you may no more complain of hunger,' said the town major, when the loaf was laid before me, 'you shall have as much bread as you can eat.' The door was shut, and I again left to my thoughts."

For eleven months Trenck had been dying of hunger, and he devoured the bread so greedily that repletion nearly finished what starvation had begun, and he became seriously ill. When he had somewhat recovered he began anew to meditate a scheme of escape.

"I observed, as the four doors of my cell were opened, that they were only of wood; I therefore considered whether I might not even cut off the locks with the knife that I had so fortunately concealed; and should this and every other means fail, then would be the time to die. I likewise determined to make an attempt to free myself of my chains. I happily forced my right hand through the handcuffs, though the blood trickled from my nails. My attempts on the left were long ineffectual, but by rubbing with a brick, which I got from my seat, on a rivet that had been negligently closed, I effected this also.

"The chain was fastened to the ring round my body by a hook, the end of which was not inserted in the ring; therefore, by setting my foot against the wall, I had strength enough so far to bend this hook back, and open it, as to force out the link of the chain. The remaining difficulty was the chain that attached my foot to the wall; the links of this I took, doubled, twisted, and wrenched, till at length, nature having bestowed on me great strength, I made a desperate effort, sprang forcibly up, and two links at once flew off. Fortunate, indeed, did I think myself. I hastened to the door, groped in the dark to find the clinchings of the nails by which the lock was fastened, and discovered no very large piece of wood need be cut. Immediately I went to work with my knife, and

cut through the oak door to find its thickness, which proved to be only one inch; therefore it was possible to open all the four doors in four and twenty hours.

"Again hope revived in my heart. To prevent discovery I hastened to put on my chains; but, O Heaven! what difficulties had I to surmount. After much groping about, I at length found the link that had flown off, but this I hid. It had hitherto been my good fortune to escape examination, as the possibility of ridding myself of such chains was in no wise suspected. The separated iron links I tied together with my hair ribbon; but when I again endeavored to force my hand into the ring, it was so swelled that every effort was fruitless. The whole night was employed upon the rivet, but all labor was in vain.

"It was near the hour of visitation, and necessity and danger again obliged me to attempt forcing my hand through the ring, an operation at length, after excruciating tortures, I effected. My visitors came, and everything had the appearance of order. I found it, however, impossible to again free my right hand while it continued swelled.

"I therefore remained quiet for the time; and on the 4th of July, the day I had fixed for my attempt, the moment my visitors had left me, I disencumbered myself of irons, took my knife and began my Herculean labors on the doors. The first of them that opened inwards was conquered in less than an hour. The other was a very different task. The lock was soon cut round, but it opened outwards; there was, therefore, no other means left but to cut the whole door away above the bar.

Incessant and incredible labor made this possible, though it was the more difficult as everything was to be done by feeling, as I was totally in the dark; the sweat dropped, or rather flowed from my body. My fingers were clotted in my own blood, and my lacerated hands were one continued wound.

"Daylight appeared. I clambered over the door that I had cut through, and got up to the window in the space or cell that was between the double doors as before described. Here I saw that my dungeon was in the ditch of the first rampart; before me I saw the road from the rampart, the guard but fifty paces distant, and the high palisades that were in the ditch, and must be scaled before I could reach the rampart. Hope grew stronger. My efforts were redoubled. The first of the next double doors was attacked, which likewise opened inward, and was soon conquered. The sun set before I had ended this, and the fourth was cut away as the second had been. My strength failed, both my hands were raw. I rested awhile, began again, and had made a cut of a foot long when my knife snapped, and the broken blade dropped to the ground."

Seeing all his dreams of liberty thus vanish in a moment, the unfortunate prisoner, abandoning himself to despair, opened the veins of his left arm and foot with the broken blade.

"I fainted, and I know not how long I remained in this state. Suddenly I heard my own name, awoke, and again heard the words, 'Baron Trenck!' 'Who calls?' was my answer. And who indeed was it to be but my loved grenadier Gefhardt — my former faithful friend

in the citadel. The good, kind fellow had got upon the rampart that he might see and comfort me.

"'In what state are you?' said Gefhardt. 'Weltering in my blood,' answered I: 'to-morrow you will find me dead.' 'Why should you die?' replied he. 'It is much easier for you to escape from this place than from the citadel. There is no sentinel here, and I shall soon find means to furnish you with tools. If you can only break out, leave the rest to me. As often as I am on guard, I will seek an opportunity to speak to you. In the whole of the Star Fort there are only two sentinels, the one at the entrance and the other at the guard-house. Do not despair, God will help you, trust to me.' The good man's kindness and his words revived my hopes. I saw the possibility of my escape. A secret joy diffused itself through my soul. I immediately tore my shirt, bound up my wounds, and waited the approach of day; and the sun soon after shone through my window with more than its accustomed brightness.

"Till noon I had time to consider what might further be done; yet what could be done? What could be expected but that I should now be much more cruelly treated, and even more insupportably ironed than before, finding as they must the doors cut through and my fetters shaken off.

"After mature consideration I therefore made the following resolution, which succeeded happily, and even beyond my hopes. Before I proceed, however, I will speak a few words concerning my situation at this moment. It is impossible to describe how much I was exhausted. The prison swam with blood, and certainly but

little was left in my body. With painful wounds, swelled and torn hands, I stood shirtless in my cell. I felt an almost irresistible inclination to sleep, scarcely had strength to keep my legs out, and I was obliged to rouse myself that I might execute my plan.

"With the bar that separated my hands I loosened the bricks of my seat, which as they were newly laid, was easily done, and heaped them up in the middle of my prison. The inner door was quite open, and with my chains I so barricaded the upper half of the second as to prevent any one climbing over it. When noon came, and the first of the doors was unlocked, all were astonished to find the second open. There I stood, besmeared with blood, the picture of horror, with a brick in one hand, and in the other my broken knife, crying as they approached, 'Keep off, major, keep off. Tell the governor I will live no longer in chains, and that here I stand if he pleases, to be shot, for so only will I be conquered. No man shall enter; I will destroy everyone that approaches; here are my weapons; I will die in despite of tyranny.' The major was terrified, and lacking resolution to approach, made his report to the governor. I, meantime, sat down on my bricks to await what might happen. My second intent, however, was not so desperate as it appeared. I sought only to obtain a favorable capitulation.

"The governor-general, Borck, presently came, attended by the town major and some officers. He entered the outer cell, but sprang back the moment he beheld a figure like me, standing with a brick and uplifted arm. I repeated what I had told the major, and he immediately ordered six grenadiers to force the door. The front cell

was scarcely six feet broad, so that no more than two at a time could attack my intrenchment, and when they saw my threatening bricks ready to descend, they leaped back in terror. A short pause ensued, and the old town major, with the chaplain, advanced towards the door to soothe me: the conversation continued some time to no purpose. The governor grew angry, and ordered a fresh attack. The first grenadier I knocked down, and the rest ran back to avoid my missiles.

"The town major again began a parley. 'For God's sake, my dear Trenck,' said he, 'in what have I injured you, that you endeavor to effect my ruin? I must answer for your having through my negligence concealed a knife; be persuaded, I entreat you; be appeased. You are not without hope or without friends.' My answer was, 'But will you promise not to load me with heavier irons than before?'

"He went out and spoke with the governor, and gave me his word of honor that the affair should be no further noticed, and that everything should be reinstated as formerly.

"Here ended the capitulation, and my wretched citadel was taken."

The state of the unfortunate prisoner excited commiseration, and he was attended with great care, and supplied with everything needful to his recovery. For four days he was suffered to remain out of irons, but on the fifth he was again fettered, and now doors, one of them of double thickness, were set up in place of those he had destroyed.

Gefhardt came on guard soon after this, and he at

once began to concert with Trenck measures for a new attempt at flight. He furnished him with writing materials, and undertook to post a letter to a friend of the prisoner, in Vienna. This friend sent back some money, which Gefhardt found means to convey to the prisoner while handing him his food.

"Having money to carry on my designs, I began to put into execution my plan, of burrowing under the foundation. The first thing necessary was to free myself from my fetters. To accomplish this Gefhardt supplied me with two small files, and by the aid of these this operation, though a difficult one, was effected.

"The cap or staple of the foot-ring was made so wide that I could draw it forward a quarter of an inch. I filed the iron which passed through it on the inside; the more I filed this away the farther I could draw the cap down, till at last the whole inside iron through which the chains passed was cut quite through; by this means I could slip off the ring, while the cap on the outside continued whole, and it was impossible to discover any cut, as only the outside could be examined. My hands, by continued efforts, I so compressed as to be able to draw them out of the handcuffs. I then filed off the hinge and made a screw-driver of one of the foot-long flooring nails, with which I could take out the screws at pleasure. The rim round my body was but a small impediment, were it not for the chain which passed from my hand bar, and this I removed by filing an aperture in one of the links, which at the necessary hour I closed with bread rubbed over with rusty iron, first drying it with the heat of my body; and I would wager any sum that, without striking the

chain link by link with a hammer, no one not in the secret would have discovered the fracture.

"The window was never strictly examined. I therefore drew the two staples by which the iron bars were fixed to the wall, daily replacing and carefully plastering them over. I procured wire from Gefhardt, and tried how well I could imitate the inner grating. Finding I succeeded tolerably, I cut the real grating totally away, and substituted an artificial one of my own making, by which I obtained a free communication with the outside, additional fresh air, together with all necessary implements, tinder and candles.

"In order that the light might not be seen, I hung the coverlet of my bed before the window, so that I could work fearless and undetected. The floor of my dungeon was not of stone, but of oak plank three inches thick, three beds of which were laid crossways, and were fastened to each other by nails half an inch in diameter and a foot long. Having worked round the head of a nail, I made use of the hole at the end of the bar which separated my hands to draw it out, and this nail, sharpened upon my tombstone, made an excellent chisel.

"I now cut through the board more than an inch in width, that I might work downwards, and having cut away a piece of wood which was inserted two inches under the wall, I cut this so as to exactly fit. The small crevice it occasioned I stopped up with bread, and strewed over with dust, so as to prevent all suspicions. My labor under this was continued with less precaution, and I had soon worked through my nine-inch planks. Under them I came to a fine white sand, on which the Star Fort

was built. My chips I carefully distributed beneath the boards; but I soon saw that, if I had not help from without, I could proceed no farther, for it would be useless to dig, unless I could rid myself of my rubbish.

"Gefhardt supplied me with some ells of cloth, of which I made long, narrow bags, stuffed them with earth, and passed them between the iron bars to Gefhardt, who, as he was on guard, scattered or conveyed away their contents. Furnished with room to secrete them under the floor, I obtained more instruments, together with a pair of pistols, powder, ball, and a bayonet. I now discovered that the foundation of my prison, instead of two, was sunk four feet deep. Time, labor, and patience, were all necessary to break out unheard and undiscovered; but few things are impossible where resolution is not wanting.

"The hole I made was obliged to be four feet deep, corresponding with the foundation, and wide enough to kneel and to stoop in. The lying down on the floor to work, the continual stooping to throw out the earth, the narrow space in which all this must be performed, — these made the labor incredible; and after this daily labor, all things were to be replaced, and my chains again resumed, which alone required some hours to effect.

"I now continued my labor, and found it very possible to break out under the foundation; but Gefhardt had been so terrified by the late accident, that he started a thousand difficulties, in proportion as my end was more nearly accomplished; and at the moment when I wished to concert with him the means of flight, he persisted that it was necessary to find additional help to escape in safety, and not bring both him and myself to destruction. At

length we came to a new determination, which, however, after eight months' incessant labor, rendered my whole project abortive."

A letter posted by Gefhardt's wife, containing an unusual number of recommendations, revealed the whole plot; though, after a strict search, the authorities failed to discover any of the signs of Trenck's activity on either his chains or the flooring of his cell. All that was noticed was the changes he had made in his window, which was immediately closed up with planks. The prisoner was interrogated with threats as to the names of his accomplices, in presence of his guards, and his firmness in refusing to make any revelations proved of great service to him afterwards among men, who were not unwilling to aid a prisoner if they could feel quite certain of not being betrayed. Some days after, all his chains were padlocked together; and his window too was narrowed till it became little better than a mere air-vent. He was at the same time deprived of his bed, and he had no other means of taking repose than by sitting on the floor with his back against the wall, in which position he was half strangled by the weight of the padlock. He became ill, and lay for two months at the point of death without receiving any aid. He was again, however, allowed the use of his bed.

When he had again recovered, he contrived to gain by bribes three of the four officers who attended him, and through them he obtained candles, books, newspapers; and, more precious than all, some tools for cutting through the chains hanging from his padlock. He also, through one of the officers, obtained larger handcuffs from which he could easily withdraw his hands. He then

renewed his subterranean labors with the design of cutting a passage, thirty-seven feet in length, to the gallery beneath the rampart. He made a new opening, however, to avoid working beneath the feet of the sentinels: —

"The work at first proceeded so rapidly that, while I had room to throw back my sand, I was able in one night to gain three feet; but ere I had proceeded ten feet, I discovered all my difficulties. Before I could continue my work, I was obliged to make room for myself, by emptying the sand out of the hole upon the floor of the prison, and this itself was an employment of some hours. The sand was obliged to be thrown out by the hand, and after it thus lay heaped in my prison, it had again to be returned into the hole. I have calculated that, after I had proceeded twenty feet, I was obliged to creep underground in my hole from fifteen hundred to two thousand fathoms within twenty-four hours, in the removal and replacing of the sand. This labor ended, care was to be taken that in none of the crevices of the floor there might be any appearance of this fine white sand. The flooring was next to be exactly replaced, and my chains to be resumed. So severe was the fatigue of one day of this kind, that I was always obliged to rest the three following.

"To reduce my labor as much as possible, I was constrained to make the passage so small that my body only had space to pass, and I had not room to draw my arm back to my head. The work, too, had all to be done naked, otherwise the dirtiness of my shirt would have been remarked; and the sand was wet, water being found at the depth of four feet, where the stratum of the gravel began. At length the expedient of sand bags occurred to

me, by which it might be removed out and in more expeditiously. I obtained linen from the officers, but not in sufficient quantities. Suspicions would have been excited had too much linen been brought into the prison. At last I took my sheets, and the ticking that inclosed my straw, and cut them up for sand bags, taking care to lie down on my bed as if ill, when Bruckhausen paid his visit.

"The labor, towards the conclusion, became so intolerable as to excite despondency. I frequently sat contemplating the heaps of sand, during a momentary respite from work; and thinking it impossible I could have strength or time again to replace all things as they were, have resolved patiently to wait the consequences, and leave everything in its present disorder. Yes, I can assure the reader that to effect concealment, I have scarcely had time in twenty-four hours to sit down and eat a morsel of bread. Recollecting, however, the efforts and all the progress I had made, hope would again revive in me, and exhausted strength return, and again would I begin my labors; yet it has frequently happened that my visitors have entered a few minutes after I had reinstated everything in its place.

"When my work was within six or seven feet of being accomplished, a new misfortune happened, that at once frustrated all further attempts. I worked, as I have said, under the foundation of the rampart, near where the sentinels stood. I could disencumber myself of my fetters, except my neck collar and its pendent chain. This, as I worked, though it was fastened, got loose, and the clanking was heard by one of the sentinels, about fifteen

feet from my dungeon. The officer was called, they laid their ears to the ground and heard me as I went backward and forward to bring my earth bags. This was reported the next day, and the major, who was my best friend, with the town major, and a smith and mason, entered my prison. I was terrified. The lieutenant, by a sign, gave me to understand I was discovered. An examination was begun; but the officers would not see, and the smith and mason found all, as they thought, safe. Had they examined my bed, they would have seen the ticking and sheets were gone. The town major, who was a dull man, was persuaded the thing was impossible, and said to the sentinel, 'Blockhead, you have heard some mole underground, and not Trenck. How indeed could it be that he should work underground at such a distance from his dungeon?' Here the scrutiny ended.

"There was now no time for delay. Had they altered their hour of coming, they must have found me at work; but this, during ten years, never happened, for the governor and town major were stupid men, and the others, poor fellows, wishing me all success, were willingly blind. In a few days I could have broken out; but when ready, I was desirous to wait for the visitation of the man who had treated me so tyrannically, Bruckhausen; but this man, though he wanted understanding, did not want good fortune. He was ill for some time, and his duty devolved on K——. He recovered, and the visitation being over, the doors were no sooner barred than I began my supposed last labor. I had only three feet farther to proceed, and it was no longer necessary that I should bring out the sand, as I had room to throw it behind me.

What my anxiety was, what my exertions were, can well be imagined. My evil genius, however, had decreed that the same sentinel who had heard me before, should be that day on guard. He was piqued by vanity to prove that he was not the blockhead he had been called; he therefore again laid his ear to the ground, and again heard me burrowing. He called his comrades first, next the major, who came and heard me likewise; they then went outside the palisades and heard me working next the door, at which place I was to break into the gallery. This door they immediately opened, entered the gallery with lanterns, and waited to catch the hunted fox when unearthed.

"Through the first small breach I perceived a light, and saw the heads of those who were expecting me. This was indeed a thunder-stroke. I crept back, made my way through the sand I had cast behind me, and shudderingly awaited my fate. I had the presence of mind to conceal my pistols, candles, paper, and some money, under the movable floor. The money was disposed of in various holes, well concealed in the panels of the doors; and I hid my small files and knives under different cracks in the floor. Scarcely were these disposed of before the doors resounded. The floor was covered with sand and sand bags; my handcuffs, however, and the separating bar I had hastily resumed, that they might suppose I had worked with them on, which they were silly enough to credit, highly to my future advantage."

The passage which had cost Trenck so much trouble was filled up, the flooring repaired, heavier irons replaced those which he had broken, and he was once more

deprived of his bed. Bruckhausen and the major interrogated him in presence of the workmen and the soldiers as to the manner in which he had obtained his tools.

"My answer," says Trenck, "was, 'Gentlemen, Beelzebub is my best and most intimate friend; he brings me everything I want, and supplies me with light. We play whole nights at piquet, and, guard me as you please, he will finally deliver me out of your power.'

"Some were astonished, others laughed. At length, as they were barring the last door, I called, 'Come, gentlemen, you have forgotten something of great importance in the interior.' I had taken up one of my hidden files when they returned: 'Look, gentlemen,' said I, 'here is a proof of the friendship Beelzebub has for me, he has brought me this in a twinkling.' Again they examined the cell, and again they shut the doors. While they were so doing I took out a knife and the *louis-d'ors*. Their consternation was excessive, and I solaced my misfortunes by jesting at such blundering, short-sighted keepers. It was soon rumored through Magdeburg, especially among the simple and vulgar, that I was a magician, to whom the devil brought all that I asked. One Major Holtzkammer, a very selfish man, profited by this report. A foolish citizen had offered him fifty dollars if he might only be permitted to see me through the door, as he was very desirous to see a wizard. Holtzkammer told me, and we jointly determined to sport with his credulity. The major gave me a mask with a monstrous nose, which I put on when the doors were opening, and threw myself in an heroic attitude. The affrighted burgher drew back, but Holtzkammer stopped him, and said, 'Have patience

for some quarter of an hour and you shall see he will assume quite a different countenance.' The burgher waited. My mask was thrown by, and my face appeared whitened with chalk and made ghastly. The burgher again shrunk back, Holtzkammer kept him in conversation, and I assumed a third facial form. I tied my hair under my nose, and fastened a pewter dish to my breast, and when the door opened a third time, I thundered, 'Begone, rascals, or I 'll twist your necks awry.' They both ran, and the silly burgher, eased of his fifty dollars, scampered first."

Some time after this Trenck meditated another and a far bolder plan of escape. The garrison of Magdeburg was but nine hundred strong, and there were at least seven thousand Croat prisoners of war in the fortress. He proposed to gain access to the Croats by bribing his jailers, and then putting himself at their head to seize the place for Maria Theresa. He sent to Vienna for two thousand ducats, but failed to obtain them, and the project came to nothing.

He then once more began his mining operations, and had already made considerable progress with them, when the governor of the fortress becoming mad, he was replaced by the hereditary prince of Hesse Cassel, who treated Trenck with so much kindness that the grateful prisoner pledged himself not to attempt to escape. This state of things continued for eighteen months, at the end of which time the prince, leaving the fortress in consequence of the death of his father, Trenck considered himself justified in making another effort for liberty. He accordingly procured the necessary tools with the same facility as before, and was opening up one of his old

galleries, when an accident happened that had nearly put an end to his project and his life.

"While mining under the foundation of the ramparts," he says, "just as I was going to carry out the sand bag, I struck my foot against a stone in the wall, which fell down and closed up the passage. What was my horror to find myself thus buried alive! After a short time for reflection, I began to work the sand away from the side that I might obtain room to turn round. By good fortune there were some feet of empty space into which I threw the sand as I worked it away, but the small quantity of air soon made it so foul that I a thousand times wished myself dead, and made several attempts to strangle myself. Further labor began to seem impossible. Thirst almost deprived me of my senses, but as often as I put my mouth to the sand I inhaled fresh air. My sufferings were incredible, and I imagine I passed full eight hours in this distraction of horror. Of all dreaded deaths surely such a one as this is the most dreadful. My spirits fainted, again I somewhat recovered, again I began to labor, but the earth was as high as my chin, and I had no more space into which I might throw the sand, that I might turn round. I made a more desperate effort, drew my body into a ball and turned round. I now faced the stone, which was as wide as the whole passage; but there being an opening at the top, I respired fresher air. My next labor was to root away the sand under the stone and let it sink, so that I might creep over, and by this means at length I once more happily arrived at my dungeon."

He had hardly time to clear away the traces of his work, and to put all in order, before he received the daily

visit of his jailers. A change of the garrison and other circumstances somewhat hindered the accomplishment of his design, but the gallery was at length finished, and an officer had even promised to bring him false keys to open his prison doors. The thought that he was on the very eve of liberty turned his head, as he admits himself.

"I was then vain enough, stupid enough, mad enough," he says, "to form the design of casting myself on the generosity and magnanimity of the great Frederic! Should this fail, I still thought my lieutenant a certain savior. Having heated my imagination with this lamentable scheme, I awaited the hour of visitation with great anxiety. The major entered. 'I know, sir,' I said, 'the great Prince Ferdinand is again in Magdeburg' (my new friend had told me this). 'Be pleased to inform him that he may first examine my prison, and double the sentinels, and afterwards give me his commands, stating at what hour it will please him I should make my appearance in perfect freedom on the glacis of Klosterbergen. If I prove myself capable of this, I then hope for the protection of Prince Ferdinand, and I trust he will relate my proceedings to the king, who may thereby be convinced of my innocence and the perfect clearness of my conscience.'

"The major was astonished, and he supposed my brain turned. The proposal he held to be ridiculous, and the performance impossible. As I, however, persisted, he rode to town and returned with the sub-governor, Reichmann, the town major, Riding, and the major of inspection. The answer they delivered was, 'that the

prince promised me his protection, the king's favor, and a certain release from my chains, should I prove the truth of my assertion.' I required they would appoint a time; they ridiculed the thing as impossible, and at last said that it would be sufficient could I only prove the practicability of such a scheme; but should I refuse they would immediately break up the whole flooring and place sentinels in my dungeon night and day; adding, 'The governor would not admit of any actual breaking out.'

"After the most solemn promises of good faith, I immediately disencumbered myself of my chains, raised up the flooring, gave them my arms and implements, and also two keys, that my friend had procured me, to the doors of the subterranean gallery. I desired them to enter this gallery and sound with their sword hilts at a place through which I could easily break in a few minutes. I further described the road I was to take through the gallery, informed them that two of the doors had not been shut for six months, and that they already had the keys to the others, adding, I had horses waiting at the glacis that would be ready the moment I wanted them.

"They went, examined, returned, and put questions which I answered with as much precision as the engineer could have done who built the Star Fort. They left me with seeming friendship, continued away about an hour, came back, told me the prince was astonished at what he had heard, that he wished me all happiness, and then took me unfettered to the guard-house. The major came in the evening, treated us with a sumptuous supper, assured me everything would happen in accordance with

my wishes, and that Prince Ferdinand had already written to Berlin.

"But all these promises were illusory. The guard was reinforced next day; two grenadiers entered the officer's room as sentinels; the whole guard loaded with ball before my eyes; the drawbridges were raised in open day, and precautions were taken as if it were supposed I intended to make attempts as desperate as those I had made at Glatz."

Nothing had come from the Duke of Brunswick. The commandant and the officers, dreading the king's displeasure, had spread the rumor that a new attempt at escape had been discovered on the part of the prisoner. The cell was repaired in eight days and paved with great flagstones, and the unfortunate Trenck was again placed there, with a single chain about his feet, which weighed as much as all those he had previously worn put together. The duke, however, was some time afterwards informed of all the circumstances, and he spoke to the king, who kept Trenck in prison another year and then set him at liberty.

It is well known that Trenck, after a life of constant agitation, perished on the scaffold of the Revolution with André Chénier.

TWO SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON

By Eva March Tappan

I. THE YOUNG SOLDIER

IT would seem as if a few groups of colonists might live in peace together when they had a whole continent on which to choose places for their homes; but during the half century following the settlement of Philadelphia there was a great deal of fighting in America. Much of it was caused by the fact that whenever England, France, and Spain were at war, their colonies also fought. After awhile, however, the colonists of England and France had a quarrel of their own. Its occasion was the land along the Ohio River. This message came to the French: "Those Englishmen are planning to send out settlers to the Ohio."

"That will not do," declared the French. "We want to be able to float down the Ohio into the Mississippi, and so on to the Gulf of Mexico. La Salle explored the Ohio. Moreover, we discovered the Mississippi, and the Ohio flows into it; therefore the Ohio is ours."

The English laughed at this. "The French claim all the rivers that flow into the Mississippi!" they cried. "They might as well claim all the countries that drink French brandy."

Both nations knew that a strong fort built at the point where the Allegheny joins the Monongahela would hold the river, for no enemies could sail by such a fortification. Governor Duquesne of Canada began quietly to build forts, each one a little nearer this spot. Governor Dinwiddie of Virginia was wide awake and keeping a close watch on the doings of the French. When he heard that a third fort had been begun, he said to himself, "That has gone far enough. I will send some one to warn them that this land belongs to us."

It was not easy to choose a messenger. The governor thought it over. "It is a hard journey," he said to himself. "There will be ice and snow and Indians and all sorts of dangers. We must have a man who knows how to make his way through the forest and will not be afraid of difficulties. That young surveyor who has done so much work for Lord Fairfax is a good woodsman. He is cool and sensible, and whatever he undertakes he does well. He is not the man to be imposed upon, either; and even if those smooth Frenchmen treat him as if he were the king of France, he will not forget what he was sent for." There was something else to be careful about. "It won't do to send any rude, blunt messenger," thought the governor. "Such a fellow would get us into a fight in three days. This young Washington knows how to behave in a parlor as well as in the forest. The youngster is only twenty-one, but I believe he is the man to go."

Then the governor sent for the young man and told him what was needed. He set out with a little company of white men and Indians. The mountains were covered

with snow, and the cold November rains were falling. Drip, drip, came the water from the branches as the men pushed on in Indian file through the wilderness. For two weeks it either rained or snowed, and it was always cold and wet. The wind blew upon them in tempests whenever they left the shelter of the forest. The heavy rains had swollen the brooks to creeks, and the creeks to rivers; but, large or small, they must all be crossed.

At last Washington saw through the trees the gleam of the French flag and smoke rising from a chimney. This was the nearest of the three forts, though it was hardly a fort as yet. The French were most polite to their English visitors; but they were exceedingly careful not to say a word that would show what their plans were. "The commander is at Fort Le Bœuf," they said, "and the reply must come from him. It is time for supper now; come and eat with us." At supper they drank a good deal of wine, and then they forgot their caution. "We are going to have the Ohio," they declared; and went on good-naturedly, "Of course you can raise two men to our one, but you English are slow folk. We can build our forts and take the whole country while you are getting ready." Washington did not boast about what the English could do, but he wrote all this carefully in his journal to show to Governor Dinwiddie.

The next day he went on to Fort Le Bœuf. He presented the governor's letter, which reminded the French that they were on land belonging to the English. The commander replied, "I will send the letter to Governor Duquesne; but this is where he has placed me, and here I must stay until he sends me somewhere else."

Washington took his leave. The horses went so slowly through the snow that, to save time, he returned on foot with only one man. The coming had been hard enough, but the return was much worse. The cold had become more intense; the rivers were full of floating ice. Washington was knocked off the raft into ten feet of bitterly cold water, and had to spend that night on a little island without fire or shelter. There was danger from the Indians, and more than once he was fired upon by them; but he came out safely from all dangers and gave Governor Dinwiddie the French commander's reply.

"We must get ahead of them," declared the governor. "We will build a fort just where the Allegheny joins the Monongahela, and we will hold the Ohio." So he sent men there to build the fort; but the French drove them away, and in high glee built a fortification of their own, which they named for the governor, Fort Duquesne. Governor Dinwiddie had sent another band of men to help the first, with Washington at its head. He heard that the French had driven the first colonists away and were coming to attack his company. With his few men he could not meet them, so he went back a little way to wait for more troops.

It was not long before a few militiamen and fifty regular soldiers came. Their captain put on a great many airs because his regulars were paid by the king. "We belong to the king's army," he declared, "and the king's soldiers do not take orders from a young fellow in the colonial militia." His men followed their captain's lead and refused to help make a road or drag the cannon.

They were soon frightened into helping, however, for the scouts told them that the French were coming upon them. Then they forgot that they were taking orders from a colonial major and worked as hard as they could to help make an intrenchment, dig a ditch, and cut down trees for breastworks. The French came upon them, twice as many as the colonists. The fight lasted for nine hours. The powder gave out and the provisions gave out. There was nothing to be gained by lying down behind the logs and starving; so Washington surrendered. The French were jubilant. They had driven off the English and they held the Ohio.

But somehow the English would not stay driven off. At length the king of England began to find out that the French were trying to crowd his colonies into a little strip of land near the coast, and that if he expected to have any more than that he must fight. Then he sent General Braddock to Virginia with one thousand men.

Long before the vessel came to the wharf, the colonists could see the red coats of the soldiers. The regulars were with them, and they were delighted. Braddock made Washington one of his officers, but he had no idea of listening to his advice. Washington was much troubled. "The general knows how to fight the French," he thought, "but he seems to think that the Indians will march out in line like white men." So he told him respectfully how the Indians behaved in a fight. "They hide behind rocks and trees," he said, "and there will be a storm of bullets when no one is in sight."

"Regulars know how to return bullets," replied Brad-

dock. "It would be a strange thing if British troops could not meet a handful of naked Indians."

The line of redcoats and of colonial soldiers set out on the long hard march through the forest. They crossed the Monongahela. They were climbing a hill when suddenly shots began to come from all directions and the forest echoed with the yells of the Indians. The French were in front, the Indians were on both sides, but hidden behind trees. The regulars were so dazed at this new kind of fighting that they ran like sheep. The colonists had learned how to meet Indians, and so they hid behind trees and returned the fire. Even then Braddock could not see that there was any other way to fight than the one he had learned, and he shouted to his men to come out and form in line. Of course the only end to such a battle was the wild retreat of the English. Cannon, provisions, food, arms, clothes, horses, and money were forgotten in the mad rush for safety. Braddock was mortally wounded and soon died. When the fugitives dared to stop, he was buried in the forest, and wagons were rolled over his grave lest the Indians should find it.

It was owing chiefly to Washington's skill and coolness that any of the men escaped. Four bullets were shot through his coat, but he was not hurt. Afterwards an Indian chief said, "He will never die in battle. I told all my braves to aim at him, but they could not hit him." If the Indian had known what severe fighting lay before the young officer, he might not have been so sure that Washington would never die in battle.

II. WASHINGTON SURPRISES THE HESSIANS

IT was Christmas night in 1776, the second year of the Revolutionary War, and the Hessian soldiers were making merry at Trenton. They were Germans who had been hired by the king of England to help him conquer the American rebels. Just then there was no fighting on hand. They had good warm quarters, plenty to eat, and plenty to drink. They feasted and they drank, they sang songs and they told stories. They were in the best of spirits, for Washington, the commander-in-chief of the Americans, was retreating. "There won't be much more trouble from him," declared one soldier. "He had to leave the Hudson, and we have chased him out of New Jersey and into Pennsylvania."

"We 'll soon be in Pennsylvania ourselves, in Philadelphia," said another, "and that will be the end of the war. They say Washington's troops are deserting by the hundred."

The carousing went on until late in the night, and then the men went to their warm beds and to heavy sleep.

About the time that their feasting began, Washington marched his men down to the opposite bank of the Delaware. The ground was covered with snow. It was bitterly cold. The sleet was driving furiously. The river was full of masses of floating ice, pitching, tumbling, and plunging in the strong current; but boats were waiting at the shore. They were rowed by fishermen from Marblehead, who knew how to meet storms. The soldiers got into the boats. The fishermen rowed and paddled, and pushed away the cakes of ice with long poles.

The wind blew more furiously, the sleet was more biting; but at last the boats came to the New Jersey side of the river. The men leaped or tumbled ashore as well as they could in the storm and darkness. Then they swung their arms, they stamped their feet, they marched back and forth, they jumped, and they ran — anything to keep from freezing. The storm was growing worse; there was no shelter; and on the river bank they must wait till the boats had been back and forth many times and had brought the whole force across. Ten hours they waited, all through that terrible night of tempest.

Trenton was nine miles away, but Washington had given the word to march on. One man was frozen to death, and a little later a second was overcome by the cold. "The muskets are wet and cannot be fired," an officer reported.

"Use the bayonets, then," replied Washington; "the town must be taken." And he pushed on toward Trenton. He divided his men into two parties, and in the early gray of the morning they entered the town by two different roads.

Washington planted his cannon so as to sweep the streets. The Hessians rushed out, almost dazed by the sudden attack. They ran in one direction, and a volley of musket balls met them; they ran in another, and the cannon mowed them down; in another, and a bayonet charge drove them back. The commander ran out half-dressed and tried to form his lines, but he was shot down. In one hour Washington was master of the place. He had lost two men, and he had taken nearly one thousand prisoners.

The British general, Cornwallis, was in New York, getting ready to return to England; for he thought the rebellion of the colonies was so nearly over that he need not stay in America any longer. The news from Trenton was an unpleasant surprise, but he started out promptly to crush that troublesome Washington, who never seemed to understand that he was beaten and who would not stay beaten.

Cornwallis had more men than the Americans, and Washington did not want to fight a battle with him. "Cornwallis will come upon us, but keep him away as long as you can," was Washington's orders to part of his troops; and therefore the British had a hard time in their march across New Jersey to Trenton. A storm of bullets would come suddenly from some little thicket on one side of the road; and by the time the trees had been well peppered with British shot, another leaden storm would come from some thicket on the other side. A few hundred men with two cannon were continually attacking him in front. He could make them retreat, but he could not make them hurry; and it was late in the afternoon when he came to Trenton. Washington was not in the town, but just across a stream that flows into the Delaware. The troops that had been such a torment to Cornwallis retreated across the bridge and joined their comrades.

The British officers said, "Let us attack him at once." But Cornwallis replied, "No, our men are tired out, and it will soon be dark. He is safe enough. In the morning we shall have two thousand more troops, and we can shut him in between the stream and the Delaware. He

will have to surrender, and then the rebellion will be over." He wrote a letter home which said, "We have run down the old fox, and we will bag him in the morning."

There seemed nothing that Washington could do but prepare to fight. All night long his camp-fires burned along the south side of the stream. The British sentinels on the north side could see the men piling on wood, they could hear the noise of spades and pickaxes, they could even hear the soldiers talking together. But when it began to grow light, the British found that Washington and his army had slipped away quietly in the middle of the night. A few men had remained behind to keep the fires burning and make as much noise as possible with their spades and pickaxes; but they, too, were gone. They had run through the woods and joined their commander. The British were welcome to the gravel that had been shoveled up and to the ashes of the camp-fires, but nothing else was left for them. While Cornwallis stood on the bank of the stream gazing across at the deserted camp, he heard the booming of cannon ten miles away. "That was from Princeton," he thought. "The old fox is there already, and he will try to destroy our stores at Brunswick."

This was exactly what Washington had planned to do. At Princeton he met the British forces just starting to go and help Cornwallis conquer him. There was a sharp fight, and the Americans won the day. Cornwallis was in pursuit, of course, but there were several streams between the armies. They were badly swollen by a sudden thaw, and Washington had unkindly burned the

bridges. The British marched with dripping uniforms into the streets of Princeton, but Washington was not there. He had hoped to go on to Brunswick, but his men were too tired and too nearly barefooted for a march of eighteen miles. So he made his way to the heights of Morristown, and there he was safe for the winter.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

By Rosa Nouchette Carey

I. THE LADY WITH THE LAMP

"A Lady with a Lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land
A noble type of good,
Heroic womankind."

LONGFELLOW.

THE name of Florence Nightingale has long become a household word; and although, since her return from the Crimea in 1856, broken health and bodily infirmity have compelled her to live in enforced seclusion, that honored name is still as dear as ever to the hearts of English men and English women.

With the exception of the pious and high-souled Elizabeth Fry, there is no brighter example of devotion to duty in the whole of the Victorian era than this delicate and highly born woman, whose noble and untiring efforts to relieve the sufferings of her fellow creatures entailed on her a lifelong martyrdom of pain. As it has been well said by a recent writer, Mrs. Tooley, "It required a more indomitable spirit, a nobler courage, to work in the pestilential hospital at Scutari, to walk for twenty hours at a time the miles of fetid and overcrowded corridors wherein lay the sick, the wounded, and the dying, than in the heat of battle to go 'down into the jaws of death,' as did the noble Six Hundred."

"Do not write of me until I am gone," are her own touching words; and as far as Miss Nightingale's private life is concerned, one is bound to respect her wish for privacy. But her work during the Crimean War belongs to history, nor would the record be complete without the mention of the heroic band of women who devoted themselves to the sick and wounded soldiers.

Two or three years ago a charming sketch, from the well-known pen of Sarah A. Tooley, appeared in the pages of the "Temple Magazine," which gives us many interesting particulars of the childhood and youth of Florence Nightingale. The description of her home at Lea Hurst deserves to be quoted in full.

"Tourists in the Matlock district still make Lea Hurst a place of resort, for not only is it indelibly associated with the name of Florence Nightingale, but it is a place of ideal loveliness.

"It stands in an extensive park upon a plateau overlooking 'Dove's romantic Peak,' and in the distance are lovely views of the Peak country. The Hall is built in the form of a cross, with gables at the extremities and sides. It is approached by an imposing gateway, with massive posts surmounted by globes of stone; a smooth shaven lawn lies peacefully about it, and gardens, avenues, and shrubberies lend their charm to the picture. On this breezy site, above the picturesquely winding Derwent, Lea Hurst stands, with its Gothic turrets and many gables, like some old Hall of feudal times. Large bay windows jutting out into the grounds render the low rooms bright and cheerful."

Another notice is given by Dr. Spencer T. Hall. After

THE NAME OF FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE HAS LONG BECOME A HOUSEHOLD WORD . . . THERE IS NO BRIGHTER EXAMPLE OF DEVOTION TO DUTY IN THE WHOLE OF THE VICTORIAN ERA THAN THIS DELICATE AND HIGHLY BORN WOMAN . . . THAT HONORED NAME IS STILL AS DEAR AS EVER TO THE HEARTS OF ENGLISHMEN

describing some rural scenery in Northamptonshire, the doctor goes on to say: "But in the whole of the lovely view, never seemed a spot more fair or attractive than the old and many-gabled rural seat of Lea Hurst, henceforth classic, the English home of Florence Nightingale, whose name, like Grace Darling's, now quickens the beat of millions of hearts. Some people are born with a genius for nursing and solacing, as much as others are with a genius for music or dancing or poetry, and Miss Nightingale may be regarded as the archetype of her order. Her spirit first showed itself in an interest for the sick poor in the hamlets round Lea Hurst, but at length found a sphere requiring more attention and energy in Continental hospitals, and afterwards in London, where she took the office of matron to a retreat for decayed gentlewomen; and now she is gone to tend and to heal the wounds of the sufferers by the siege of Sebastopol. What a contrast to the quiet, pastoral retirement of this vale of Holloway, with its fireside memories, its rural delights."

Florence Nightingale's birthplace was Florence, "the city of flowers." She was born on May 15, 1820. She was the younger daughter of Mr. William Shore Nightingale, of Embley Park, Hampshire, and Lea Hurst, Derbyshire. She and her sister, the late Lady Verney, became co-heiresses of Mr. Nightingale's properties. Her mother was the daughter of the well-known abolitionist, Mr. Smith, M.P., member for Norwich.

Mr. Nightingale was a man of scholarly taste, and favored the higher education of women; and before his younger daughter had reached her seventeenth year, Mrs.

Tooley tells us "that she was skilled in science, classics, and mathematics, had a wide acquaintance with standard literature, was a fair artist, a good musician, and an excellent linguist — speaking French, German, and Italian with equal fluency."

The sisters lived free, happy lives. Florence Nightingale was particularly fond of animals, and it is interesting to hear that her first attempt at nursing was performed on an old Scotch shepherd's dog with an injured leg. From that day, we are told "that it became a custom when any one had a cut or bruise, or a sick animal, to send for Miss Florence." And in another passage, Mrs. Tooley tells us, "During her girlhood she was chief almoner to the cottages around her home, and nursed all illnesses under the advice of her mother and the vicar, who, in his youth, had studied medicine. Her favorite books were those that dealt with the alleviation of human suffering and misery, and it seemed as though her whole nature were impelled in that direction. She became, while still a young girl, interested in the prison work of Elizabeth Fry, and paid a memorable visit to that veteran friend of humanity in her London home."

The ordinary routine of London social life had few attractions for Florence Nightingale. We hear that she and her sister were presented, but very shortly afterwards she withdrew from all gayeties. The call, "Come up higher," had already sounded in her ears. During the next few years she gave her attention to the condition of hospitals. After a systematic inspection of those in London, Dublin, and Edinburgh, she visited civil and military

hospitals all over Europe, and in 1851 went into training as a nurse in the Institution of Protestant Deaconesses, at Kaiserswerth on the Rhine. This institution was founded by Pastor Fliedner, who, we are told, "did for the prisons of Germany what Howard had done for those of England." She further supplemented her training by afterwards studying with the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, in Paris. After a period of much needed rest at Lea Hurst, Miss Nightingale undertook the management of an institution for sick and aged governesses, at 47 Harley Street, and devoted herself with energy and ardor to the reorganization of this institution, which remains to-day as a monument of her work and method. A lady who visited her in Harley Street said, "She was to be found in the midst of the various duties of a hospital, for the Home was largely a Sanatorium, organizing the nurses, attending to the correspondence, prescriptions, and accounts; in short, performing all the duties of a hard-working matron, as well as largely financing the institution."

The strain of such heavy work on Miss Nightingale's delicate constitution became too much, and again the indomitable worker was obliged to return to Lea Hurst for rest. For ten years she had served her apprenticeship in preparation for the work of her life; when the call came it found her ready. She was then about thirty-four.

When war broke out between England and Russia, in March, 1854, the hospital arrangements of the British army were in a very imperfect state. The army while at Varna suffered from a deficient number of surgeons, though many courageous volunteers offered themselves.

A hospital was established at Scutari, a port of the Turkish capital, and was intended for the wounded soldiers. There was also a naval hospital at Therapia, which was clean and orderly, and supplied with everything requisite for a well-managed hospital. Before the year 1854 expired there existed also for the army "The General Hospital," the Barrack Hospital, and two floating hospitals; there was also a hospital for Russian prisoners at Kulali, on the Bosphorus. "Subsequently, and as the result of the agitation in England, what was called the Civilian Hospital was established at Smyrna. But it was at Scutari that the great evils were prevalent, the great horrors enacted, and the indelible shame upon our country inflicted." There is no sadder chapter of human history than that of the Crimean War, and yet the causes of all these miseries have never been adequately traced. The grossest mismanagement seemed to have prevailed; the transport service was inadequate; the stores of warm clothing, greatcoats, blankets, and huts, which had been ordered for the protection of the army in winter, failed to reach them for weeks after the English newspapers told of the comforts provided for the troops. "What a mockery it must have seemed to the poor fellows, who with scanty rations, and in threadbare and tattered clothes, were enduring the most cruel fatigues, aggravated by all the inclemencies of wind and rain, and snow and cold, upon the bleak heights of the Tauric Chersonese!" Well may Miss Marsh, in her "Memorials of Captain Hedley Vicars," tell us that the miseries of the winter before Sebastopol have passed into history!

"Battles," as she remarks, "won on the cold soil of

the Crimea by weary men worn down by hunger, bore terrible witness to the quenchless nature of British courage. The men who stormed the heights of Alma, who in the dreadful fight of Inkermann conquered again and again, amidst fogs and darkness, of whom a mere handful at Balaklava were seen 'charging an army while all the world wondered;' such men have proved their steel. Yet there is a limit to human endurance; and when men of this mould have been seen 'to weep,' as on night after night, succeeding days of starvation and toil, they were ordered to their work in the freezing trenches, who can estimate the exhausting misery they had at first endured?" But long before this deadly winter had closed in on our devoted army, public indignation in England had reached its climax, when Sir Robert Peel disclosed in the "Times" the awful suffering of the wounded after the battle of Alma. Nolan's "History of the War" gives almost incredible accounts.

In spite of individual merit, every branch of the medical department of the army in the East worked badly. "No nurses were provided, and the medical orderlies were taken from the ranks, raw and untrained. The ambulance carts and wagons were so heavy as to be altogether unserviceable; even had they been fit, no horses were at hand to draw them. . . . The commonest necessaries for field hospitals — bedding, medicines, and medical comforts — were wanting, and not a single operating table was supplied to the army."

In another passage we read: "It might without exaggeration be said, that not one yard from the trenches before Sebastopol to the hospital or cemetery at Scutari,

was the poor soldier carried, without an amount of suffering being inflicted on him barbarous in the extreme, and which any previous preparation might have averted."

A medical officer writing home from the camp thus describes the outset of the unfortunate candidate for the corridors of Scutari!

"I often look back at the misery and wretchedness I have witnessed in England in my attendance on the sick poor, but in comparing these with my present every-day experience, their condition was Elysium itself; for when I tell you that the sick in this place have no other couch than the bare ground itself, saturated with wet, and a dripping canvas only between them and the clouds, you will perfectly comprehend that the veriest hovel would be a palace in comparison."

When the wounded were placed on board fresh miseries awaited. "The men lay between decks without any bedding, and often without a blanket, in the depth of winter." Invalids attended invalids, or they were unattended. There was plenty of pork and hard biscuits, but no proper food for the sick. "In this state," we read, "they lay from five to twenty days, according to weather." Some of the men literally died of cold or want of food. And "in several of these sick transports the poor fellows nearly perished for want of water; and on board one ship the sufferings of the men from this cause were appalling, although there was water on board in sufficient quantities to meet their wants, but it could not be got at from the confusion which prevailed in the mode in which the cargo was packed away."

At Scutari a new series of suffering commenced; and

in the Rev. Sydney Osborne's volume entitled, "Scutari and its Hospitals," we are told the miseries of the poor fellows increased at every step. When they were free of the pier they "were carried, exposed to cold or drenching rain, to the nearest hospital, to be told perhaps that there was no room; then carried probably to the General Hospital; and finally deposited in the corridors of the Barrack Hospital. Many sank into untimely death in these dark corridors. Within these hospitals confusion and misery prevailed. Humane hearts ache even now to peruse the ghastly details." More than three thousand men were lying on the bare ground in these hospitals, while bedsteads and bed fittings were lying at Varna neglected. "There were no vessels for water, no utensils of any kind, no soap, towels, or cloths, no hospital clothes; the men lay in their uniforms stiff with gore, . . . their persons covered with vermin. . . . The medical men toiled with an unwearied assiduity, — never did men deserve better of their country, — but the numbers were inadequate to the work, and they had no means of procuring what was necessary." To add to the appalling details, Mr. Osborne and other faithful eye-witnesses record the awful fact, that "the wounded soldiers of England in many cases died of starvation in the hospitals provided for them by their country."

Such was the state of things at the close of 1854, and to some extent during the remainder of the winter. But help was at hand. The head of the War Department was Mr. Sidney Herbert, afterwards Lord Herbert of Lea. He was an enlightened and far-sighted man; he knew of Miss Nightingale's interest in nursing, and he

wrote to her. Some ladies had already volunteered their services, and a staff of female nurses was being formed, and he asked her to undertake the superintendence of the lady nurses and to organize the operations. By a strange coincidence, the very day Mr. Sidney Herbert wrote his memorable letter, Florence Nightingale had actually written to him offering her services to the sick and wounded in the hospital at Scutari. The letters had crossed. Great must have been her surprise when she read his, asking her to take command of the little nursing band, and leave for the East in eight days. Short was the notice, nevertheless Miss Nightingale had everything ready; and on October 21, 1854, and accompanied by her friends, Mr. and Mrs. Bracebridge, of Atherstane Hall, Yorkshire, and a band of thirty-eight nurses, she left England on her great mission.

The ladies who were chosen out of the vast number of volunteers comprised six from St. John's House, Westminster, eight from Miss Sellon's House of Sisters in Devonshire, ten Roman Catholic Sisters of Charity, and fourteen hospital nurses. When this "angel band," as Kinglake calls them, arrived at Boulogne, the fisherwomen carried their luggage as a labor of love. They reached Scutari on November 5th, in time to receive the wounded from the battle of Inkermann. On their arrival they set at once to the performance of their arduous duties. Indescribably horrible was the state of the hospital when Miss Nightingale made her first inspection. Sanitary arrangements were *nil*. The beds were reeking with infection. Outside the hospital was a hotbed of pestilence. Hercules' labor in cleaning the

Augean stables could only be compared to the awful task that lay before those devoted women. A tower at one of the corners of the Barrack Hospital gave them accommodation.

Mr. Osborne gives us a description of the part allotted to the nurses: —

"Entering the door leading into the Sisters' Tower," he writes, "you at once found yourself a spectator of a busy and interesting scene. There is a large room with two or three doors opening from it on one side; on the other, one door opening into an apartment in which many of the nurses and sisters slept, and had, I believe, their meals. In the centre was a large kitchen table; bustling about this might be seen the high-priestess of the room, Mrs. C——. Often as I have had occasion to pass through this room I do not recollect ever finding her absent from it or unoccupied. At this table she received the various matters from the kitchen and stores of the sisterhood, which attendant sisters or nurses were ever ready to take to the sick in any and every part of these gigantic hospitals. It was a curious scene, and a close study of it afforded a practical lesson in the working of true common-sense benevolence. . . . The floor on one side of the room was loaded with packages of all kinds, — stores of things for the internal and external consumption of the patients; bales of shirts, socks, slippers, dressing-gowns, flannel, heaps of every sort of article likely to be of use in affording comfort and securing cleanliness. It gave me some idea of what such a room would be in a good hospital, if on some sudden alarm it had been made a refuge for

articles snatched from its every store. In reality it was one feature of a bold attempt upon the part of extraneous benevolence to supply the deficiencies of the various departments, which, as a matter of course, should have supplied all these things. In an adjoining room were held those councils over which Miss Nightingale so ably presided, at which were discussed the measures necessary to meet the daily varying exigencies of the hospital. From hence were given the orders which regulated the female staff working under this most gifted head. This, too, was the office from which were sent those many letters to the government, to friends and supporters at home, telling such awful tales of the sufferings of the sick and wounded, their utter want of so many necessaries. There might be seen the 'Times' almoner, taking down in his note-book from day to day the list of things he was pressed to obtain, which might all, with a little activity, have been provided as easily by the authorities of the hospital."

We have quoted this exhaustive and interesting description in full, as it gives a wonderful insight into the working of that masterly mind, and the untiring energy that planned and organized everything. From the first the indomitable will of "the Lady-in-chief," as she was called, made itself felt in every department, which gradually broke down all obstacles raised by the jealousy or bad tempers of the officials. As Nolan tells us, "Doctors, purveyors, storekeepers, orderlies, inspectors, dispensers, and interpreters were in the uttermost confusion amongst themselves, and they generally regarded these gentle missionaries as a new element of anarchy."

As Kinglake says most beautifully: "It was not only under her reign, but by force of her actual sway, that order sprang out of chaos; that the hell she had found when she came knew at last the blessing of cleanliness; that the administration of our Levantine hospitals began to seem almost perfect. . . . She brought to her self-imposed task that forethought, that agile brain-power, that organizing and governing faculty, of which our country had need."

At the end of six months the hospital arrangements had been brought into order. Kitchens and laundries had been established. "All England," as Mrs. Tooley tells us in her article, "from the Queen to the humblest peasant, were making warm garments and preparing lint and bandages for the soldiers. The Patriotic Fund for the relief of the widows and orphans rose by leaps and bounds, until within a year it amounted to one million pounds."

The author of "Two Months in the Camp before Sebastopol" gives a brief description of the Lady-in-chief: "In the outer room," he writes, "we caught a momentary glimpse of the justly celebrated Miss Nightingale, the fair heroine of Scutari; an amiable and highly intelligent looking lady of some thirty summers, delicate in form and prepossessing in her appearance. Her energies were concentrated for the instant in the careful preparation of a dish of delectable food for an enfeebled patient — one of her homely ministrations to the wan victims of relentless war, for whose relief she so readily and nobly sacrificed the comforts of her quiet happy English home."

There are some interesting passages in Nolan's "History" which give us an idea of the work of this wonderful woman, collected from the letters of Mr. Osborne, Mr. Bracebridge, Mr. Macdonald, and her faithful and zealous young helper, "Mr. Stafford, who sat by the bedside of the patients, reading for them the letters of their friends, and acting as letter-writer-general on their behalf." "She, Miss Nightingale, had to tend, or see tended, thousands of sick men." And again: "I was with her when various surgical operations were performed, and she was more than equal to the trial. She has an utter disregard to contagion. I have known her spend hours over men dying of cholera or fever."

When Mr. Macdonald was about to return to England, he wrote concerning this queen of nurses: "Wherever there is disease in its most dangerous form, and the hand of the spoiler distressingly nigh, there is this incomparable woman sure to be seen. Her benignant presence is an influence for good comfort even amid the struggles of expiring nature. She is a 'ministering angel' without any exaggeration in these hospitals; and as her slender form glides quietly along each corridor, every poor fellow's face softens with gratitude at the sight of her. When all the medical officers have retired for the night, and silence and darkness have settled down on those miles of prostrate sick, she may be observed alone with a little lamp in her hand making her solitary rounds. . . . No one who has observed her fragile figure and delicate health can avoid misgivings lest these should fail. With the heart of a true woman and the

manners of a lady, accomplished and refined beyond most of her sex, she combines a surprising calmness of judgment and promptitude and decision of character."

No one can wonder at the fears expressed in this letter who has read of Miss Nightingale's almost miraculous energy and power of work. When fresh detachments of the wounded were brought in, she had been known to stand for twenty hours, distributing stores, directing nurses, assisting at operations, and ministering to cholera and fever patients. "To see her pass was happiness," one poor fellow said. "As she passed down the beds she would nod to one and smile at many more; but she could not do it to all, you know. We lay there by hundreds; but we could kiss her shadow as it fell, and lay our heads upon the pillow again, content." What words could be more touching than those!

Mrs. Jamieson, in her "Sacred and Legendary Art," tells us "that at Pisa the Church of San Francesco contained a chapel dedicated lately to Santa Filomena; over the altar is a picture by Sabatelli, representing the saint as a beautiful nymph-like figure floating down from heaven, attended by two angels, bearing the lily, palm, and javelin, and beneath, in the foreground, the sick and maimed who are healed by her intercession."

Longfellow has beautifully embodied this legend in his poem on Florence Nightingale, when he writes: —

"So in that house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom
And flit from room to room.

. . . . . .

"On England's annals, through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
That light its rays shall cast
From portals of the past.

. . . . . .

"Nor even shall be wanting here
The palm, the lily, and the spear
The symbols that of yore
St. Filomena bore."

II. A DAUGHTER OF SANTA FILOMENA

"Day unto day her dainty hands
Make Life's soiled temples clean;
And there 's a wake of glory, where
Her spirit pure hath been.
At midnight through that shadow-land
Her living face doth gleam;
The dying kiss her shadow, and
The dead smile in their dream."

GERALD MASSEY.

BUT, in spite of the devotion of these ministering women, the winter of 1855 was a terrible one for the army, and the Queen's womanly heart was full of pity and sympathy for her suffering soldiers. A great deal of the mismanagement had been kept from her; but some rumors reached her at last, and on December 6th she wrote to her secretary of war: "Would you tell Mrs. Herbert that I begged she would let me see frequently the accounts she receives from Miss Nightingale or Mrs. Bracebridge, as I have no details of the wounded, though I see so many from officers, etc., about the battle-field, and naturally the former must interest me more than any one? Let Mrs. Herbert also know that I wish Miss Nightingale and the ladies would tell these poor,

noble, wounded and sick men that no one takes a warmer interest, or feels more for their sufferings, or admires their courage and heroism more, than their Queen. Day and night she thinks of her beloved troops. So does the Prince. Beg Mrs. Herbert to communicate these my words to those ladies, as I know that our sympathy is much valued by these noble fellows."

And on February 23d Mr. Bright said, in the House of Commons, "Thousands, scores of thousands of persons have retired to rest, night after night, whose slumbers have been disturbed, or whose dreams have been busied, with the sufferings and agonies of our soldiers in the Crimea."

What those hardships were Miss Nightingale herself informs us in a letter from Balaklava to a friend, in May, 1855, found among the Prince Consort's papers. She writes: "Fancy working five nights out of seven in the trenches! Fancy being thirty-six hours in them at a stretch, as they were all December, lying down, or half lying down, after forty-eight hours, with no food but raw salt pork sprinkled with sugar, rum and biscuit; nothing hot, because the exhausted soldier could not collect his own fuel, as he was expected to do, to cook his own rations; and fancy through all this the army preserving their courage and patience as they have done, and being now eager — the old ones more than the young ones — to be led even into the trenches. There is something sublime in the spectacle."

Officers as well as the private soldiers suffered terrible hardships during that winter. We read in "Captain Hedley Vicars' Life" that his only bed at that time was

made of stones and leaves, until a fur rug arrived from England; he even gave up his own tent to his men, and lay in the open air, considering himself more fit to rough it.

A further staff of fifty trained female nurses had been sent from England to help Miss Nightingale and assistants. There was plenty of work for all.

One can only imagine what privations and discomforts those devoted women had to undergo during those months of wearing fatigue and endurance, and it would be difficult to give any idea of their round of daily and nightly duties. They had to do everything for themselves as well as for the patients.

The authoress of "Eastern Hospitals and English Nurses" says: "Our life was a laborious one; we had to sweep our own room, make our bed, wash up our dishes, etc., and fetch our meals from the kitchen below. We went to our wards at nine, returned at two, went again at three (unless we went for a walk, which we had permission to do at this hour), returned at half-past five to tea, then to the wards again till half-past nine, and often again for an hour to our special cases. . . . We suffered greatly from want of proper food. Our diet consisted of the coarse sour bread of the country, tea without milk, butter so rancid we could not touch it, and very bad meat and porter, and at night a glass of wine or brandy. It was an effort, even to those in health, to sit down to our meals; we forced the food down as a duty, but some of the ladies became so weak and ill they really could not touch it."

But a brighter passage occurs later on, when the writer,

in glowing words, goes on to speak of the behavior of the poor fellows to their nurses. "Our life," she says, "was a regular routine of work and rest (except on occasions of extraordinary pressure) following each other in order; but whether in the strain of overwork, or the steady fulfillment of our arduous duty, there was one bright ray ever shed over it, one thing that made labor light and sweet, and this was the respect, affection, and gratitude of the men: no words can tell it rightly, for it was unbounded; and as long as we stayed among them it never changed. Familiar as our presence became to them, though we were in and out of the wards day and night, they never forgot the respect due to our sex and position."

It is heartrending, but at the same time gratifying, to English hearts, to read in the pages of the Rev. Sydney Godolphin Osborne, of the patience and heroism of these poor wounded and dying men. In one strongly moving passage he says, while detailing the cruel neglect and miserable squalor of the scene of which we have been speaking: "I can with truth say, I was never called to one dying man who uttered a single murmur against those who thus treated him and his comrades. They were very fond of being read to, joined earnestly in prayer, were apparently very truthful in their answers as to their past lives (very many had run away from home and enlisted under false names); few had I occasion to attend when dying who did not show the truest penitence. . . . I saw men, after years spent in their country's service, now far from the land of those they loved, worn out by the privations of war, endured, too, under all the aggravations of

pestilence and neglect, lying on the clothes they had not changed for months, in wards presenting every feature to depress and to annoy, but made more depressing and distressing by the dreadful death scenes of each day and night, yet listening with every symptom of grateful delight to the invitation, the promises of Him who left His home in heaven to contend to death for every penitent who would trust his soul to Him.

"They dictated calmly the plain, unboastful tale they wished written to the parent, wife, or other relative at home. It told of suffering without any complaint of it. . . . There was little else I could ever do for them; they said so, and gave a grateful pressure to the extended hand. In one instance a fine dying fellow kissed it, then, the 'God bless you, Sir.'"

The writer of this sketch cannot refrain from quoting on this subject the words of a Chelsea pensioner, an old Balaklava man (one of the few still living), late trumpet major of the gallant Scots Greys, in a letter recently received. The old veteran writes, "Relative to that honored good angel, Miss Florence Nightingale: I was on duty as postman, as well as conductor of the band, and thus came personally in contact with that lady, as I had to go the rounds of both Upper and Lower Scutari Hospitals in order to deliver letters to my comrades; and Miss Nightingale would speak to me very kindly, in her loving, pathetic voice, and tell me of her poor sufferers, and how the familiar tune of 'Annie Laurie' and others, played by our band as we passed to and fro, would cheer and enliven them; and then she would ask me questions and give me news of my comrades. This she never failed

to do till my regiment, or such of it as remained, left for England."

It was amongst these sad scenes that the Lady-in-chief and her nurses worked, "the Rebeccas to the Ivanhoes of the Crimea." But it is strange and almost incredible that carping tongues and unkind criticism found fault even with this heroic and self-denying woman. Rev. Sydney Osborne speaks of this tone of depreciation with regard to the sick officers: —

"I heard a good deal of observation made on the spot, also since I came home, with regard to the fact that Miss Nightingale and the 'Sisters' did not pay the same attention to the wards of the wounded and sick officers which was given to those of the soldiers. I believe, as the rule, Miss Nightingale did consider her own and the services of her 'corps' confined, by previous understanding, to the soldiers only, though I have known her, on special request from a medical officer, cheerfully order small matters of extra diet for a wounded officer. I know Mrs. Bracebridge was most active and willing to forward everything which could be devised for the comfort of the officers, independent of any understanding which may have been come to previous to her leaving England (if any there was). I can see myself a good deal of practical difficulty which would have arisen if she had taken any other course. I am satisfied she is not a person who would ever lightly put aside any means of rendering aid to those of her fellow creatures she could assist; but I can conceive, with all that awaited her in the endeavor to introduce this new element of nursing by ladies amongst the common soldiers in a hospital, she might have urged

very reasonable grounds for not also undertaking the same duty amongst the officers. If I am not misinformed, since I left she has in more than one instance been of the utmost comfort and service at the dying beds of more than one officer of the establishment."

No worker in this world's history has been free from detractions, but one can hardly credit that there were tongues to find fault with this brave woman; but no such censure was passed by those amongst whom she worked. Kinglake tells us: "The magic of her power over men used often to be felt in the room — the dreaded, the blood-stained room — where 'operations' took place. There, perhaps, the maimed soldier, if not yet resigned to his fate, might at first be craving death rather than meet the knife of the surgeon; but when such a one looked and saw that the honored Lady-in-chief was patiently standing by him and, with lips closely set and hands folded, decreeing herself to go through the pain of witnessing pain, he used to fall into the mood for obeying her silent command, and, finding strange support in her presence, bring himself to submit and endure."

But the voice of complaint was heard on another subject. Nolan informs us "that very warm discussions arose in connection with the religious views of Miss Nightingale and 'the Sisters.'" While all admired their self-denial, there was a numerous class who supposed them to be influenced by what is called Puseyite opinion, in their zeal for spreading which in the army they were led to incur so many hardships, privations, and risks. A lady under these apprehensions having written to Mrs. Herbert on the subject, received from her the following

reply: "By this post I send you a 'Christian Times' of Friday-week last, by which you may see how cruel and unjust are the reports you mention about Miss Nightingale and her noble work. Since then we have sent out forty-seven more nurses, of which I inclose you a list. It is melancholy to think that in Christian England no one can undertake anything without these most uncharitable and sectarian attacks, and had you not told me so, I should not have believed that a clergyman of the Established Church could have been the mouthpiece of slander. Miss Nightingale is a member of the Established Church of England, and what is called Low Church. But ever since she went to Scutari her religious opinions and character have been assailed at all points. One person writes to upbraid us for having sent her, 'understanding she is an Unitarian;' another, 'that she is a Roman Catholic,' and so on. It is a cruel return to make towards one to whom all England owes so much.

"As to the charge of no Protestant nurses being sent, the subjoined list will convince you of its fallacy. We made no distinction of creed; any one who was a good and skillful nurse, and understood the practice in surgical wards, was accepted, provided, of course, that we had their friends' consent, and that in other respects, as far as we could judge, they were of unexceptionable character. A large proportion of the wounded being Roman Catholic, we accepted the services of some of the Sisters of Charity from St. Stephen's Hospital, Dublin. I have now told you all, and feel sure that you will do your utmost to set these facts plainly before those

whose minds have been disquieted by these unfair and false accusations."

This letter, written in a spirit of womanly indignation, must have had its effect in silencing these unjust and absurd accusations. "The servant is not greater than his lord," said the Master. "If they have persecuted Me, they will also persecute you." And since these words were spoken by Divine lips, every worker in God's vineyard has, at some time or other, experienced their profound truth.

Many of the devoted nurses never returned to England, but lie in their quiet graves on the shores of the Bosphorus. In the spring of 1855, having completed her work of organization at Scutari, Miss Nightingale went on a tour of inspection to the hospitals in the Crimea. The following little incident is told us by Mrs. Tooley: "One day, while about this work, she had occasion to go under fire; and when the men of the 93d Regiment recognized in the slight lady clad in a black dress, walking with one of the officers, the 'Soldiers' Friend,' they sent up cheer after cheer, until the sound echoed in the caves of Inkermann and startled the Russians in Sebastopol." But the following passage is a sad one: "Not long afterwards, that same slight figure was carried on an ambulance by sad-eyed men up to the hut hospitals on the heights above Balaklava, and for many days Florence Nightingale lay between life and death, stricken down by the Crimean fever."

As soon as she recovered, Miss Nightingale refused to return home for rest and change, but insisted on resum-

ing her work at Scutari. Twice afterwards she returned to the Crimea to carry out reforms in the hospitals there. It was not until 1856, when peace was concluded and the army was withdrawn from the Crimea, that Miss Nightingale returned to England. To avoid recognition and publicity, she traveled under an assumed name, accompanied by a lady friend, and actually reached Lea Hurst without being recognized, and before her family knew that she had left Scutari.

The Queen had already sent Miss Nightingale an autograph letter, with a jeweled Cross of St. George, inscribed in letters of gold with the words, "Blessed are the Merciful," and on her return she was summoned to Balmoral. On September 21st she was introduced to the Queen and the Prince Consort by Sir James Clark, with whom she was then staying at Birkhall. "She put before us," is the brief entry in the Prince's diary, "all the defects of our present military hospital system, and the reforms that are needed. We are much pleased with her. She is extremely modest."

About a fortnight later, we are told, Miss Nightingale became the Queen's guest, "the time of her visit being so fixed as to give Lord Panmure, who was then at Balmoral, an opportunity of learning from her own lips the story of what she had seen, and the conclusions she had drawn from her great and remarkable experience in the East."

Florence Nightingale had evaded a public ovation on her return from Scutari, but the magnificent testimonial of fifty thousand pounds was presented by the nation and army, in recognition of her splendid services; but by her

request this sum was devoted to the formation of a Training Home for Nurses in connection with St. Thomas's Hospital. It is called "The Nightingale Home," and has a reputation worthy of its founder.

The fearful physical strain of those two years in the East on her already enfeebled condition wrought permanent injury to her health, and since her return Miss Nightingale has spent her time in enforced retirement and in the inaction of a sick room. We are told "that she sees only her nearest relatives and friends, and has scarcely strength to pen a letter; but the anniversary of a Crimean victory is never overlooked, and veterans who remain are sure of a message from 'the Soldiers' Friend.'" But from time to time, as strength permitted, there has been good work done in that quiet room.

In 1858 she published her valuable "Notes on Nursing," and the following year also "Notes on Hospitals," which, as we are told, "from their clearness of arrangement and minuteness of detail, are most valuable to the architect, the engineer, and the medical officer."

In the year 1863 was issued the Report of the Commission on the Sanitary Condition of the Army in India. These reports were sent in manuscript to Miss Nightingale, and at page 347 of vol. i. are inserted her incisive and admirable observations upon this immense mass of evidence.

In 1871 Miss Nightingale published "Notes on Lying-in Hospitals;" in 1873, "Life or Death in India," and (in "Fraser's Magazine") "A Note of Interrogation," which attracted a good deal of attention, mainly on account of the way she handles religious beliefs and life.

From America and from European governments her advice has been sought as to army sanitation. She assisted in founding the Red Cross Society.

The "Notes on Nursing" is an extremely valuable pamphlet. It is not intended as a manual for nurses; but, in Miss Nightingale's own words, "They (the Notes) are meant simply to give hints for thought to women who have personal charge of the health of others. Every woman, or at least almost every woman, in England has, at one time or other of her life, charge of the personal health of somebody, whether child or invalid — in other words, every woman is a nurse."

These Nursing Notes are full of practical common sense, and should be in the hands of every mistress of a household. Some of these hints are epigrammatic in their conciseness. Two or three may be quoted.

"Everything you do in a patient's room, after he is 'put up' for the night, increases tenfold the risk of his having a bad night; but if you rouse him up after he has fallen asleep, you do not risk, you secure him a bad night."

"Remember never to lean against, sit upon, or unnecessarily shake the bed upon which a patient lies."

"Conciseness and decision are, above all things, necessary with the sick. . . . Let your doubt be to yourself, your decision to them. . . . Irresolution is what all patients most dread."

"Above all, leave the sick room quietly, and come into it quietly; not suddenly, not with a rush."

"If there is some matter which must be read to a sick person, do it slowly."

"When a person is compelled, by the pressure of occupation, to continue his business while sick, it ought to be a rule, *without any exception whatever*, that no one shall bring business to him or talk to him while he is taking food, nor go on talking to him on interesting subjects up to the last moment before his meals, nor make an engagement with him immediately after, so that there be hurry of mind while taking them."

And in hints on sick diet it is a relief to know that Miss Nightingale does not disapprove of the favorite panacea of women, a cup of tea. "A great deal too much against tea is said by wise people," she observes; "and a great deal too much tea is given to the sick by foolish people. When you see the natural and almost universal craving in English sick for their 'tea,' you cannot but feel that Nature knows what she is about. . . . It is, however, certain that there is nothing yet discovered which is a substitute to the English patient for his cup of tea; he can take it when he can take nothing else, and he often will not take anything else if he has it not. I should be very glad if any of the abusers of tea would point out what to give to an English patient after a sleepless night instead of tea. . . . At the same time you should never give tea or coffee to the sick, as a rule, after five o'clock in the afternoon."

Another caution is given further on, which is put in rather an amusing way. "It seems a commonly received idea among men, and even among women themselves, that it requires nothing but a disappointment in love, the want of an object, a general disgust, or an incapacity for other things, to turn a woman into a good nurse. This

reminds one of the parish where a stupid old man was set to be schoolmaster because he was 'past keeping the pigs.'"

"Terrible is the injury that comes to the sick from such wild notions. . . . What would the Mère Angélique of Port Royal, what would our own Mrs. Fry, have said to this? . . . Oh, leave these jargons and go your way straight to God's work in simplicity and singleness of heart."

The first Home for District Nurses was opened at 37 Bloomsbury Square, under the management of Miss Lee. Miss Nightingale, who had already made an urgent appeal for "The Founding of a Metropolitan and National Association for providing Trained Nurses for the Sick Poor," took a great interest in this institution.

A Daughter of Santa Filomena, indeed! Well may the honored name of Florence Nightingale be enshrined in every English heart. In our generation there is no more noble example than that of our dear Lady of the Lamp, "the Queen of Nurses, and the Soldiers' Friend."

END OF VOLUME VIII